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BRITISH AUTOBIOGRAPHY, 1864-1914

by

© CHRISTOPHER RINGROSE

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The undersigned certify that they have read, and recommend to the Faculty of Graduate Studies and Research, for acceptance, a thesis entitled "British Autobiography, 1864-1914", submitted by Christopher Ringrose in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in English.

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ABSTRACT

This thesis is an attempt to write the literary history of autobiography in Britain in the half-century before the Great War, and to examine the artistic and critical problems raised by works such as the Apologia of Newman, Ruskin's Praeterita, Carlyle's Reminiscences, George Moore's Hail and Farewell, Edmund Gosse's Father and Son, Henry James's Autobiography, and other works published during what is perhaps the most fruitful period for autobiographical writing in English.

The first two chapters form an extended introduction. In Chapter I a definition of autobiography is proposed, and the history of this literary form is traced, with particular reference to the importance of the Romantic Movement, which provided the first concentrated period of autobiographical writing. Chapter II takes up the history of autobiography in relation to the Victorian age, and argues that the literary and social ethos of that period made for ambivalent attitudes towards autobiography: that the impulse to objectivity, or impersonality, or reticence, or privacy often came into conflict with an equally genuine interest in autobiography. It is argued that certain changes which occurred in this ethos as the nineteenth century progressed made the literary atmosphere more wholly congenial towards autobiography.

The next three chapters each take up a particular artistic and critical problem involved in the writing and study of autobiography, and examine it through the study of certain works of the period. Thus Chapter III discusses the question of autobiography and form, and through examination principally of Harriet Martineau's Autobiography, Trollope's An Autobiography and Ruskin's Praeterita, explores the didactic dimension

of autobiography, and its formal links with the essay, the travel book, the book of social criticism and the tract--links which were particularly strong early in the period. Praeterita is proposed as a distinguished example of an autobiography which is both generalized and didactic as well as profoundly personal.

Chapter IV concentrates on the question of style in autobiography, through a study of the self-portraits of J.S. Mill, Herbert Spencer, Carlyle and Newman. In particular the chapter examines the autobiographer's need to use the correct "tone," which will suggest the quality of his experience and encourage the desired response to his life-story.

Chapter V explores the ways in which life-stories are narrated and suggests that the novel becomes an important influence upon some later autobiographies of the period--particularly Edmund Gosse's Father and Son and George Moore's Hail and Farewell. Certain misgivings are expressed about the results of George Moore's determination to have Hail and Farewell resemble a novel whilst remaining genuinely autobiographical --misgivings which relate to the reader's sense that a necessary convention has been violated.

Chapter VI is the conclusion, in which the final emphases and summaries are made concerning the development of autobiography in Britain from 1864 to 1914. These concluding emphases are made from the vantage-point of Henry James's Autobiography, the last great self-portrait of the period. Particular attention is paid to the important role played in the total effect of this work by James's conception of the narrator.

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CHAPTER I

DEFINITIONS AND ANCESTRY

1. Autobiography: Definitions and Distinctions

The writer on autobiography tends to find himself at the outset embroiled in definitions and distinctions. He has, so to speak, to make his own model of what constitutes an autobiography; a model which will serve the purposes of the examination he proposes. Whereas the writer on the novel, or on the lyric poem, begins with a frame of reference based on centuries of thought and classification, for the critic who turns to autobiography, distinctions of many kinds seem to blur. What, for example, *is* an autobiography, and can one distinguish between "autobiography proper" and other "autobiographical materials"? Is Pepys's *Diary* an autobiography in the same sense as Mill's *Autobiography*? Then again, does one begin with a category of "pure" autobiography--works which set out to be a coherent and whole account of the author's life, and of which Mill's *Autobiography* is an example--and reject as impure "Reminiscences" because they focus upon the others with whom the primary figure comes into contact? Such a rejection would, clearly, involve the leaving aside of Carlyle's *Reminiscences*, even though they are as much a self-examination as a series of portraits, or of Henry James's autobiographies on the grounds that their original impulse was to provide a memorial tribute to a dead brother and a lost family. One's critical standards are likewise asked to come to terms with the genre. Is a good autobiography one which provides an accurate and evocative picture of the author's life, within the limits of his own capabilities; or is one caught up in the moral and aesthetic judgement of character, which inclines us to admire the autobiography of a great man, or to prefer the flawed but mighty structure which fails as a work of art mainly because art must collapse in the attempt to portray an entire life from the inside? The choice here, then, would be between an autobiography such as that of Charles Darwin, and the Praeterita of Ruskin.

This leads us to another problem. One can conceive of a comparison between Sterne's A Sentimental Journey and War and Peace (though one may doubt its usefulness): they are both novels, and they both translate human experience into that literary form. St. Augustine's Confessions and Henry James' Notes of a Son and Brother are both autobiographies, and here too one sees the translation of experience into language, and the arrangement of language into literary form. They are both, as I take it, works of considerable merit--one might say, greatness. But a study such as this present one, with its assumption that "autobiography from 1864 to 1914" can be studied in a meaningful way, would seem to assume also that there is at least some basis for comparison between such examples of "autobiography" as Confessions and the Notes of a Son and Brother. There, however, one comes up against the difficulty that the "experience" in question is a life, and the literary form, while it draws upon other forms both literary (the novel, for James) and devotional (prayer and confession, for Augustine), is the literary cast of reflexive self-consciousness. The writers' form is an attempt to have language take the imprint of their most personal seal. The subject is self, the form creates self-consciousness.[1] Here literary criticism is confronted with matters which it might prefer to disclaim: the contemplation and examination of personality in its deepest sense. And if of the two great works The Confessions strikes the critic as the greater, clearly one cannot simply restrict the judgement to aesthetics: one is dealing with the difference between men.

While there are particular problems involved in "judging" autobiographies, there is a sense in which we have to find our autobiographies to judge, and then see whether there is a tradition within which one can judge them--a tradition analogous to that of the short poem in English, which runs from the mediaeval lyrics to the present, and which furnishes standards and exhibits alteration, growth, recession.

Georg Misch has pointed out that scholarly interest in the autobiography dates from the late eighteenth century, with Herder's hopes for a "Library of Writers on Themselves," and Goethe's project for a "Collation of the so-called Confessions of all ages" which would throw light upon the process of the liberation of human personality. Thinking about autobiography in England, apart from the working reflections of autobiographers like Wordsworth and Gibbon upon the form they were using, dates from the beginning of the nineteenth century. The earliest extended studies are those we find in the Quarterlies and Reviews, where reviewers confronted with examples of this increasingly popular genre attempted to combine particular judgements with general considerations. Thus, the Quarterly Review devoted 17 of its pages in 1827 to J. G. Lockhart's review of several autobiographies, and Mary Margaret Busk's eleven-page article on "Autobiography" appeared in Blackwood's Magazine in 1829.[2] But the four most useful investigations of Autobiography are all more recent: Georg Misch's monumental two-volume A History of Autobiography in Antiquity (1907), Wayne Shumaker's English Autobiography: Its Emergence, Materials and Form (1954), Roy Pascal's Design and Truth in Autobiography (1960) and Georges Gusdorf's "Conditions et Limites de l'Autobiographie" (1956).

The scope of all these works--the three books and the article--is greater than that of the present study, in that they are concerned with the definition and examination of autobiographical development over long periods of time: Pascal and Gusdorf with the whole history of autobiography, Misch with its presence in antiquity, from Egyptian tomb-inscriptions to the Middle Ages, and Shumaker with the whole of English autobiography.

The picture of the history and nature of autobiography as a form which emerges from these studies is not uniform; in fact A History of Autobiography in Antiquity is built on premises which the other three works deny: the main one being that there is such a thing as autobiography in antiquity. This Pascal, Gusdorf and Shumaker implicitly deny. For each of them, autobiography as we understand the word begins with St. Augustine's Confessions. As Gusdorf puts it: "Cette prise de conscience de l'originalité de chaque vie personelle est le produit tardif d'une certaine civilization."[3] The civilization is our own, and, for Gusdorf as for Pascal, autobiography is a modern genre. In attempting to define the "modern" conditions which gave rise to autobiography, Gusdorf suggests that a form so self-conscious was probably influenced by a movement in Western culture from "mythic consciousness" based on roles and repetition to "a historical and progressive consciousness" which produced our present notions of individuality. Gusdorf brings a host of fascinating evidence to support this connection: the influence of the Copernican revolution; the appearance of the "double" in literature and folklore (which he interprets as a sign of increasing self-consciousness); the invention of efficient mirrors in the late Middle Ages, with its influence on the development of the infant mind; the remarkable number of self-portraits which Rembrandt felt compelled to produce (sixty-three, painted at all stages of his life).

From this point of view, the Renaissance is the crucial phase in the emergence of modern self-consciousness; though Gusdorf does not mention Jacob Burckhardt by name, his article echoes Burckhardt's thesis put forward in Die Kultur der Renaissance in Italien about the importance of the Renaissance in the development of modern man:

> In the Middle Ages the two sides of consciousness--regarding the world and regarding the inward man--lay, as it were, dreaming and half awake under a common veil. The veil was woven of faith, childish naiveté, and illusion; seen through it, the world and history appeared in wonderful colours, but man knew himself only as race, people, party, corporation, family, or in some other generalized form. This veil was first driven off by the breezes of Italy; with awakening came an objective consideration and treatment of the State and of all things of this world, but at the same time the subjective element developed into full vigour; man became a spiritual individual, and recognized himself as one.[4]

Georg Misch admits that during the Renaissance "man found himself invested with a freedom and scope such as had never before been experienced,"[5] but argues that "the discovery of individuality" and its presentation in autobiography can be traced to two other points within European civilization--Hellenic Greece and the appearance of the Prophets in Israel. For him, Augustine's Confessions, generally held to be the first great specimen of autobiography, "is not a beginning but a completion." He takes the first-person tomb inscriptions as his own "beginning," and traces autobiographical material through the Kings of Assyria to

Classical Attic literature. Thus Heraclitus enters into the picture, because his idea of flux is evidence of his perception of individuality, even though the perception is expressed in aphoristic rather than autobiographical form; and in his claim that "The bounds of the soul thou wilt not find, though thou traverse every path--so deep is its logos" Misch finds a precursor of Augustine's "internum aeternum."[6]

My concern in the present study centres upon autobiography as it appears in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, and in one country--Britain. But it is obviously of interest to me to discover the extent of the tradition within which authors from this period--Mill, Ruskin, Carlyle, James and others--are writing. And here I must register a certain sense of bewilderment at a tradition which is said to leap from Heraclitus to Augustine in so athletic a manner. It seems to me that, as far as autobiography (or even a historical sense of man's image of himself) is concerned, more emphasis must be placed on the discontinuity between Christianity and the ancient world. To say that Plato and Aristotle ask "What is man?" whereas Augustine's Confessions ask "Who am I?" would be a start towards defining the replacement of a fixed natural and zoological order of things by a powerful and personal sense of alienation and loss. But in the hands of a philosopher the difference between these two metaphysical stances can suggest very clearly how Christianity was to prove the more fertile ground for autobiography. Bruce Wilshire, in the course of a study of Aristotle's and Augustine's theories of sense-perception, shows how subtle and important is Augustine's conception of "will." In place of Aristotle's sharp division between sense experience and reason, Augustine proposes that:

Qualities experienced are sensations of qualities, and these are not just passively received by the sense organs and mind, but are allowed audience and are received or are blocked out and never known, by ever active movements of will. To a great extent, we see what we will to see. Will, intellect, sensation and reason are one interdependent whole. Sensation can occur only with an act of "vital attention".[7]

If perception is seen as intentional to this extent, then the examination of one's own life may reveal a unique vision of the world as encountered by one's will, as well as describe the relationship between one's own will and that of God. This is what we have in Augustine's Confessions, where the story of the author's life, that search for experience and truth peculiar to him, is given meaning by the submission of his life and will to God in his conversion to Christianity. The autobiographical form is capable of holding both the life and the life's object, as Henry Adams pointed out shortly after writing his own autobiography The Education of Henry Adams: "Did you ever read the Confessions of St. Augustine, or of Cardinal de Retz, or of Rousseau, or of Benvenuto Cellini, or even of my dear Gibbon? Of them all, I think Augustine alone has an idea of literary form,--a notion of writing a story with an end and object, not for the sake of the object, but for the form, like a romance."[8]

Augustine's "idea of literary form" was not copied for many centuries, and it seems true that the congeniality to autobiography of the Middle Ages as opposed to the Hellenic World was, despite such works as Abelard's Historia Calamitatum and Giraldus's De Rebus a Se Gestis, more theoretic than practical--possibly for the cultural and historical reasons cited by Burckhardt and Gusdorf. But Christianity has provided us with many fine autobiographies--Augustine's, St. Teresa's, John Bunyan's, George Fox's, Thomas Scott's and John Henry Newman's, to name six from different eras—and one feels a distinct sense of incongruity in giving the title "autobiography" to these works and to some of the self-presentations garnered by Georg Misch from the Ancient World. Take this Assyrian Ruler for example; his name is Assurnasirpal, and he lived from 885 to 860 B.C.: "I am the king, I am the lord, I am the exalted, the great, the strong, I am famous, I am prince, I am the noble, the powerful in war; I am a lion, I am a hero of youthful strength; Assurnasirpal, the mighty king, the king of Assur, the chosen of Sin [a god of growth] , the favourite of Anu, the beloved of Ramman, who is mightiest of the gods . . . ."[9] I cut him off in mid-sentence, but I think we have the general idea, which is less one of self-revelation and self-presentation than of the acting of a role: "My name is Ozymandias, King of Kings:/ Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!" One is struck by the sameness of the Assyrian annals as quoted by Misch: it is difficult to distinguish Tiglath-Pileser I's "autobiography" of 1100 B.C. from that of Assurnasirpal.

The material assembled by Georg Misch is fascinating, but is it autobiography? Obviously our decisions about the "autobiographical tradition," what belongs there and how any works can be said to grow out of it, hinge upon our definition of autobiography. Wayne Shumaker in constructing English Autobiography makes several common-sense working distinctions and definitions,[10] and Roy Pascal follows him in these, setting them out briefly and systematically.[11] Pascal's summary is as follows. There is a sense in which all personal narratives are autobiographical, but in order to think sensibly about autobiography as a form we have to detach the subsidiary forms. First, letters and diaries: these are first-person narratives, but they are written while the life is in process, without that retrospective aim at completeness one associates with autobiography. Before the word "autobiography" was coined (the Oxford English Dictionary suggests that the coinage was that of a writer in the Monthly Review in 1797) the word "memoirs" was current to describe personal narrations. But Pascal suggests that in modern usage "memoirs" signify an autobiographical form whose focus is not inward but external: political or military for the most part, and thus different in its emphases and end from autobiography proper. "Reminiscences," likewise, tend to fall outside the "pure" genre in that their focus too is outward, on other people and on places. Ford Madox Ford's series of reminiscences, running from Ancient Lights (1911) to Provence (1938) would presumably fall into this category, since they deal primarily with Ford's relationships with interesting people and groups of people. One can continue this process of elimination and set aside from "pure" autobiography what Roy Pascal calls "autobiographical writings" such as Vol de Nuit by Saint-Exupéry, or Nietzsche's Ecce Homo, on the grounds that they make either no pretension to completeness in their presentation of the writer's life (Vol de Nuit), or that by concentrating on mental processes to the exclusion of physical existence (Ecce Homo) they contradict the need for autobiography to be, in Gusdorf's words, a "projection du domaine intérieur dans l'espace extérieur."[12]

What remains is autobiography; or would be, if such clear-cut distinctions were always possible. Roy Pascal would I think have the agreement of Shumaker and Gusdorf in his attempt at a definition of autobiography: "It involves the reconstruction of the movement of a life, or part of a life, in the actual circumstances in which it was lived. Its centre of interest is the self, not the outside world, though necessarily the outside world must appear so that, in give and take with it, the personality finds its peculiar shape."[13] Here Pascal carefully negotiates the boundaries of the genre, differentiating it from memoirs, reminiscences, autobiographical writings, diaries and letters, and adding a rider against the autobiographical novel: "a life, or part of a life, in the actual circumstances in which it was lived." This is not to say that the boundaries thus laid down became sacrosanct; a recent book on autobiography by James Olney disregards all these distinctions and has "autobiography" include everything from Montaigne's Essays to Four Quartets. He comes close, in fact, to claiming that all literature is autobiographical, an assertion which is obviously true in one sense, but hardly helpful.[16]

I do not think that Roy Pascal's definition of autobiography, as he carries it through his discussion of particular works, with "unity and completeness" his criteria, is one I can espouse completely. I am in agreement over the distinction between autobiography and autobiographical novel, and I shall elaborate on this in a later chapter. But I think that a true autobiography can emerge from material or intentions which seem at first unpromising, and there is a rigidity in Roy Pascal's definition, as there is in his taking Rousseau, Goethe and Wordsworth as the great modern autobiographers, and measuring all other works against theirs. One can see this rigidity operating in his dismissal of Newman's Apologia; it may be a great work, he intimates, but it is not a great autobiography: "The fault lies partly in the very skill of the exposition . . . . One fails to perceive and feel the driving forces in the man, the genetic sources of the personality, the numerous potentialities in him which ultimately led to this great decision of

Newman's Life."[15] Part of the trouble, Pascal suggests, may lie in the omission from the Apologia of a full account of Newman's childhood. But the remarkable thing about the Apologia Pro Vita Sua is the extent to which one does feel a sense of a whole life despite the arrangement and selection of material which sits somewhat oddly within an autobiographical tradition based on Rousseau, Goethe and Wordsworth: the quoted articles, the bald summary of the early youth, the feeling one gets that faith here governs experience rather than grows out of it. It is the fascinating task of literary criticism to examine how the Apologia is convincing, and one's definition of autobiography should be flexible enough to hold one of the classics of the genre. This flexibility should extend also to reminiscences, the problem here being to recognize the true autobiography even when it comes to one in the guise of reminiscence. Over-scrupulousness in this respect would remove from consideration both Carlyle's Reminiscences and Henry James's A Small Boy and Others. But we must be aware that the writer's autobiographical impulse, his desire "to reconstruct the movement of a life" in Pascal's words, may meet with a daunting prospect, and not many authors can begin their task with the business-like tones of a David Copperfield. Of the major autobiographies published between 1864 and 1914, it is interesting to note how many have what one might call oblique beginnings. In the two works already mentioned, we can see this very clearly. The aged Carlyle, "dreadfully in want of some Task again,"[16] sets about his Reminiscences, but finds them turning into autobiography as he writes, for one has to describe and recall so much to understand the persons involved. He pauses in the middle of the "Reminiscence of Edward Irving" to register his realization: "All this has nothing to do with Irving;

little even with the journey I was now making towards him . . . ."[17] And in his Journal for 26 September 1866 he records that he is "writing, languidly, something which I call 'Reminiscences of Edward Irving';--which turns out hitherto to be more about myself than him."[18]

The death of Jane Welsh Carlyle provoked the writing of the Reminiscences; the occasion of A Small Boy and Others was the death of William James, and Henry James intended it at first to be a "family book," and a memorial tribute to his brother. But even the first chapter reveals a movement away from biography into autobiography (a movement neither anticipated nor appreciated by William James's family, who had supplied the necessary letters and papers)[19]; William becomes an almost symbolic figure in the book—the young man who could "do" things. Henry James, like Carlyle, realized the turn the work had taken; the "family book" comes to be referred to as "brotherly autobiography, and filial autobiography."[20]

Elsewhere we see John Henry Newman pondering Charles Kingsley's gratuitous insults, which seemed to demand a response somewhere between a libel action and a theological argument, and finding himself drawn into an expression of the meaning of his own life, into autobiography: "He asks what I mean; not about my words, not about my arguments, not about my actions, as his ultimate point, but about that living intelligence, by which I write, and argue, and act. He asks about my Mind and its Beliefs and its sentiments; and he shall be answered."[21]

One must take account of these oblique, unCopperfieldesque beginnings not only because they affect one's definition of autobiography, but also because they leave their imprint upon "autobiographic form": a concept which, I shall suggest in Chapter III, is much less neat, homogenous and "traditional" than the literary historian might like to believe. One can have "autobiography" mean something more specific than the all-inclusive, undifferentiated mass that James Olney takes it to be--it does *exist* as a genre--but one is not necessarily committed to define and defend the boundaries of the genre with fanatic zeal.

My zeal does extend, however, to the exclusion of Assurnasirpal and the kind of self-presentation he stands for. He finds a place in Georg Misch's *History of Autobiography in Antiquity* because Misch is less interested in literature than in what he calls "*Selbstbewusstsein*"[22]--human self-awareness and its place in the history of man. His definition of autobiography is inclusive, as suits his ends: "Hardly any form is alien to it. Historical record of achievements, imaginary forensic addresses or rhetorical declamations, systematic or epigrammatic description of character, lyrical poetry, prayer, soliloquy, confessions, letters, literary portraiture, family chronicle and court memoirs . . . ."[23]

I too am interested in human self-awareness, but in relation to that extended and self-scrutinizing literary form I have called autobiography proper. If one looks from the perspective of late Victorian and Georgian England over the literary history of autobiography, one sees remarkable examples of the genre, and views of man which sustained them, such as Augustine's Christian psychology and Cellini's Renaissance spirit, but no strong sense of a tradition until one comes to the Romantic Movement. The *Confessions* of Augustine are admired, certainly, and they form a landmark in the genre and an example to others--writers as diverse as Henry Adams (whose opinion of Augustine I have already quoted) and Newman, in whose *Apologia* the words and the spirit of Augustine, "the great luminary of the Western world"[24] are pervasive. But by "tradition"

I mean more than admiration and emulation of this kind, though it may in the long run prove equally important. A writer who is aware of himself as composing within a tradition holds in his mind not only works which he would like to emulate, but the idea that other, perhaps lesser, writers have come to that form or genre, and that their productions have consolidated and extended its meaning. He has an idea of the range of feeling and subject matter open to him should he stay within that literary tradition, as well as some conception of the technical limits he may not transgress without abandoning it. "In a peculiar sense he will be aware also that he must inevitably be judged by the standards of the past."[25] T. S. Eliot speaks very generally here, of "the individual talent" and his attitude towards "Tradition," but the statement holds true at various levels of "Tradition." Henry James clearly wrote The Europeans in the "tradition" of Jane Austen, and invokes standards defined by her excellence. Both Jane Austen and Henry James are a part of "literature in English," and this fact involves us in a different set of connections and judgements. But the Tradition to which I specifically refer is analogous to that which contains James and Jane Austen as novelists, and suggests the examples, warnings and limitations they are aware of [illegible] writers of novels.

Even today there is no tradition of autobiography as well-defined as that of the novel or, say, the comic drama, for autobiography is by nature an experimental form, with its basis in the attempt to convey the whole of a life subjectively. Most writers will undertake the autobiographical experiment once only in their lives, and the more important they regard what they have to tell, the less likely they are to be consciously traditional. The nineteenth and twentieth-century writer in particular is aware more of the deeply personal and unique nature of his subject matter. There is a tradition of "the well-made play," but there is unlikely to be one of "the well-made autobiography." But as one surveys the history of the genre, one does become aware of certain changes occurring at the end of the eighteenth century.

2. The Prehistory of Victorian Autobiography

Both Wordsworth and Rousseau deny that there is an autobiographical tradition, or at least that there is one which bears any relation to what *they* are attempting in the way of autobiography. Rousseau's *Confessions* were completed in 1765, and they open with the words: "Je forme une entreprise qui n'eut jamais d'exemple et dont l'exécution n'aura point d'imitateur. Je veux montrer à mes semblables un homme dans toute la vérité de la nature; et cet homme, ce sera moi."[26] This is cavalier; it dispenses with St. Augustine, Benvenuto Cellini, John Bunyan and St. Teresa, among others, but with some justification, since Rousseau's combination of frankness, psychological persistence and attention to detail are new, especially when one considers that these qualities are not here put at the service of religious experience, but applied to the expression of personality for its own sake, and truth's sake.[27] Forty years later, Wordsworth felt justified in ignoring the existence of the *Confessions*. Shortly after the completion of the 1805 version of *The Prelude*, he wrote that: "it was a thing unprecedented in literary history that a man should talk so much about himself . . . . It is not conceit that has induced me to do this, but real humility. I began the work because I was unprepared to treat any more arduous subject, and diffident of my own powers. Here, at least, I hoped that to a certain degree I should be sure of succeeding, as I had nothing to do but describe what I had felt and thought; therefore could not easily be bewildered."[28]

This is curious--not the attempt to disarm potential charges of conceitedness, for that is natural enough, but the disregard for the precedent set by Rousseau, whose Confessions had been published in France in 1781 and translated into English only two years later. It is particularly odd in view of the influence of Emile upon The Prelude and Wordsworth's thought as a whole.[29] It may perhaps bear witness to the way in which each man's autobiography represents for him a new departure, a struggle to have language take the impress of his self. Wordsworth's attitude may also point out to us the changes which occur in autobiographic tradition in the nineteenth century; his claim to complete originality may seem odd, even untrue; but it is a claim which could not have been made by any of the writers whose autobiographies were published between 1864 and 1914. The sheer increase in the number of autobiographies published in the nineteenth century as opposed to the eighteenth or seventeenth, and the increase from decade to decade within the nineteenth century itself,[30] made potential autobiographers aware of the company they kept. Critics confronted with the necessity of reviewing this increased output were not always convinced of its desirability. J. G. Lockhart, "fresh" from reading ten autobiographies, commented sourly on the apparent "belief that England expects every driveller to do his Memorabilia."[31] By 1876 Trollope is enough aware that his Autobiography will be placed in the Rousseau tradition to deny the validity of any such comparison; and The Prelude's influence is observable throughout Ruskin's Praeterita. The changed attitude towards autobiography can be gauged from Harriet Martineau's assertion in her Autobiography of 1855 that "From my youth upwards I have felt that it was one of the duties of my life to write my autobiography . . . . When my life became evidently a somewhat remarkable one, the obligation presented itself more strongly to my conscience."[32] We have clearly come a long way in half a century from Wordsworth's enterprise "unprecedented in literary history," and his fears lest autobiography be equated with conceit.

Yet Wordsworth was right in some ways to stress the novelty of what he had achieved, for the autobiographical impulse which seemed so natural to Harriet Martineau, and so imperative, was greatly fostered by the Romantic Movement in which Wordsworth is a key figure. One could make the generalization that British autobiography before the Romantic Movement tends to possess two main characteristics, which may or may not be found in combination: firstly, the idea of the described life's being an example, or representative, and secondly, a certain inscrutability. The exemplary characteristic is common to the Christian "confession" from Augustine onwards, and one finds evidence of it in Mediaeval works such as The Cloud of Unknowing, which is not autobiographical in any simple sense, but which presents and urges imitation of a certain mystical experience. The experience here is personal, but not exclusively so: The Cloud of Unknowing is both descriptive and prescriptive: "Your whole life must be one of longing, if you are to achieve perfection. And this longing must be in the depths of your will, put there by God, with your consent . . . . Hate to think of anything but God himself . . . put a cloud of forgetting beneath you and all creation."[33] This is a handbook for mystical experience, with instructions which are as precise as the nature of the experience will allow. John N. Morris in Versions of the Self has shown how Puritan and Methodistic self-contemplation combined with the desire to evangelize through personal example to make the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries very productive of a certain kind of religious autobiography.[34] In fact, William York Tindall in his John Bunyan: Mechanick Preacher claims to have found 2,000 tracts by seventeenth-century lay preachers which suggest that well-known autobiographical accounts such as Bunyan's Grace Abounding (1666) are in fact working within an accepted genre formed by numerous descriptions of the classic steps of Puritan conversion: from conviction of sin to evangelical revelation to experience of Christ's personal call.[35] As Wayne Shumaker has suggested, T. S. Eliot's comments on Dante may help to clarify the difference between the autobiographic ethos of Grace Abounding and that of The Prelude. Dante's Vita Nuova, says Eliot, is clearly a mixture of autobiography and allegory:

> but a mixture according to a recipe not available to the modern mind. When I say the "modern mind," I mean the minds of those who have read or could have read such a document as Rousseau's Confessions. The modern mind can understand the "confession," that is, the literal account of oneself, varying only in degree of sincerity and self-understanding, and it can understand "allegory" in the abstract. Nowadays "confessions" of an insignificant sort, pour from the press; everyone met son coeur à nu, or pretends to; "personalities" succeed one another in interest. It is difficult to conceive of an age (of many ages) when human beings cared somewhat about the salvation of the "soul", but not about each other as "personalities". Now Dante, I believe, had experiences which seemed to him of some importance; not of importance because they had happened to him and because he, Dante Alighieri, was an important person who kept press-cutting bureaux busy; but important in themselves; and therefore they seemed to him to have some philosophical and impersonal value. I find in it an account of a particular kind of experience: that is, of something which had actual experience (the experience of the "confession" in the modern sense) and intellectual and imaginative experience (the experience of thought and the experience of dream) as its materials; and which became a third kind.[36]

This requires qualification, especially in light of my use of it here, but it does express an important aspect of the truth. One cannot equate Bunyan with Dante, for the simple reason that personality does play a larger role in Bunyan's religion than in Dante's;[37] and Eliot's equation of modern autobiography, after Rousseau, with the expression of personality for its own sake suits his argument here but is an exaggeration. The alignment, nevertheless, helps us understand the influence of Romanticism on autobiography if we see that Dante and Bunyan are concerned with the "salvation of the soul," and that the point of their own self-histories derives from that large scheme of things, whereas Wordsworth sees his life as defining a significance rather than conforming to any pre-existing notion of what life's significance is.

This difference is apparent in the climactic moment of Grace Abounding, Bunyan's experience of Christ's personal call. All his thoughts have been fixed upon the possibility of that blessed future day, and his difficult progress towards it: "I should in these dayes, often in my greatest agonies, even flounce towards the Promise (as the horses do towards sound ground, that yet stick in the mire) concluding (though as one almost bereft of his wits through fear) on this I will rest and stay, and leave the fulfilling of it to the God of Heaven that made it."[38] When the call does come, it is accompanied by immediate recognition at the time, and a complete lack of perplexity in the retrospective (autobiographic) telling of it:

> At another time, though just before I was pretty well and savoury in my spirit, yet suddenly there fell upon me a great cloud of darkness, which did so hide from me the things of God and Christ, that I was as if I had never seen or known them in my life . . . .
>
> After I had been in this condition some three of four days, as I was sitting by the fire, I suddenly felt this word to

> sound in my heart, I must go to Jesus; at this my former darkness and atheism fled away, and the blessed things of heaven were set within my view . . . .
>
> Then with joy I told my wife, O now I know, I know!
> (83-4)

The language, in its Biblical strength and simplicity and concreteness (the word "sounds" in his heart, the darkness and atheism "fled" away) is powerful and moving, as is usually the case in Grace Abounding. The experience does follow the pattern predicted by his Baptist sect, and the autobiography presents it as an absolute whose meaning is not altered by subequent living and introspection. It thus represents an inspirational account, an example to others and an expression of gratitude: "Blessed be God for having mercy on me" (84).

The Prelude is different in several respects. We have there a sense not of conformity to any pattern of redemption, but an awareness of the unique activity of each soul, as it makes significance of its experience. Wordsworth's expression of this awareness often rings out like an epigraph for a new kind of autobiography:

> O Heavens! how awful is the might of souls,
> And what they do within themselves, while yet
> The yoke of earth is new to them, the world
> Nothing but a wild field where they were sown.[39]
> This is, in truth, heroic argument . . . .

These five lines from Book III of The Prelude contain a number of elements which mark them as Wordsworthian rather than Bunyan-style autobiography. The soul (which here is used not in a Christian sense, but to signify our deepest self) is seen as interacting with "the yoke of earth" and the "wild field" of the world: it is presented in its relationship with the external world. When I think of the great poetry in The Prelude, I remember not abstract emotion nor abstract thought, nor even explanation of the relationship between man and the world, but the presentation of particular childhood incidents. Their psychological value, their power as life-experience, is inseparable from their actual physical presentation as experiences in this world. I could suggest many examples of this; the finding of the drowned man, for example, from Book V:

> Twilight was coming on, yet through the gloom
> Appeared distinctly on the opposite shore
> A heap of garments, as if left by one
> Who might have there been bathing. Long I watched,
> But no one owned them; meanwhile the calm lake
> Grew dark with all the shadows on its breast,
> And, now and then, a fish up-leaping snapped
> The breathless stillness. The succeeding day,
> Those unclaimed garments telling a plain tale
> Drew to the spot an anxious crowd; some looked
> In passive expectation from the shore,
> While from a boat others hung o'er the deep,
> Sounding with grappling irons and long poles.
> At last, the dead man, 'mid that beauteous scene,
> Of trees and hills and water, bolt upright
> Rose, with his ghastly face, a spectre shape
> Of terror; yet no soul-debasing fear,
> Young as I was, a child not nine years old,
> Possessed me, for my inner eye had seen
> Such sights before, among the shing streams
> Of faery land, the forest of romance. (1805 V, 435-55)

Book V's titular subject is "Books," and the "moral" of the incident lies in the final five lines of the quoted passage: the imagination guided to find "ideal grace;/ A dignity" (1805 V, 479-80). But the careful and concrete description puts the reader in touch with more than that moral, in the same way that "Resolution and Independence" suggests more than its moral ("I could have laughed myself to scorn to find/ In that decrepit man so firm a mind"). One registers the child's naiveté in the face of the pile of clothes, the contrasts between the calm lake and the mysterious suicidal impulse, the corpse "bolt upright" and the "trees and hills and water," the lack of prurience on behalf of the "anxious crowd." The total effect brings together in one's mind feelings of both health and tragedy: a compound mysteriousness of life and death, a dimension which adds to one's knowledge of the autobiographer, though not through simple introspection and self-declaration.

The external world appears in Grace Abounding, but it is admitted only on the terms of the salvation story. It has often been remarked that the function of Bunyan's first wife in his story (and by implication in his life) was to bring as her dowry "The Plain Mans Path-Way to Heaven and The Practice of Piety, which her father had left her when he died" (10). Likewise the physical world impinges upon the spiritual only at the most heightened moments:

> . . . as I was in the midst of a game at Cat, and having struck it one blow from the hole; just as I was about to strike it the second time, a voice did suddenly dart from Heaven into my soul, which said, Wilt thou leave thy sins, and go to Heaven? or have thy sins and go to Hell? (12)
>
> . . . .
>
> Once as I was walking to and fro in a good mans shop . . . suddenly there was as if a voice had rushed in at the window, the noise of wind upon me, but very pleasant, and as if I had heard a Voice speaking, Didst ever refuse to be justified by the Blood of Christ? (54-55)

One can see very well why the circumstantial detail of the Sunday game of tip-cat and the good man's shop were important to Bunyan: they are inseparable from an experience which he remembers so vividly--they even help the vividness of the memory by marking it off from others--and they demonstrate God's presence in and knowledge of the most common occurrence or locale. Thus the local detail always supports the vision, making it credible and aweful: "by the fire" (38), "as I was passing in the field" (74), "in one of the streets" (16), "at a Neighbour's Shop-window" (13), "travelling into the Countrey" (38).

If Bunyan's use of the external world is in many ways typical of pre-Romantic British autobiography, his treatment of his childhood is even more so. For one might say that while British autobiography before the late eighteenth century is largely governed by religious experience, this is less true of Continental autobiography, even when the writer is a Pope, as in the case of the recently translated Commentaries of Pope Pius II.[40] This poet-become-Pope of the mid-fifteenth century certainly sees himself in relation to the world, even if it is the social and political arena rather than the Wordsworthian external world. Likewise, Benvenuto Cellini could hardly be accused of neglecting the external world in his Autobiography, even if the world is coloured by his own egotism. But Cellini pays scant attention to his childhood, and in this he is characteristic of both Continental and British autobiography before Rousseau. So once again the passage from Book III of The Prelude points out an important aspect of the whole poem and the type of autobiography it initiates:

> how awful is the might of souls
> And what they do within themselves, while yet
> The yoke of earth is new to them . . . .

We tend perhaps to think of it as "natural" that an autobiographer should dwell upon his childhood and see it as significant in relation to his adult life; of course "The Child is father of the Man": all that remains is to establish the details of the paternity. Historical study of autobiography shows us that this is not so, and that once again the turning point is in the Romantic Movement. I shall examine this change in my next section, in speaking of the relationship between autobiography and Romanticism in general. In the present context--that of the different attitudes represented by Grace Abounding and The Prelude, it will I hope suffice to contrast Watts' "All the elect are born into this world, sinful and miserable" and Rousseau's claim at the beginning of Emile that "Tout est bien sortant des mains de l'Auteur des choses; tout dégenère entre les mains de l'homme."[41]

I began this section of my Chapter by saying that there is a tendency for British autobiography written before the late eighteenth century to be either exemplary (in the strict sense) or inscrutable. In as far as it is difficult to make an example of one's childhood (unless one sees Wordsworth as doing this, which I do not) I am still referring to the first of these. The lack of descriptions of childhood add to the inscrutability of some pre-Romantic autobiography, certainly, though they do add to it rather than compose it. By inscrutability I mean simply that sense that one has of coming nowhere near the sources of the character, that the self projected into the autobiography is either more trivial than the original, or more straightforwardly logical in its progress through life. It is not simply a matter of "reserve" which evokes in me this response to self-portraits by characters as different as Lord Herbert of Cherbury (in his Life) or David Hume (in his similarly entitled essay); it is rather a feeling that there is no engagement with the form, none of that urgent desire one perceives in Bunyan to be faithful to experience. Most of all perhaps one misses that involvement in the form which T. S. Eliot has put so well in Dry Salvages:

> We had the experience but missed the meaning,
> And approach to the meaning restores the experience
> In a different form . . . .[42]

That is, the knowledge that autobiography is always more than a mere mirroring or remembering of experience, and that if one is conscious of that fact, it can become a searching, even frightening, exploration of one's present as well as one's past self. Even in Bunyan, who is the reverse of inscrutable in many respects, this "approach to the meaning" is rendered less important by what I called earlier "an absolute pattern of conversion which is not altered by subsequent living and introspection" (p. 20); nor, I might have added, by the process of writing it down. For in reading The Prelude one is kept constantly aware of the remembering and recreating mind which allocates significance and reviews experience. If forewarned, one can be aware of this in Wordsworth's progressive construction of the poem; for as Stephen Gill points out, the 1799 presentation of childhood and Imagination was modified by the insertion in 1805 of an account of the loss of visionary power. Thus The Prelude is, says Gill, "a sensitive record of Wordsworth's growth during the years of the poem's composition."[43]

There are other examples, apparent without scholarly evidence, of Wordsworth's "approach to the meaning" through the recreation of his life. The poet shows himself to be aware of the difficult questions attendant on the process of memory:

> Of these and other kindred notices
> I cannot say what portion is in truth
> The naked recollection of that time,
> And what may rather have been called to life
> By after-meditation. (1850, III, 612-617)

This process is visible at several points throughout the poem: one is in the presence of a mind that has no absolute significance with which to endow its memories. It does have guiding ideas, but it explores rather than illustrates them; explores, for example, its prevailing memories of life in London, and tries to be just. After seeming to sum up London existence in the image of the blind beggar (Book VII 638-649), Wordsworth adds:

> Though reared upon the base of outward things,
> Structures like these the excited spirit mainly
> Builds for herself; scenes different there are,
> Full-formed, that take, with small internal help,
> Possession of the faculties,--the peace

That comes with night; the deep solemnity
Of nature's intermediate hours of rest,
When the great tide of human life stands still;
The business of the day to come, unborn,
Of that gone by, locked up, as in the grave;
The blended calmness of the heavens and earth,
Moonlight and stars, and empty streets, and sounds
Unfrequent as in deserts; at late hours
Of winter evenings when unwholesome rains
Are falling hard, with people yet astir,
The feeble salutation from the voice
Of some unhappy Woman, now and then
Heard as we pass, when no one looks about,
Nothing is listened to. (1850, 650-669)

From this remarkable blend of the moods of Blake's "London" and his own "Sonnet Composed on Westminster Bridge," Wordsworth shifts yet again, this time into an evocation of the grotesquerie of Bartholomew Fair. The poem conveys both the contrasting vividness of the impression Wordsworth received of the Capital, and the attempt on his part to "place" the life he led there. The autobiographer is serious about the form as well as about the experience.

I have been comparing Wordsworth and Bunyan as autobiographers by way of introducing the nature of "modern" autobiography, and I have been referring to The Prelude as a representative of the spirit of the Romantic Movement: that is, explaining changes in art and sensibility which were initiated in late eighteenth century in terms of an autobiography which was begun then, but published only in 1850. In order to understand the historical basis of the Victorian flowering of autobiography, it is necessary to take a more general, though cursory, look at the importance to the form of Romanticism as a whole.

3. Romanticism and Autobiography

"Romanticism as a whole" is an intimidating concept, especially when Romanticism can be taken to include both the Earl of Shaftesbury and Wallace Stevens. Even if one limits oneself to the "High Romantic Period" of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, one is liable to find oneself on treacherous ground. It is ground which must be crossed, however, to reach late nineteenth-century autobiography, and I think certain landmarks emerge which help us to say why the Romantic Movement proved so congenial to autobiography.

That it was congenial may be seen from the fact that each of the commanding figures of German, French and English Romanticism wrote an autobiography. They were moreover artistically conceived and important works--especially those of Wordsworth and Rousseau; Goethe's Poetry and Truth may not seem as central to its author's work as The Prelude is to Wordsworth's, being conceived originally as an extended appendix to his Complete Works (1806-1808), but it is by any standard a perceptive and interesting work. Nor was Goethe's interest in autobiography restricted to the telling of his own life: he had already translated the Autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini into German.[44] Clearly, this autobiographical impulse is not restricted to Rousseau, Wordsworth and Goethe; it is evident in very many Romantic writers. Coleridge's Biographia Literaria began as a form of literary autobiography, and a more personal account of his early life is to be found in his autobiographical letters to Thomas Poole.[45] Leigh Hunt's Autobiography first appeared in the same year as The Prelude. De Quincey's masterpieces are autobiographical: his Confessions of an English Opium-Eater and Suspira de Profundis; the only possible models for these, he claimed, were the Confessions of Augustine and Rousseau: "the sole Confessions, belonging to past times, that have at all succeeded in engaging the attention of men," but even these were far [redacted] his autobiographic rhapsodies, which contain "modes of impassioned prose ranging under no precedents that I am aware of in any literature."[46] Elsewhere we find Charles Lamb comparing Coleridge's poems to Rousseau's autobiography: "I love them," he says, "as I love the Confessions of Rousseau, and for the same reason: the same frankness, the same openness of heart, the same disclosure of all the most hidden and delicate affections of the mind."[47] Lamb might have extended his comparison to the poems of Keats and Shelley.

This list could be extended almost indefinitely, to mention among others Chateaubriand's Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe in France, Thoreau's Walden in New England, and the autobiographical element in Byron's Don Juan. But if I were to name the three elements of Romanticism which contributed most to this autobiographic activity, they would be: first, the emergence of what is frequently called the Romantic Ego; second, the new (or renewed) interest in childhood as a literary theme; and third, the Romantic interest in the presentation of emotion, along with the sharpening of sensory perception which often accompanied it. I will briefly consider each of these in turn, as they relate to the development of autobiography.

The first of these, the Romantic Ego, is the most pervasive, and for that reason the hardest to describe satisfactorily. But I would like to begin with a painting--Caspar David Friedrich's "The Wanderer Above the Mists." The Romantic nature of this portrait of a lone climber surveying peaks which rise through the mists has been suggested by Erich Heller:

> The wanderer--there he stands, above a sea of mist, a man alone, face to face with Nature. Nothing touches him, except the wind which ruffles his hair. Wherever he came from,

> he must have wandered through the night or toward the night; for only now, when he has reached this mountaintop, the sun is rising or setting. Turning his back on the spectator and the spectator's world, . . . he gazes upon distant majesty.[48]

Heller connects Friedrich's painting with Schelling's System of Transcendental Idealism, and the idea of "The Odyssey of Mind": "Mind, in pursuit of the ultimate reaches of reflection and self-reflection, Mind seeking and then again, 'wondrously deceived,' fleeing from itself, shining, as if through semi-transparent mists . . . ."[49]

Hegel's The Phenomenology of Mind is the ultimate exploration of this kind: one might almost say the ultimate biography on a massive scale, tracing as it does the notion of Mind or Spirit from the most simple sensations to its final possibility of Absolute Consciousness. And Hegel it was who in his aesthetic studies characterised the Romantic Mind against the Ancient as "enclosed within itself and regarding the external world as a mere assemblage of cues for its monologues. . . . in this the mind of Romantic art does indeed differ from the Classical mind which forever contemplates its sublimely monotonous and changeless constellations of gods, heroes and myths."[50] In some ways this emphasis on the self as the source of artistic inspiration and knowledge is not altogether new; one thinks of the self which is the hero of Montaigne's Essays, and Sir Thomas Browne's exclamation in Religio Medici that "There is all Africa and her prodigies in us; we are that bold and adventurous piece of nature, which he that studies wisely learns in a compendium what others labour at in a divided piece and endless volume."[51] But there were limits, for Browne, to the exploration of the self: he delights to mortify and bewilder his Reason to glorify his Faith; it is in the relentlessness and ubiquitousness of its self-presentations that the Romantic movement is remarkable.

This is not the place to attempt a genealogy of this heightened interest in personal experience--to theorize whether, for example, it really did arise partly in reaction to the dehumanizing tendencies of the Industrial Revolution, or as an assertion of the power of the Imagination as opposed to that of the Abstract Reason of the Enlightenment.[52] My concern is with its manifestations, whether they take the form, as Hannah Arendt claims of Rousseau, of a championing of "intimacy" against "society's unbearable perversion of the human heart, its intrusion upon an innermost region in man which until then had needed no special protection,"[53] or what Harold Bloom has called the English Romantic Poets' "Internalization of Quest Romance."[54]

Let us then take the Romantic ego as it manifests itself in a particular comparison: the view of the self which is found in Emerson and Thoreau, which I take to be Romantic, and that which is present in the work of, say, Alexander Pope. We have in Emerson and Thoreau an attempt to redefine the self and its relationships in such a way as to allow it the maximum of expression and fulfilment, and one is struck by the way in which the Romantic ego is here isolated to achieve these ends. Emerson says in his essay on "Friendship" that "Almost all people descend to meet. All association must be a compromise, and, what is worst, the very flower and aroma of each of the beautiful natures disappears. . . . What a perpetual disappointment is actual society. . . ."[55] Caspar Friedrich's wanderer above the mists is present here in an extreme form--the egotistical sublime indeed. Thoreau in Walden invents a baptism-cum-communion which expresses the freedom he feels is necessary to his sense of self: "I got up early, and bathed in the pond; that was a religious exercise, and one of the best things which I did. They say that characters were engraven upon the bathing tub of King Tchingthang to this effect: 'Renew thyself completely each day; do it again, and again, and forever again.' I can understand that."[56] The congregation, the liturgy and the eucharist have been eliminated, and all that remains in Thoreau's version of a "religious exercise" is the union of the self and the everything, symbolized by immersion. Not only is one not "restricted" by the presence of others, but the restriction of that network of relationships with, and responsibilities towards, other selves, constituted by one's memory, is also dissolved in the process of the solitary bath, as one renews oneself again, and again, and forever again.

One has only to contrast this with Chaucer's poetry, or Shakespeare's History plays, to realize what a novel concept of the self it represents. There are what one might call "personal" poems by Pope, the "Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot," for example, but Pope's writings actually start from a premise completely different from Thoreau's, with a more bitter tone precisely because the state of one's self seemed to Pope so dependent upon others for its constitution--dependent simultaneously upon the most brilliant and the dullest of one's society.

One sees in Thoreau and Emerson an expression--in some ways an extreme expression--of the way in which the sensibility of the Romantic movement endowed the self, and self-consciousness, "the Romantic Ego," with an importance which was to issue in either autobiography or the artistic use of autobiographical materials. Emerson's and Thoreau's particular redefinition of self-consciousness took place, of course, in New England, and there the European situation existed in a significantly modified form. Their attitudes were a sophisticated part of that manysided American tradition which normally goes under the title of Individualism. This tradition was in existence before Industrialism, and no easy correlation can be made between a reaction to the division of labour and the fragmentation of man's experience which the orthodox Marxist critic Ernst Fischer sees as the primary force behind Romantic individualism in Europe.[57] If, however, Benjamin Franklin's Autobiography had represented one aspect of Individualism, the rise from humble beginnings to international fame, Emerson's essays and Walden represent an "autobiography" of the mind and spirit. This autobiography took for its background not the gathering of wealth, nor of possessions; on the contrary, Emerson claimed in "Self-Reliance" that a cultured man becomes ashamed of his property. The background in this case was the Over-soul, or the transcendental force which governs all things.

We would not turn to Emerson and Thoreau for a presentation of childhood, but without doubt the Romantic revival which had such a profound effect upon them had dealt magnificently with childhood. Once again we find ourselves confronted with the originality of Rousseau, and the powerful exhortations of Emile which were to find such strong and intelligent responses through the Romantic Movement and beyond: "Hommes, soyez humains, c'est votre premier devoir. . . . Aimez l'enfance, favorisez ses jeux, ses plaisirs, son aimable instinct. Qui de vous n'a pas regretté cet âge où le rire est toujours sur les lèvres et où l'âme est toujours en paix? Pourquoi voulez-vous ôter à ces petits innocents la jouissance d'un temps si court qui leur échappe . . .?[58] As Peter Coveney puts it in his book The Image of Childhood:

> Until the last decades of the eighteenth century the child did not exist as an important and continuous theme in English literature. Childhood as a major theme came with the generation of Blake and

> Wordsworth. There were of course children in English literature before the Romantics. They were the subject of innumerable Elizabethan lyrics; and through Dryden, Pope and Prior there had been a whole tradition of minor, complimentary verses addressed to young "children of quality." But in the Elizabethan drama, in the main body of Augustan verse, in the major eighteenth-century novel, the child is absent, or the occasion of a passing reference; at the most a subsidiary element in an adult world.[59]

Certainly Coveney appears to be correct here; and though he does not pay much attention to autobiography in his study, the autobiographic form does reflect this new attitude very accurately. It would be an oversimplification to trace this attitude back to Rousseau as a single-handed revolutionary, or even to Wordsworth and Blake as co-revolutionaries. Nor does it make sense in terms of the history of ideas to simply say that the Romantic ego and the Romantic emphasis on intense experience led to a scrutiny and expression of that intense period of one's life. These may have been important--almost certainly were--but clearly the child provided a potent symbol for the Romantics' expression of personal freedom, creativity and imaginative power: the increased awareness of childhood is not just a by-product of increased interest in one's own consciousness. Nevertheless, in autobiography as in the novel the presentation of childhood becomes a potent and artistically successful theme in the nineteenth century. In some cases, childhood seems to have become the nineteenth-century equivalent of Renaissance poetry's "love"; Northrop Frye has described the latter as "a kind of creative yoga, an imaginative discipline in which [the Renaissance poet] watched the strongest possible feelings swirling around."[60] Confronted with the need to recreate their childhood, authors otherwise unremarkable, Augustus Hare, for example,[61] produced work of enduring value: Hare seems to lose hold of the uniqueness of his life as his autobiography moves into the recording of his adult life. The most important example of this creative heightening produced by the recreation of childhood is Edmund Gosse, for Father and Son is his masterpiece: perhaps, ultimately, the book upon which his reputation will rest.[62]

There is no simple answer then to a question such as "Does one write of one's childhood because one is interested in the nature of self-consciousness, or does an interest in the nature of childhood lead to an increased awareness of self?" Theoretically the two concepts are very much inter-dependent, and in actual autobiographies, particularly the more interesting of them, it is hard to make any such simple-minded separation. Consider, for example, this remarkable passage from Stendhal's autobiography, The Life of Henri Brulard (it was written in 1835, though the autobiography was not published until 1890):

> Je voulais couvrir ma mère de baisers et qu'il n'y eut pas de vêtements. Elle m'aimait à la passion et m'embrassait souvent, je lui rendais ses baisers avec un tel feu qu'elle était souvent obligée de s'en aller. J'abhorrais mon père quand il venait interrompre nos baisers. Je voulais toujours les lui donner à la gorge. Qu'on daigne se rappeler que je la perdis par une couche quand a peine j'avais sept ans.[63]

I quote one paragraph here, but I have in my mind the whole of chapters III and IV, where Stendhal describes his relationship with his mother and, in pages of great power, recalls her death and the circumstances of her funeral. How closely wedded there are the elements of the Romantic mind: the re-entry into the childhood passion is itself a passionate truthfulness, and a desire to see childhood for what it is. But even here the nature of the introspective mind reveals itself as playing over the whole life; for why else does Stendhal insert that final sentence: "Qu'on daigne se rappeler que je la perdis par une couche quand à peine j'avais sept ans"? It resembles an accusation, and an excuse for what may seem an excess, but it reveals too that Stendhal thought long and often of this part of his six-year-old self, and had come to see his early passionate love for his mother as a premonition of her death--an ardour which was attempting to compensate already for that terrible loss which awaited him. He realizes, too, that memory is cumulative rather than "atomic": by reminding us that he lost her, he implies that the passion was never checked by the succeeding images of his mother; that he, Stendhal, aged 52, does not have a mother aged 73 against whom to measure his ardour. That Stendhal is not simply concerned with the recreation of childhood for its own sake becomes clear when he leaps twenty-eight years, to a time in 1828, "en aimant à la fureur Alberthe de Rubempré" (37), and makes us realize that this love affair was somehow connected to his childish eroticism. He is interested in the subtle interconnections of consciousness, and in exploring those connections with the utmost fidelity, as in his precise and psychologically acute evocation of how, after having heard Cathedral bells at his mother's funeral, he has never been able to "regarder de sangfroid cette église de Saint-Hugues et la Cathédrale qui est attenante. Le son seul des cloches de la Cathédrale, même en 1828 quand je suis allé revoir Grenoble, m'a donné une tristesse morne, sèche, sans attendrissement, de cette tristesse voisine de la colère" (45).

Stendhal's perceptiveness here, remarking on "cette tristesse voisine de la colère," leads me to the final point I want to make about the influence of the Romantic movement upon autobiography. It is a critical commonplace, but nonetheless true, that the Pre-Romantic Movement issued to some extent in the cultivation and expression of emotion for its own sake, from sentimental comedy through the tales in the Tatler and Spectator which were "wept over with great pleasure" (as one reader put it),[64] to Sterne's A Sentimental Journey and beyond. One is confronted with it in the melancholy of Keats' "Ode to a Nightingale," which bursts upon us with its immediate but mysterious aching heart, drowsy numbness, and descent Lethe-wards. Later, one finds in the "Terrible Sonnets" of Hopkins the presentation of powerful emotion whose motivation is often obscure within the terms of the poem. The sonnets are "dramatic" in more than one sense: they often strike one as brilliant soliloquies preserved from a lost play. We have "enter G. M. Hopkins, solus":

> I wake and feel the fell of dark, not day.
> What hours, O what black hours we have spent
> This night! what sights you, heart, saw; ways you went![65]

An interest in the expression of emotion need not necessarily lead to an autobiographic or crypto-autobiographic form of self-expression, but it seems to have encouraged it. De Quincey, for example, declares himself a proponent of, first, intimacy and candour:

> I contend that much more than amusement ought to settle upon any narrative of a life that is really confidential. It is singular--but many of my readers will know it for a truth--that vast numbers of people, though liberated from all reasonable motives to self-restraint, cannot be confidential. . . . I have done what was possible on my part towards . . . perfect sincerity: saying everywhere nothing but the truth; and in any case forbearing to say the whole truth only through consideration for others.[66]

and second, of powerful emotion, passion--the deeper the better, for "I desire [the reader] to consider the utter sterility of universal literature in this one department of impassioned prose."[67] The result was a series of autobiographic works all of which testify to a consuming interest in the portrayal of dreams, extreme mental states and emotions. In the impressions of London, from the Autobiographic Sketches, the city is recreated to minister to the remembered emotion, itself a kind of terror in which De Quincey takes an expressive delight (a delight his introductory sentence ostensibly denies):

> These are feelings which do not belong by preference to thoughtful people--far less to people merely sentimental. No man ever was left to himself for the first time in the streets, as yet unknown, of London, but he must have been saddened and mortified, perhaps terrified, by the sense of desertion and utter loneliness which belong to his situation. No loneliness can be like that which weighs upon the heart in the centre of faces never-ending, without voice or utterance for him; eyes innumerable, that have "no speculation" in their orbs that he can understand; and hurrying figures of men and women weaving to and fro, with no apparent purposes intelligible to a stranger, seeming like a mask of maniacs, or, oftentimes, like a pageant of phantoms. The great length of the streets in many quarters of London; the continual opening of transient glimpses into other vistas equally far-stretching, going off at right-angles to the one which you are traversing; and the murky atmosphere which, settling upon the remoter end of every long avenue, wraps its termination in gloom and uncertainty; all these are circumstances aiding that sense of vastness and illimitable proportions which forever brood over the aspect of London in its interior.[68]

The occasion of this description is the author's first visit to London, and the stunned awe which was his first reaction to it. London appears in the Autobiographic Sketches as a massive experiment into which the young mind of De Quincey is plunged; every vista, every sound in the description intensifies that terrific loneliness which the autobiographer is intent to create. He penetrates beyond his adult experience of London, cuts it aside to register that monolithic first impression.

To link Hopkins, Keats and De Quincey in this manner as writers particularly interested in the observation and expression of personal emotion is not to attempt to cloak their obvious differences; nor to deny that they are connected in other ways--as "realists," in the sense that Jacques Barzun has used the term to describe the Romantics:[69] their persistent and thorough accuracy in portraying their own souls and the outside world. For alongside De Quincey's interest in dream visions (and his fear of their intensity),[70] and in the impact of London upon his sensibility, must be placed the descriptions in Confessions of an English Opium-Eater of conditions among the London poor as they existed at the beginning of the nineteenth century.[71] His detailed scrutiny of the external world there has its parallels in the superbly realized details of the "Ode to Autumn," or in Hopkins's determination, revealed in his Journals and Papers as well as in his poetry, to render the external world with scrupulous exactness, down to: "the looped or forked wisp made by every big pebble the backwater runs over."[72] The two arenas of "realistic" inspection come together in the Journals and Papers: notably in that disconcerting self-portrait "Gerard Hopkins reflected in a lake,"[73] which combines a symbolically introspective posture with an almost Ruskinian attention to detail. The desire to see the world not only clearly but with great fidelity to detail seems joined in Romantic literature to the desire to present oneself.

Such at any rate seems to me the case; in some ways my separation of "elements" which contributed to the Romantic interest in autobiography has been artificial, as I suggested in my discussion of the relationship between Romantic self-consciousness and the Romantic interest in childhood. One finds in reading particular authors that these elements appear not singly but blended, in all their complexity. Blended, for example, as in those pages of the Confessions where De Quincey, straining to describe with the utmost fidelity his own mental states under the influence of opium, tells how his emotional capacity seemed tremendously magnified: "Sometimes I seemed to have lived for seventy or a hundred years in one night; nay, sometimes had feelings representative of a duration far beyond the limits of any human experience" (266), or how the drug would reawaken the sensations of his childhood:

> The minutest incidents of childhood, or forgotten scenes of later years, were often revived. I could not be said to recollect them; for, if I had been told of them when waking, I should not have been able to acknowledge them as part of my past experience. But, placed as they were before me in dreams like intuitions, and clothed in all their evanescent circumstances and accompanying feelings, I recognized them instantaneously. (266)

De Quincey goes on to make the fascinating speculation "that there is no such thing as ultimate forgetting; traces once impressed upon the memory are indestructible . . ." (268). Here the autobiographical form seems wholly appropriate for what the author has to tell us, and the idea, with its Bergsonian and Freudian overtones, looks forward to late nineteenth and early twentieth-century interest in the nature of memory, and in self-presentation.

CHAPTER II

AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND THE VICTORIAN ETHOS

1. Victorian Ambivalence Towards Autobiography

Jerome Hamilton Buckley, in his two essays "The Pattern of Conversion" and "The Passion of the Past," has provided perhaps the best succinct presentation of the place of autobiography and the autobiographical impulse in Victorian literary culture. In the latter essay, he concludes that "the nineteenth century was . . . the great age of English autobiography" and that "throughout the Victorian period the autobiographical impulse flourished more variously than ever before."[1] I have been arguing in support of both these propositions, and at this point in my argument I need to make what seems to be the simple connection between the first and the second: having argued the importance of the Romantic Movement and the early nineteenth century to the development of modern autobiography, I need only show how the Victorian autobiographers represent a continuation of the forces I have been examining in Rousseau, Wordsworth, Stendhal, De Quincey and others. But the question becomes more problematic when it becomes apparent that many of the best Victorian autobiographies are unRomantic in terms of my definition of Romantic interests in Chapter I.

For if there one agreed with Anna Robeson Burr that Jean-Jacques Rousseau was "the father of modern autobiography,"[2] here one has to confront Anthony Trollope's disavowal of any such paternity: "That I, or any man, should tell everything of himself, I hold to be impossible . . . . It will not, I trust, be supposed by any reader that I have intended in this so-called autobiography to give a record of my inner life. No man ever did so truly,—and ever will. Rousseau probably attempted it, but who doubts but that Rousseau has confessed in much the thoughts and convictions rather than the facts of his life?"[3] This is hardly in the tradition of what Lamb saw in Rousseau and Coleridge as "the disclosure of all the most hidden and delicate affections of the mind." Likewise, a first reading of John Stuart Mill's Autobiography is perhaps less likely to provoke the grandiose Wordsworthian exclamation ("O Heavens! how awful is the might of Souls/ And what they do within themselves") than the dry comment of Carlyle: "Autobiography of a steam-engine, perhaps, you may sometimes read it."[4] And if in The Prelude and La Vie de Henri Brulard one sees the autobiographic discovery of the importance of childhood experience, what is one to make of the notable absence of descriptions of childhood in the Apologia Pro Vita Sua? Perhaps childhood played little part in the "history of [Newman's] religious opinions," but one can see a similar lack of interest on the part of Carlyle in his Reminiscences and Sartor Resartus.

I think it is nonetheless true that Victorian autobiography is built upon the Romantic achievements in the genre, and the Romantic review of the self, and in many ways separate from the autobiographies of the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries. This is best illustrated by a concrete example afforded by Carlyle in his treatment of George Fox's autobiography, The Journal of George Fox, which the Quaker had dictated to his stepson-in-law in 1674 or 1675, and which had been very influential (and widely imitated) since its publication in 1694. The book belongs to the same tradition of religious autobiography as Bunyan's

Grace Abounding--the tradition I mentioned earlier as characterized by the idea of the described life's being an example, or representative, and by a certain inscrutability. It is an unRomantic autobiography, like Bunyan's, but Carlyle's reference to it in Sartor Resartus is characteristically Romantic (and Victorian). What Carlyle has Teüfelsdrockh seize upon in the context of his "clothes philosophy" is Fox's account of how he made himself a suit of leather clothes (for durability) and left home at the age of twenty with an as-yet obscure sense of religious mission. The making of this suit of leather clothes, says Teüfelsdrockh in a romantic outburst, is "the most remarkable incident in modern history":

> Often has it seemed to me as if such first outflashing of man's Freewill, to lighten more and more into Day the Chaotic Night that threatened to engulf him in its hindrances and its horrors, were properly the only grandeur there is in History. . . .
>
> Surely if, as D'Alembert asserts, my illustrious namesake, Diogenes, was the greatest man of Antiquity, only that he wanted Decency, then by stronger reason is George Fox the greatest of the Moderns, and greater than Diogenes himself: for he too stands on the adamantine basis of his Manhood, casting aside props and shores. . . .[5]

Thus in the pseudo-autobiography of the Victorian, this seventeenth century autobiography becomes representative of a Romantic heroism and questing individualism rather different in tone from that of the original, where the gesture of personal freedom and devotion to truth has to be placed within precisely the right kind of experience of God--"openings," as Fox calls them. Even four years after leaving home, Fox tells us, he was in a state of bewilderment: "I fasted much, and walked abroad in solitary places many days, and often took my Bible and went and sat in hollow trees and lonesome places until night came on; and frequently in the night walked mournfully about by myself, for

I was a man of sorrows in the times of the first workings of the Lord in me."[6] He stands "on the adamantine basis of his Manhood," yes, but there are right and wrong ways of devoting one's life to God, and it may take a fourteen-day trance of the kind bestowed by the Almighty on Fox to make the way unmistakeably clear.[7]

The difference in tone between these two accounts--Carlyle's and Fox's--reminds us that there truly is a watershed in British autobiography in the late eighteenth century, and that Romantic and Victorian autobiography tend to be similar, and in contrast to previous traditions. Against Dr. Johnson's dictum, delivered in the course of a discussion of biography, that "between falsehood and useless truth there is little difference"[8] can be set Carlyle's elevation of the true--what truly happened: "For the Past is all holy to us; the Dead are all holy, even they that were base, and wicked while alive."[9]

The very use of Carlyle in this context reminds us of the intimate connections between Romanticism and the Victorian era, for Basil Willey has gone so far as to say that we have in him "a Romantic who survives into the latter days of the nineteenth century,"[10] and Carlyle is certainly a seminal figure in the Victorian period. But what a complex continuation of the Romantic Movement, and repudiation of it, we have in the remainder of the nineteenth century, in autobiography as elsewhere. George Eliot found the Ruskin of Volumes Three and Four of Modern Painters "strongly akin to the sublimest part of Wordsworth,"[11] and the Wordsworthian influence on Ruskin is in Praeterita. Matthew Arnold's relations with Wordsworth's poetry are more ambivalent, and in a process of delicate adjustment for many years;[12] Wordsworth's appearance in Mill's Autobiography is not without its complications and ambivalences, like those apparent in Mill's famous essay on Coleridge. One thinks too of Tennyson's love of Keats, alongside his attempts between 1832 and 1842 to reduce the likeness between Keats' verse and his own.[13]

In later chapters I shall be examining the Romantic influence on particular Victorian and Edwardian autobiographies, but I want here to suggest how the tendency of English Romantic writing was such as to promote autobiography in the later nineteenth century: how it suggested modes of writing and inspired imitators. This process began quite early in the century, as is apparent in the following extract from a long poem:

> Dartmoor! thou wast to me, in childhood's hour,
> A wild and wondrous region. Day by day,
> Arose upon my youthful eye thy belt
> Of hills, mysterious, shadowy, clasping all
> The green and cheerful landscape sweetly spread
> Around my home, and with a stern delight
> I gazed on thee. How often on the speech
> Of the half-savage peasant have I hung,
> To hear of rock-crown'd heights on which the cloud
> For ever rests; and wilds stupendous, swept
> By mightiest storms;--of glen, and gorge, and cliff
> Terrific, beetling o'er the stone-strew'd vale
> . . . .
> I thought on thy wide world--to me a world--
> Mysterious Dartmoor, dimly seen, and prized
> For being distant. . . .[14]

Here, we might think, we have an obvious imitation of *The Prelude*: the Wordsworthian blank verse, the subject matter, the importance of the landscape which "Day by day,/ Arose upon my youthful eye." In fact, the poem from which the lines are taken, N. I. Carrington's *Dartmoor*, was published well before *The Prelude*, in 1826; this may appear puzzling until one recalls that both "Tintern Abbey" and *The Excursion* were readily available to the author, and that the former contains the seeds of *The Prelude*'s opening chapters. *Dartmoor* shows perhaps how the general tendency of Wordsworthian poetry is to foster autobiography, for this imitator of Wordsworth proceeds from his reading to frame his life in a Wordsworthian setting. The poem reveals also the difficulties of organization involved in a poem of this kind, which places the growth of the poet's mind in a Natural setting: having little to say about the growth of his mind, the author tends to have recourse to description more reminiscent of Collins than of Wordsworth:

> In midnight and in shade,
> Repose and storm——wide waste! I since have trod
> Thy hill and dale magnificent. Again
> I seek thy solitudes profound, in this
> Thy hour of deep tranquillity.[15]

Thus the Wordsworthian influence on nineteenth-century autobiographical writing began early; it was also lasting, and worked upon authors far more capable than Mr. Carrington of sustaining its importance--and among those the best writers of the century, in prose as much as, if not more than in verse. I think there is a good deal of truth in the thesis recently put forward by John Speirs in his book Poetry Towards Novel (1971) that Romantic poetry, and particularly the autobiographical poetry of The Prelude, was a major source of strength for the nineteenth-century novelist, and that "a succession of nineteenth-century novels (e.g. Great Expectations) prove [sic] to be essential autobiography in much the kind of way that Wordsworth's The Prelude can now be recognized as having originated." He adds:

> It is no accident, for example, that the child, ('the new individual') and the adolescent, the pains of growing up and of arriving at mature manhood or womanhood, are one of the main recurrent themes in the novels of the Brontës, Dickens, George Eliot and finally Lawrence. It is a theme that the poets--Wordsworth again, and before him, Blake,--had already begun to explore. It has to do with 19th century interest in the developing individual, the individual's struggle for liberation not only from external oppressions but from his own imprisoning states of mind. Wordsworth's recollections of

> childhood experience have . . . nothing to do with a nostalgic wish to be a child again. . . . Some of the childhood and boyhood experiences recollected in The Prelude are in fact painful and disturbing--shocks, frights, the sense of being lost--and such as no-one would wish to live through again, except imaginatively. Their importance for Wordsworth--and for his readers--is the clearer understanding they provide into the nature of man, in particular into the nature of the man who has developed into manhood from and through such experiences.[16]

I would only add to this what I argued in the previous chapter: that Wordsworth's Prelude is an expression of a Romantic interest in autobiography which is very widespread, and not confined to England.

The Victorians inherited an interest in autobiographic forms from the Romantic writers, but that tradition was not simply superimposed on the age; it was also an outgrowth of its own interests, as we shall see. In need of defining limits, I have confined myself primarily to autobiographies published after 1864, taking as my opening date the publication of Newman's Apologia Pro Vita Sua for two reasons: because the popularity of that work—"the most beautiful of autobiographies" to J. A. Froude[17]--was a signal encouragement to prospective autobiographers, and because the Apologia was the first published of the autobiographies of the great Victorian writers, followed in turn among others by John Stuart Mill's in 1873, Thomas Carlyle's in 1881, Anthony Trollope's in 1883, John Ruskin's from 1886 to 1889, Charles Darwin's in 1887, and Herbert Spencer's in 1904. It will be noted that five of the seven autobiographies mentioned above were published posthumously; in using publication dates as a guide one is involved in study of the period prior to those dates. For example, one is still in the Romantic period in the 1850's in terms of the publication of autobiographies: Wordsworth's and Leigh Hunt's in 1850, and De Quincey's in 1853. For the same reasons, while my period of particular concern ends with the commencement of World War I--in literary terms only three years before the publication of *"Prufrock" and Other Observations*--the latest autobiographies which fall within this period are those of Henry James and George Moore, members of a literary generation removed from that of T. S. Eliot. What this means with reference to the development of British autobiography between 1864 and 1914 is, that one needs to be aware of the importance of autobiographic material in *Sartor Resartus* and *In Memoriam* and that *Sons and Lovers* was published before the last volume of *Hail and Farewell* (Lawrence's novel in 1913, and *Vale* in 1914). One has to deal with the formative years of the authors, and with autobiographic developments which parallel their own late writings.

One has thus to consider the use of autobiographical materials throughout the Victorian era, and not merely from 1864 onwards. Simply to list works which make use of such material is to realize its importance: *Sartor Resartus*, *The Mill on the Floss*, *Dipsychus*, *In Memoriam*, *David Copperfield*, *The Autobiography of Mark Rutherford*, *Mark Rutherford's Deliverance*, *Fors Clavigera*, Arnold's "Marguerite" poems, *Marius the Epicurean*, Browning's *Parleyings*, *Modern Love*, *Pendennis*: and one is confining oneself here to the major authors of the period.

The interest in autobiographical material is there, certainly, and is paralleled by the increasing numbers of "pure" autobiographies published in the nineteenth century--an increase discernible from decade to decade.[18] The picture seems at first sight to be plainly one of various and widespread introspection, self-expression, self-recreation: a continuation of a Romantic trend. Jerome H. Buckley, in "The Passion of the Past," suggests something of the kind by way of emphasizing this development and its importance.[19] The more closely one examines the works listed above, however, the clearer it becomes that for much of the Victorian period the autobiographical element in literature is set in a state of tension against an opposite impulse, which may take several forms--the impulse to objectivity, or impersonality, or reticence, or privacy: any account of autobiography and the Victorian ethos has to take account of this.

I believe this division between the public and private, or, as it often appears, "the times" and "the soul," can be seen in much Victorian writing, particularly that of an autobiographical nature: in Tennyson and Arnold, in Carlyle, Newman and Mill, and those who reviewed their work. We see this in that most private and public of poems, _In Memoriam_; Tennyson himself was at pains to stress that the personal crisis of the loss of Hallam was there converted into "the voice of the human race": "It must be remembered that this is a poem, _not_ an actual biography. . . . The different moods of sorrow as in a drama are dramatically given, and my conviction that fear, doubts and suffering will find answer and relief only through Faith in a God of Love. 'I' is not always the author speaking of himself, but the voice of the human race speaking through him."[20] Probably this statement is true to the process of composition of _In Memoriam_ over sixteen years, and that in its final form it was, as Tennyson said in another context, "a very impersonal poem as well as a personal" (859). But the distinction is very much of its time, for why should "the human race" speak in a voice different from that of the sensitive individual--how, in fact, does the human race "speak through the poet"? In reading _In Memoriam_, we might point to section CXXXI as impersonal:

O living will that shalt endure
  When all that seems shall suffer shock,
  Rise in the spiritual rock,
Flow through our deeds, and make them pure,

That we may lift from out of dust
  A voice as unto him that hears,
  A cry above the conquered years
To one that with us works, and trust,

With faith that comes of self-control,
  The truths that never can be proved
  Until we close with all we loved,
And all we flow from, soul in soul. (980-981)

But do we point to this as an example of the voice of the race in *In Memoriam* because it is more generalized, and, apart from the phrase "with all we loved," owes less than many of the lyrics to "A.H.H., Obiit MDCCCXXXIII"? And in thinking in this manner are we assuming that "the human race" concerns itself more with the relation of free will to God than with grief for a dead loved one? Then again, if this section seems representative of what makes *In Memoriam* in some respects "a very impersonal poem," are we influenced by the biblical echoes in the poem--the "spiritual rock" from Corinthians x.4, the "voice from out of dust" of Isiah xxix.4, the "one that with us works" from the close of Mark's Gospel[21]--the assumption being that such phraseology is less likely to be applied by "the author speaking of himself" than by "the voice of the human race speaking through him." Most of all one recognizes a certain Tennysonian "officialese" in the lines, from the determined "O living will that shalt endure" onwards; "the homiletic cadence," G. M. Young called it, noting its pervasiveness in the Victorian age.[22] One thinks of Tennyson's own remark: "It's too hopeful, this poem, more than I am myself" (859). Section CXXXI is a product of the times, or of what the times were supposed to demand. Over against this we have the soul--immersed in the times of course, and often troubled by them, but in the preceding section, CXXX, a means of following Teufelsdröckh's command to "Pierce through the Time-element, glance into the Eternal," for there the dead Hallam and the meditating Tennyson defy time: "Far off thou art, but ever nigh" (980). The same time-defying impulse works through the two consecutive poems, but in CXXX it is more credible, being based one feels on experienced emotion rather than the astringent "Faith that comes of self-control" of CXXXI. The rejected manuscript version of CXXX is even more convincing, with its surprised tone, and its vulnerably hopeful last line:

> No more I yearn, no longer grieve:
>   I walk the meadows and rejoice
>   And prosper, compassed by thy voice
> For ever. Strange that I should live
>
> To say such wondrous things of thee!
>   I know the beauty which thou wast,
>   Thy single sweetness in the Past,
> Yet art thou oft as God to me. (980)[23]

The lines were replaced by others. Tennyson may simply have thought the new lines better, but it is hard not to feel that the pressures of Victorian reticence, as well as the need to harmonize with the "public" tone of CXXXI, the concluding lyric of the series, prompted the change. Certainly the move from "Yet art thou oft as God to me" and its daring implications to the soberly biblical voice from the dust, and to "all we flow from" (combining the sanctions of biblical overtones with a suitably vague deity) would have been abrupt. As it was, the reviewer in The Times found certain minglings of the language of religion and that of friendship shocking: "we should consider no confession of regret too strong for the hardihood that inflicted them."[24]

In Memoriam, then, while it serves as an example of the autobiographical tendencies of Victorian writing, serves also as an indication of the countervailing forces which held such tendencies in check. Let me take as my final example an alteration in the text of the poem made not before publication, but a full twenty-two years later. The poem is the great lyric XCV, "By night we lingered on the lawn," where Tennyson tells how he read Hallam's letters by candlelight while "in the house light after light/ Went out, and I was all alone." The ensuing mystic experience had in editions prior to 1872 been described thus:

> So word by word, and line by line,
> The dead man touched me from the past,
> And all at once it seemed at last
> His living soul was flashed on mine,
>
> And mine in his was wound, and whirled
> About empyreal heights of thought,
> And came on that which is, and caught
> The deep pulsations of the world. (946-947)

Here the "living soul" which is flashed on the poet's, and in which his own soul is "wound," is Hallam's; and it is through this experience that he is brought to "that which is" (the latter phrase being perhaps an echo of Revelation i.8). But for the 1872 edition Tennyson changed two words from this passage, the effect of the changes being to make the climactic experience more impersonal and more orthodox:

> . . . all at once it seemed at last
> *The* living soul was flashed on mine
>
> And mine in *this* was wound, and whirled
> About empyreal heights of thought
> And came on that which is, and caught
> The deep pulsations of the world. (946-947; italics mine)

The lines are to some extent ambiguous, but experience of Hallam's "living soul" as an intermediary to "that which is" has to some extent been removed. Tennyson's note tells us that this was deliberate: of "The living soul" he says: "The Deity, maybe. The first reading . . .

troubled me, as perhaps giving a wrong impression." The impression, perhaps, of which The Times' reviewer had complained in deploring "the tone of . . . amatory tenderness" throughout In Memoriam.[25] But given the carefully described situation of the experience, as "A hunger seized my heart; I read/ Of that glad year which once had been," the immediacy of the contact with Hallam strikes us as both more "autobiographical" and more moving. For in the revised version we move in haste from "the dead man touched me" to "The living soul" ("The Deity, maybe"). In the original version, the shift in vision had been present, but more gradual, from letter-reading to "his living soul," to "the deep pulsations of the world" and "that which is." In addition, the original version seems more in harmony with the closing stanza, where the mingling of the East and West, sunset and dawn, dying and rearising, seems to point back to the ecstatic union of human souls rather than to the impression created by the 1872 revisions:

> And East and West, without a breath,
> Mixt their dim lights, like life and death,
> To broaden into boundless day. (947)

The revised version is more simply grandiose, less daring, and, one suspects, further from the actual experience. Once again we have a tension between the meditative remembering self and the oracular--the soul and the times.

Tennyson's career was to move away from the autobiographical materials of Maud and In Memoriam to The Idylls of the King, a movement similar to that proposed by J. C. Shairp, the Oxford Professor of Poetry after Arnold, who was to recommend "the bracing atmosphere of Homer, and Shakespeare, and Scott" as an antidote to the "so weakening, so morbidly self-conscious, so unhealthily introspective" works of modern poetry and fiction.[26] The reception by the reviews of those representatives of modern self-consciousness, contemporary autobiographies, was as one might expect not wholly without reservations. Chateaubriand's Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe had been published in Britain the year before the appearance of In Memoriam, and Archibald Alison's review in Blackwood's had opened disarmingly; autobiography, he conceded, "when skilfully and judiciously done, is one of the most delightful species of composition of which literature can boast."[27] But one's suspicions might have been aroused by the selection of two restrained eighteenth-century autobiographies--Hume's and Gibbon's--for praise. The tendency of the review becomes plainer when Rousseau is introduced in his familiar role as whipping-boy: "Continental writers of note have, more than English ones, fallen into that error which is of all others the most fatal in autobiography--inordinate vanity. At the head of all the delinquents of this class we must place Rousseau, whose celebrated Confessions contain a revelation of folly so extreme, vanity so excessive, and baseness so disgraceful, that it would pass for incredible if not proved by the book itself, which is to be found in every library" (293). Chateaubriand, in Alison's eyes, is following in this ignoble tradition; but then, "every Frenchman thinks his life worth recording" (298). But such autobiographies cannot last, says Alison, and he introduces a criterion of value which seems debilitating, and as destructive to autobiography as "inordinate vanity," namely that "whatever is fetid, however much prized at the moment, is speedily sunk in the waves of time. Nothing permanently floats down its stream but what is buoyant from its elevating tendency" (296). The times require elevation, or so we are given to believe; but many an autobiography has sunk speedily under the weight of such an obligation.

In any case, autobiography is unlikely to be elevating at the best of times, as Alison makes clear in a revealing conclusion, when he wonders why we have so many French political autobiographies, and so few English ones: "The Englishmen devoted their lives to the public service, and bestowed not a thought on its illustration by themselves; the French mainly thought of themselves when acting in the public service, and considered it mainly as a means of elevation and self-laudation to themselves" (299). So finally one discovers that autobiography is a form of vanity, despite the praise of Hume and Gibbon: a sign of a mis-spent life, at least in a public servant.

The sensitivity of the age to suggestions of vanity may be gauged by some of the reactions to the Apologia Pro Vita Sua of Newman. While the response to the work tended on the whole to be extremely favourable, there were still comments like those of Herbert Vaughan, the future Cardinal: "egotism . . . disgusting . . . satire and contempt appealing to one's bad nature," or of the Cambridge Divinity scholar F. J. A. Hort, to whom it was "horribly unChristian" and "sickening to read."[28] Doubtless not all of Newman's critics were motivated by their aesthetic or moral sense; but some of the complications of the Victorian autobiographic impulse can be seen in the very recourse to self-revelation of John Henry Newman, to whom any sort "of methodistic self-contemplation [was] especially abhorrent both to [his] nature and to [his] past professions" (Apologia, 145).

For John Stuart Mill, writing in 1838, self-consciousness was that "to which this age owes so much both of its cheerful and its mournful wisdom"; the possibly mournful effects of self-consciousness he was to outline in the description of "A Crisis in my Mental History" in his Autobiography:

> The experiences of this period had two very marked effects on my opinions and character. In the first place, they led me to adopt a theory of life, very unlike that on which I had before acted, and having much in common with what at that time I certainly had never heard of, the anti-self-consciousness theory of Carlyle. . . . the enjoyments of life (such was now my theory) are sufficient to make it a pleasant thing, when they are taken en passant, without being made a principal object. Once make them so, and they are immediately felt to be insufficient. They will not bear a scrutinizing examination.[29]

But alongside this "anti-self-consciousness theory" Mill placed, at this point in his life, the "culture of the feelings" he derived originally from reading Wordsworth's poems (104). Self-awareness had to be combined with the elimination of excessive self-scrutiny: the "mental crisis" was not solved by simple extroversion, nor by a simple immersion in a warm bath of unBenthamite emotion. Even in the 1838 essay which I quoted briefly a moment ago, one sees the balancing of Mill's attitude towards self-consciousness, that modern phenomenon. The essay is that on "Bentham," and the entire passage runs as follows:

> He [Bentham] had neither internal experiences nor external; the quiet, even tenor of his life, and his healthiness of mind, conspired to exclude him from both. He never knew prosperity and adversity, passion nor sateity: he never had even the experiences which sickness gives; he lived from childhood to the age of eighty-five in boyish health. He knew no dejection, no heaviness of heart. He never felt life a sore and a weary burthen. He was a boy to the last. Self-consciousness, that daemon of the men of genius of our time, from Wordsworth to Byron, from Goethe to Chateaubriand, and to which this age owes so much both of its cheerful and its mournful wisdom, was never awakened in him. How much of human nature slumbered in him he knew not, neither can we know.[30]

Though the wisdom brought by self-consciousness may be mournful, as Mill had discovered in his own life before 1838, it is listed here among those areas of human experience which Bentham lacked--and by which lack he was limited, since "nobody's synthesis can be more complete than his analysis."[31] It is, in other words, an element of the modern psyche with which one must come to terms, just as, philosophically speaking, the Victorian thinker had in Mill's view to come to terms with the heritage both of the Enlightenment and of the Romantic Movement--with Bentham and with Coleridge, the "two men, recently deceased, to whom their country is indebted . . . for the greater part of the important ideas which have been thrown into circulation among its thinking men in their time."[32]

Here we have a familiar ranging of forces; in terms of my discussion of autobiography and the Victorian ethos I have called it the tension between "the autobiographical element and the impulse to objectivity, or impersonality, or reticence, or privacy," but in broad terms it is that between objectivity and subjectivity. In Mill's essays on Bentham and Coleridge this resolves itself partly into the spirit of the Enlightenment and that of Romanticism, but the more familiar contrast is between the Classic and the Modern. We find this rhetorical contrast used in the Victorian period--I want shortly to discuss Matthew Arnold's version of it--but it predates the nineteenth century, and has been eloquently put by the contemporary Polish poet Zbigniew Herbert in "Why the Classics":

> in the fourth book of the Peloponnesian War
> Thucydides tells among other things
> the story of his unsuccessful expedition
>
> among long speeches of chiefs
> battles sieges plague
> dense net of intrigues of diplomatic endeavours
> the episode is like a pin
> in a forest
>
> the Greek colony Amphipolis
> fell into the hands of Brasidas
> because Thucydides was late with relief
>
> for this he paid his native city
> with lifelong exile
>
> exiles of all times
> know what price that is

2

generals of the most recent wars
if a similar affair happens to them
whine on their knees before posterity
praise their heroism and innocence

they accuse their subordinates
envious colleagues
unfavourable winds

Thucydides says only
that he had seven ships
it was winter
and he sailed quickly

3

if art for its subject
will have a broken jar
a small broken soul
with a great self-pity

what will remain after us
will be like lovers' weeping
in a small dirty hotel
when wall-paper dawns[33]

A self-consciousness in art akin to a tawdry self-pity--Thucydides' distance from this, says Herbert, is his greatness. To read him is a form of deliverance from our age and from our selves. The word "deliverance" I take from Matthew Arnold's Inaugural Lecture as Professor of Poetry at Oxford, given on November 14, 1857, where he proposed the literature of Ancient Greece as "even for modern times, a mighty agent of intellectual deliverance."[34] Deliverance, that is, from the bewildering multeity and complexity of modern life, since it enables us to "find the true point of view from which to contemplate this spectacle." "What past literature," asks Arnold, "will naturally be most interesting to an age such as our own? Evidently, the literatures which have most successfully solved for *their* ages the problem which occupies ours: the literatures which in their day and for their own nation have adequately comprehended, have adequately represented, the spectacle before them" (I,21). "Sanity,--" Arnold had said in 1854, in his Preface to the Second Edition of his Poems, "that is the great virtue of the ancient literature; the want of that is the great defect of the modern, in spite of all its variety and power" (I,17).

The age needs a point of balance, but the literature of the age is unlikely to supply it, if it is written in accord with the spirit of David Masson's claim in the North British Review in 1853 that "a true allegory of the state of one's own mind . . . is the highest thing that one can attempt in the way of poetry" (I,8). Arnold comments on Masson's claim that "no great poetical work has ever been produced with such an aim" (I,8).

One is brought back thus to the tension between the times and the soul, for if the times demanded an intellectual deliverance which the classics might provide, the soul was itself in the process of delivering a contemporary literature in altogether another mode. This conflict manifests itself with peculiar clarity in Matthew Arnold because he was distinguished both as a poet and as a critic and polemicist. If one thinks of this in terms of Zbigniew Herbert's poem, one finds oneself confronted with a propagandist for the spirit of Thucydides who was also a poet who enjoyed (in Lionel Trilling's words) "almost constant success . . . with the theme of controlled self-pity."[35]

The result is, in Arnold as in other writers I have been discussing, a state of something less than harmony between the autobiographic impulse and its counterweight--which is in Arnold's case the public voice. Culture and Anarchy and "The Function of Criticism at the Present Time," by themselves, have much of the singlemindedness that marks Mill's Autobiography: they are masterly blueprints, urging on both us and Arnold himself. But behind them stand the poems, locked within time, expressing doubt, bitten through by an iron time which no irony nor wit dare approach. Behind the confident claim in Culture and Anarchy that "here Culture goes beyond religion, as religion is generally conceived by us" (V,94) stands the lament of "Dover Beach," and the melancholy of "The Scholar Gipsy" and "The Last Word."

Arnold's letters to Clough suggest that in choosing a calmness in which to work and approach life (his own word is Tüchtigkeit) he was forced to leave poetry behind, and with it part of himself, or one of his selves:

> And long we try in vain to speak and act
> Our hidden self, and what we say and do
> Is eloquent, is well--but 'tis not true![36]

Here, as often, the poetry rejects the more concentrated confidence of the prose, and even the decisiveness of the letters. When the poetry deals with aging, and a lost past, it does not contain and 'make art of' the emotion; instead the emotion lies on top of the poem, undigested, hard and bitter:

> It is to spend long days
> And not once feel that we were ever young;
> It is to add, immured
> In the hot prison of the present, month
> To month with weary pain
> . . . .
> It is--last stage of all--
> When we are frozen up within, and quite
> The phantom of ourselves,
> To hear the world applaud the hollow ghost
> Which blamed the living man. (212-213)

Unlike Hardy's poems on old age, which are similarly unsentimental, this has the feel of a life or lives unlived, of selves which a brutal age denied a proper existence. Perhaps "the living man" is more than simply the past version of "the hollow ghost"; perhaps it is the unlived self which occurs to Arnold in the autobiographical poems to Marguerite[37]--a Byronic self:

> I too have longed for trenchant force
> And will like a dividing spear;
> Have praised the keen, unscrupulous course,
> Which knows no doubt, which feels no fear. (178)

If we read this alongside the confidence of the close of "The Function of Criticism" ("There is so much inviting us--what are we to take?"), we cannot help but feel that the pursuit of perfection which the essay describes involves sacrifices with which the prose would rather not concern itself. The autobiographical occasions of the poems introduce a certain untidiness into the thesis of the essay.

"Empedocles on Etna" was omitted from the 1853 edition of his *Poems*, explained Arnold in the "Preface," because it was too morbidly self-conscious--a morbidity unrelieved by action or the possibility of action. The fact that such states of mind exist was no argument for presenting them in poetry, for from them "no poetical enjoyment can be derived" (I,2). He preferred to turn to the narratives of "Sohrab and Rustum" and "Balder Dead," deliberately forgoing the expression of one aspect of himself as it had been mirrored in Empedocles' confrontation of "much that we are accustomed to consider as exclusively modern," such as the commencement of "the dialogue of the mind with itself" (I,i). Unfortunately, as the division between the prose and the poetry often shows, it is impossible to *will* one's deliverance from the modern mentality, or even to *read* one's way to deliverance through the classics. In fact, the poems often make it seem that knowledge of our deepest sense of self is bestowed rather than consciously aimed for:

> Below the surface-stream, shallow and light,
> Of what we say we feel--below the stream,
> As light, of what we think we feel--there flows
> With noiseless current strong, obscure and deep,
> The central stream of what we feel indeed. (483)

The location and description, through a personal history, of that "obscure and deep" sense of self is the task to which Victorian autobiography, at its best, came to apply itself. The autobiographer and the public man need not be incompatible, but in Arnold's writings they tend to be kept apart: certainly his admiration for the classics played its part in that.

The tension between autobiographical impulses and counter-considerations which I have been illustrating lessens as we progress through the half-century preceding the First World War. It characterizes several of the more important autobiographies of the sixties, seventies and early eighties, as well as the less strictly autobiographical materials I have referred to in the work of Tennyson and Arnold, but becomes less of an issue as the century progresses. In 1883 Matthew Arnold's commonplace book was still reflecting his austere emphasis on morality, duty and self-discipline rather than self-consciousness, as he copied out, among other passages, Paley's exhortation to healthy mental activity: "A man's thoughts must be going. Whilst he is awake, the working of his mind is as constant as the beating of his pulse. He can no more stop the one than the other. Hence, if our thoughts have nothing to act upon, they act upon themselves. They acquire a corrosive quality; they become in the last degree irksome and tormenting."[38]

But two years later Marius, the hero of Walter Pater's Marius the Epicurean, set in Pisa and Rome of the second century A.D., is shown as keeping a diary in which to record the movement of his thoughts. An anachronism, in conflict with that sane and objective ancient view of the world and oneself to which Arnold had drawn attention? Pater admits as much, but justifies Marius's behaviour:

> It was become a habit with Marius--one of his modernisms--developed by his assistance at the Emperor's "conversations with himself," to keep a record of the movements of his own private thoughts and humours; not continuously indeed, yet sometimes for lengthy intervals, during which it was no idle self-indulgence, but a necessity of his intellectual life, to "confess himself" with an intimacy seemingly rare among the ancients; ancient writers, at all events, having been jealous, for the most part, of affording us so much as a glimpse of that interior self, which in many cases would have actually doubled the interest of their objective informations.[39]

Doubled their interest for Pater, and for many of his contemporaries, but not their value to a mind cast like Arnold's: the latter had seen in Lucretius the "depression and *ennui*" of his own age, but had not therefore recommended him to his Oxford audience; "Yes, Lucretius is modern;" said Arnold, "but is he adequate?" Adequacy, for Arnold in that context, consisted in a completely and harmoniously developed human nature (I,32, 38, 28). But then, contemporary reviewers of *Marius the Epicurean*, as well as later critics, saw that the book was as much about the late nineteenth-century England as about the Rome of Marcus Aurelius, and as much an autobiography as a novel. Mrs. Humphry Ward, reviewing the book for *Macmillan's Magazine*, commented that "It is in books like *Sartor Resartus*, or *The Nemesis of Faith*, *Alton Locke* or *Marius* . . . that the future student of the 19th century will have to look for what is deepest, most intimate and most real in its personal experience."[40]

2. *"The High-Priests of Famine": The Relaxation of Resistance*

Mrs. Ward links Sartor Resartus and Marius as crypto-autobiographies, and clearly one cannot draw an arbitrary line at 1885 which will divide the ambivalent attitudes of mid-Victorian England towards autobiography from the relaxation of moral vigilance, or reticence and classic objectivity which one perceives in late Victorian and Edwardian literature. But one aspect of the literary history of the nineteenth century is an intensification and widening of that interest in individual life-experience which fosters autobiography. This intensification is not restricted to English literature; it is a European (and American) phenomenon, and its beginnings in the Victorian period were to grow into an ethos far removed from that associated with Victorianism. Carlyle, writing in 1832, castigated the schematic and abstract in historical writing, and called for an increased emphasis on the individual life--the reunification of history and biography. For, he complains, "Your modern Historical Restaurateurs are indeed little better than high-priests of Famine; that keep choicest china dinner-sets, only no dinner to serve therein. Yet such is our Biographic appetite, we run trying from shop to shop, with ever new hope; and, unless we could eat the wind, with ever new disappointment. . . ."[41] For anyone familiar with European writing in the nineteenth century, such a cry has a familiar ring. The metaphor itself is reminiscent of Kierkegaard's complaint against grand systems of philosophy in the "Dipsalmata" of Either/Or: "What the philosophers say about Reality is often as disappointing as a sign you see in a shop window, which reads: Pressing Done Here. If you brought your clothes to be pressed, you would be fooled; for the sign is only for sale."[42] Either/Or was published in 1843; Kierkegaard's attempt at a philosophy which would "press his clothes," or speak to his life in the concrete, has affinities with Carlyle's attack on the "high-priests of Famine," and we might remember that Either/Or, like Sartor Resartus, consists of a form of pretended autobiography introduced by an "editor."

I am speaking here of a general tendency in European thought, rather than a series of direct influences: Nietzsche's intended reading of Kierkegaard was delayed and finally abandoned on account of his breakdown and continued sickness,[43] but the German philosopher could fairly be said to continue the trend observed in Carlyle and Kierkegaard: not simply in that he too wrote an autobiography of a kind (Ecce Homo), but in the very personal nature of his philosophising, and his rejection in Beyond Good and Evil of the "purely" rational in philosophy which purports to exist independent of personality. "It has gradually become clear to me," he says there, "what every great philosophy up till now has consisted of--namely, the confession of its originator, and a species of involuntary and unconscious autobiography; and moreover that the moral (or immoral) purpose in every philosophy has constituted the true vital germ out of which the entire plant has always grown."[44]

In literary terms this tendency is observable in the poetry and theorizing of Baudelaire, whom Swinburne had introduced to English readers in The Spectator in 1862, and on whose death the English poet had composed the elegy "Ave atque Vale" in 1868. For in Baudelaire's conception of what constitutes "modern art" we have an unashamed emphasis on the expression of the artist himself which is distinctly removed from the scruples which led Arnold to omit "Empedocles" from the 1853 Poems: "Qu'est-ce que l'art pur suivant la conception moderne? C'est créer une magie suggestive contenant à la fois l'objet et le sujet, le monde extérieur à l'artiste et l'artiste lui-même."[45]

The terminus of this self-expressive tendency, which I have perforce sketched all too inadequately, is the surrealist movement, which followed Baudelaire in attempting psychoanalytic self-exploration so profound that it becomes universal rather than simply personal. Already, by 1913, in Alain-Fournier's spectacular success Le Grand Meaulnes, the French public were drawn to the surrealist fascination with dreams and the irrational which sparked the great posthumous success of Lautreamont's Chants de Maldoror. The surrealist poet or novelist is his own hero: the autobiographic explorer of and reporter on his waking and sleeping experience; if Baudelaire spoke of a union of "le monde extérieur" and "l'artiste lui-même," we have in the surrealists a fascination with the second of these which may lead to the neglect of "le monde exterieur." Wallace Fowlie is correct when in Age of Surrealism he points to the similarities between the surrealists and earlier autobiographers: "The surrealist found himself preoccupied with a contemporary hamletism. If he found himself unadaptable to society, it was because the secret of his being had to be revealed before he could actively engage in life, or follow any familiar course of action. . . . He has played the role of analyst for our world which Rousseau and Chateaubriand played for the 19th century."[46] One could point by way of support to the suitability of autobiographic forms to surrealist work, as in Louis Aragon's Paysan de Paris, for example.

The reference to Rousseau and Chateaubriand may lead us back from the extremes of autobiographical writing to the changes in attitude towards autobiography in the late nineteenth century, for Rousseau and

Chateaubriand were the two French authors castigated by Archibald Alison of Blackwood's Magazine in 1849. Alison's vigilance against "inordinate vanity," and his thinly disguised suspicion of the autobiography as a form, I mentioned earlier, suggesting that it was part of a larger Victorian ambivalence towards the form. But autobiography did flourish in the Victorian period, despite the elements of cultural resistance, and by the 1880's we have the full flush of intimacy in George Moore's Francophile Confessions of a Young Man and Richard Jefferies' The Story of My Heart--an anti-Victorian intimacy in the case of The Way of all Flesh, published posthumously in 1903.

I said earlier, speaking of De Quincey, that some parts of The Confessions of an English Opium Eater, particularly the speculations on the role of memory, pointed forward to later nineteenth-century interests in the nature of memory, such as those of Bergson and Freud. The history of the nineteenth century in relation to autobiography now suggests that in the early and mid-Victorian years the Romantic heritage of self-revelation encounters a degree of resistance from some elements of the Victorian mind: its reticence and ideas of decorum, its moral bracedness, the heritage of early nineteenth-century evangelical Christianity, and the influence--conscious and unconscious--of the middle-class elevation of the family, thrift and hard work. One cannot dismiss this ethos, for from it and the religious sense that it nourished derives much of the moral force of a Ruskin or an Arnold, even though that force was to be turned on the age itself. But the Victorian decorum which makes such a mausoleum of Arthur Penrhyn Stanley's reverent Life and Correspondence of Thomas Arnold, D.D., Head-Master of Rugby (1844) and against which Lytton Strachey was to protest in his Preface to Eminent Victorians, was to govern the presentation of life-history at first and second hand well beyond the 1840's. It lies behind the determinedly public tone of the opening pages of Mill's and Trollope's autobiographies--their brisk, business-like beginnings which seem designed to indicate that no maundering self-scrutiny need be expected. Darwin's beginning seems even less auspicious: "I have attempted to write the following account of myself, as if I were a dead man in another world looking back at my own life. Nor have I found this difficult, for life is nearly over with me."[47] "Autobiography of a corpse, you might sometimes read it," Carlyle might have muttered. Whereas in fact all three autobiographies have a fascination which belies their assumption of what Phyllis Grosskurth has termed the "very public private voice":[48] they are revealing and touching, and often in ways their authors might not have suspected. The picture of Darwin "drinking too much" as a young man, "with jolly singing and playing at cards," even survives his son's well-meaning footnote that "I gather from some of my father's contemporaries that he has exaggerated the Bacchanalian nature of these parties."[49] (This in 1887, reminding us that the eighties by no means marked the end of nervousness in matters of decorum. Phyllis Grosskurth has shown how, after John Addington Symonds's death in 1893, his family and friends agreed that it was impossible to publish his frank autobiography, and opted instead for a 'biography' by H. F. Brown, "in which passages from the autobiography would be linked by comment from Brown and by sections of letters written by Symonds and some of his friends."[50])

English writing in the 1880's and 1890's does reveal a new freedom in autobiographical writing, even though this is not, in England, a transition to surrealist self-expression. G. M. Young does however list among those forces which moulded the late Victorian age "influences from the continent"--from France, Germany, Norway and Russia, for example--which helped in the formation of a wide and self-consciously eclectic culture among the educated. He mentions too the decay of the religious interest in Britain, and the movement towards its close of the force of conventional behaviour and a traditional creed.[51] But a reading of the autobiographies of the period themselves dissuades us from any brief and schematic dogmatism about the nature of late Victorian culture and society. William Hale White's The Autobiography of Mark Rutherford (1881) and Mark Rutherford's Deliverance (1885) might serve diagrammatically to point out the growing feelings of the age as to the inadequacies of traditional Christianity, but a reader of those fine and unfairly forgotten books knows that the movement of the individual intellect was not necessarily to a Paterian creed, or the aesthetically-inspired Christian sympathies of Marius the Epicurean. There is a temptation to let Pater stand for the eighties, or Wilde for the nineties, but the autobiography, rooted in personal reactions to what we blithely call "the spirit of the age," warns us against a mechanical view of cultural change. It is lived through by individuals, asserts White's "Mark Rutherford":

> I could never understand the light manner in which people will discuss the gravest questions, such as God and the immortality of the soul. They gossip about them over their tea, write and read review articles about them, and seem to consider affirmation or negation of no more practical importance than the conformation of a beetle. With me the struggle to retain as much as I could of my creed was tremendous. The dissolution of Jesus into mythologic vapour was nothing less than the death of a friend dearer to me then than any other friend whom I knew.[52]

The corollary of this is the realization that the critic should not wander through the half-century from the Apologia to the Great War as though it were a kind of literary Madame Tussaud's, where authors stand immobilized into representative attitudes, a waxen Arnold confronting a waxen Pater, a Tennyson balancing a George Moore. The best corrective to that temptation is the concrete and detailed examination of particular authors and particular autobiographies: the procedure I intend to follow in later chapters, to which this is the introduction, and the provision of background.

What does seem true in general is that the climate for autobiography became more completely congenial in the late 1870's and 1880's, and that this was not unconnected with changes in those elements of "Victorianism" I have mentioned. It had its counterpart in some tendencies of European thought and literature, but an additional cause might be found (if we are allowed some latitude as to cause and effect) in the reaction of the reading public and of authors themselves to the fine autobiographies of the great men of the age. In tracing George Eliot's responses to the autobiographies of the sixties and seventies, one finds that she has, quite naturally, little in the way of an attitude to autobiography as such: she responds to each one according to its quality, and, one notes, according to its ideas. Thus in 1864 she writes in a letter to Sara Hennell in approval of the *Apologia*, which, she says, "now mainly affects me as the revelation of a life--how different in form from one's own, yet with how close a fellowship in its needs and burthens--I mean spiritual needs and burthens."[53] Then in 1873 she writes that "we have been reading John Mill's *Autobiography* like the rest of the world," and that "everyone talks of Mill's *Autobiography*, and I think the effect of the book is good. . . . Not one person to whom I have spoken on the subject has anything but delight to express about the book."[54] (Phrases reminiscent of Hardy's on reading Newman's

Apologia in 1864--"Worked at J. H. Newman's Apologia, which we have all been talking about lately.")[55]

But, adversely influenced by what she took to be the ill-informed revival and presentation of old disputes in Harriet Martineau's Autobiography, published four years after Mill's, George Eliot was to take a dimmer view of the autobiographer's art:

> when she has to tell about her writings and what others said and did concerning them, the impression on me was one of shuddering vexation with myself that I had ever said a word to anybody about either compliments or injuries in relation to my own doings. But assuredly I shall not write such things down to be published after my death. [In another letter she adds:] the more I think of the book and all connected with it, the more it deepens my repugnance--or rather creates a new repugnance in me--to autobiography, unless it can be so written as to involve neither self-glorification nor impeachment of others.

The hesitation as to whether autobiography had seemed repugnant, or was only now seen in that light, and as to whether it was autobiography in particular which was to be reprimanded--all this suggests that, in the letters at least, George Eliot's attitudes towards the form are governed less by theory than by responses to autobiographies of the day. The fact that Mill chose to write an autobiography at all is best seen in relation to the history and pre-history of Romantic and Victorian autobiography and self-expression, and even in relation to its European counterpart; but the effect of the Autobiography when published was as an incitement to approval, respectability, and, perhaps, imitation.

Let us consider Herbert Spencer, for example, whose massive Autobiography was to appear in 1904. In a letter of November 22, 1876, George Eliot records the beginnings of those two large volumes: "Perhaps it will amuse you to know that our friend Mr. Spencer, who used to describe biography as the least profitable occupation of brain, is now busily collecting the materials of his own family and personal history!"[57] Spencer's reversal of opinion about that "least profitable occupation of brain" could be put down as a response to the increasing congeniality of the late Victorian age to autobiography, but one would be wise to recall that Mill's autobiography had made its author the centre of considerable interest.

In response to the increasing interest in autobiography, Mrs. Oliphant established herself as Blackwood's resident expert on the subject, not only reviewing newly published works,[58] but producing between January and October of 1881 a series of five lengthy essays on "Autobiographies," which examined the self-presentations of Benvenuto Cellini, Herbert of Cherbury, Margaret Duchess of Newcastle, Gibbon and Goldoni in a total of 120 pages.[59] Fittingly enough, she went on to write her own autobiography, which was published in 1899, two years after her death.

Furthermore, the eighties brought increasing interest in the biographies and autobiographies of the age's great literary figures: Froude's determination to publish Carlyle's Reminiscences despite the author's confused advice that the manuscript should be destroyed may not have met with the moral approval of the Reviews, but one notes the avidity with which almost every Quarterly, Monthly and Weekly in the land descended upon that fascinating material. Robert Browning was under pressure in the eighties to either write his own life or supply materials for another to do the job--Furnivall, Wise, Gosse and Ingram being among those who offered their services. He showed no inclination to do either, but it was rumoured, finally, in 1887, that the long-awaited reminiscences were to be published in poetic form: he was to review his life under the retrospective guise suggested by the words he gave to St. John in "A Death in the Desert":

> He could not, what he knows now, know at first;
> What he considers that he knows today,
> Come but tomorrow, he will find misknown;
> Getting increase of knowledge, since he learns
> Because he lives, which is to be a man,
> Set to instruct himself by his past self.[60]

But the work which appeared on the 28 January 1887 was the *Parleyings with Certain People of Importance in their Day*, and the *Times* reviewer, George Barnett Smith, opened his review with the warning that "The supposition that Mr. Browning's new work was to be of an autobiographical character is entirely erroneous."[61] Not entirely erroneous, in fact, as later readers from Mrs. Orr (the poet's first biographer) to William Clyde De Vane (author of *Browning's "Parleyings": The Autobiography of a Mind*) have discerned, for Browning had presented in that notoriously difficult series of poems in which he "parleyed" with writers who had had a formative influence on him in his youth "the autobiography of his mind."[62] The presentation of a form of autobiography (though not of an autobiography proper according to my earlier definition) through dialogues with De Mandeville, Christopher Smart, and others reminds us, as does Pater's *Marius*, that the autobiographical impulse of the 1880's found expression in a wide range of forms and materials.

3. Crises and "Spots of Time"

The history of autobiographical writing in the nineteenth century is thus not a simple continuation of what the great Romantic writers had achieved in the form. It is nonetheless possible to see from a vantage-point in the mid-twentieth century that the autobiography became an important Victorian literary form, and evolved as a form along with changes in the Victorian sensibility, because it was able to express major elements in that sensibility. I would like in closing this chapter to indicate two of these elements.

The first is the spiritual or intellectual crisis, the presentation of which in autobiography forms part of the subject of my fourth chapter. Autobiography was suited in ways which are obvious to the expression or attempted resolution of the individual difficulties and crises arising from a period of rapid and far-reaching change in all departments of life. Such expression was not confined to autobiography, but it was the chosen form of Mill, F. W. and J. H. Newman, J. A. Froude, Harriet Martineau, William Hale White, Carlyle, Arthur Hugh Clough and Edmund Gosse—a list which reminds us that not all "Victorian crises" were simply the result of the instability of Christian faith under the bombardment of the Higher Criticism, rationalism and scientific developments; reminds us, too, that the "crisis of faith," if it is taken to include Francis _and_ John Henry Newman, Arthur Clough _and_ "Mark Rutherford," covers a wide range not only of emotional states but of intellectual considerations--for religion is not a hermetic compartment of human life. What is certain is that the question of the relativity of values calmly asserted by Walter Pater as a _fait accompli_ in his _Appreciations_ (1889) ("Modern thought is distinguished from ancient by its cultivation of the 'relative' spirit in place of the 'absolute'. . . . Hard and abstract moralities are yielding to a more exact estimate of the subtlety and complexity of our life.")[63] gave rise to autobiographical accounts of the personal impact of such a phenomenon. To "Mark Rutherford," the autobiographical presentation of such a crisis could be justified in that it reassured others who were doubtless undergoing similar experiences: "I have observed that the mere knowing that other people have been tried as we have been tried is a consolation to us, and that we are relieved by the assurance that our sufferings are not special and peculiar, but common to us with many others" (2). This is true enough as far as it goes (and it may take us far enough in the present context), but it may be that neither the presentation nor the reception of "crises in [one's] personal history" (to use Mill's phrase) is that simple a matter, particularly to writers and readers who were, in Humphry House's words, "caught between two worlds," and to whom it had fallen "to begin the adjustment of the whole complex human organization, personal and political. . . . to an environment that was utterly new in the history of the race."[64] I want later to consider the fact that the crisis, once written down, assumes a certain status for the writer--a status which might not correspond exactly to the complex original experience--and also that in the case of a powerful rendering of crisis, such as Sartor Resartus, the autobiography may become for the reader a myth to which he submits his own experience. (We saw something of the same process occurring, in relation not to crisis but to rural childhood, in Carrington's Dartmoor and Wordsworth's poems.)

At the moment, however, I want to move on to a brief explanation of the second element of the sensibility of the period which seems to have been amenable to autobiographical expression. This is more difficult to express in a single word or phrase, but it comprises a fascination with intense personal experience, with one's past, and with the processes of memory as it bestows significance on life's events. This may sound as much a Wordsworthian theme as a late nineteenth-century one, and indeed Book XII of The Prelude supplies a classic definition of this kind of experience. There Wordsworth, speaking in an italicized phrase of the development of "the creative soul," makes his famous reference to "spots of time":

> There are in our existence spots of time,
> That with a distinct pre-eminence retain
> A renovating virtue, whence, depressed
> By false opinion and contentious thought,
> Or ought of heavier or more deadly weight,
> In trivial occupations, and the round
> Of ordinary intercourse, our minds
> Are nourished and invisibly repaired. (1850, XII, 208-215)

The scene into which these lines lead us--"the visionary dreariness/ Which, while I looked all round for my lost guide,/ Invested moorland waste, and naked pool" (XII, 256-258) is not pleasant, though its impact on the poet's imaginative life proves to be beneficial, through its very visionary intensity, for it gave "Profoundest knowledge to what point, and how,/ The mind is lord and master--outward sense/ The obedient servant of her will." (XII, 221-223).

Jerome Hamilton Buckley, discussing this passage and remarking on its affinities with the description of the "epiphany" in Joyce's A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man, sees in the two a common impulse to "find in the aesthetic perception of life something of an assurance of value otherwise denied to a secular age; it offers, at least for the moment, the 'silent stasis,' the possibility of a fixed and ultimate pattern."[65] Wordsworth's "spots of time" thus become identified with "the desire for everlastingness."[66] But if we look at Stephen Dedalus's definition of the epiphany, we can see important differences as well as similarities between it and the passage from The Prelude:

> The mind in that mysterious instant Shelley likened beautifully to a fading coal. The instant wherein that supreme quality of beauty, the clear radiance of the aesthetic image, is apprehended luminously by the mind which had been arrested by its wholeness and fascinated by its harmony is the luminous silent stasis of esthetic pleasure, a spiritual state very like to that cardiac

> condition which the Italian physiologist Luigi Galvani, using a phrase almost as beautiful as Shelley's, called the enchantment of the heart.[67]

Now the state of mind I see as being presented in many of the autobiographies of the period 1864-1914 is closer to that described by Wordsworth than to Stephen's "epiphany," though the epiphany may have a geneology reaching back to The Prelude, as Buckley suggests. (There are similarities between the "epiphany" and the formulations of Pater in the "Conclusion" to The Renaissance, originally published in 1868.) Wordsworth's emphasis is a moral one in that the "spot of time"--being lost in the hills as a child, or awaiting the horses which were to bear himself and his brothers home to a melancholy Christmas--bears a relation to his later development as a man and an imaginative being. But Stephen is the "artist as a young man," and for him the experience seems to be purely aesthetic, isolated, inviolable and independent. It has not lived its way into his life.

In considering the images "luminously apprehended by the mind" in the autobiographies which concern us here, one encounters a feeling that not all life's great experiences can be explained, or easily accommodated within a cause-and-effect narrative, but that certain intense memories hold significance within one's vision of one's life, in a mysterious way. In a passage from the early draft of his Autobiography, which was not included in the published version, John Stuart Mill describes how months of gloomy dejection in the summer of 1828 were "insensibly" altered by a particular evening walk by the Thames:

> for months before I had been in my old state of gloomy dejection though as I have mentioned not so intense as at first; this continued the greater part of the first day, but the walk by the side of the Thames from Reading to Pangbourne, in one of the loveliest of summer evenings with the western sky in its most splendid colouring

> before me, and the calm river, rich meadows and wooded hills encompassing me, insensibly changed my state, and except a short interval two days later I had no return of depression during that excursion nor for several months afterwards.[68]

The shining out of that one magically restorative evening is all the more striking in the context of an autobiography in which the external world finds little place. Its more immediate context is the presentation of Mill's return to mental health; it follows the reading of Marmontel and precedes the reading of Wordsworth. Perhaps Mill omitted it from the final version because it mitigated in his eyes the effect he had reserved for the reading of Wordsworth's poems. It is interesting to note that a similar "spot of time" in Praeterita, connected also with a release from a "state of illness and gloom," is likewise set in relation to natural landscape and the poetry of Wordsworth. Ruskin describes a June morning in the course of the Continental tour which he at the age of 22 had undertaken with his parents for medical as well as aesthetic reasons:

> I woke from a sound tired sleep in a little one-windowed room at Lans-le-bourg, at six of the summer morning, June 2, 1841; the red aiguilles on the north relieved against pure blue--the great pyramid of snow down the valley in one sheet of eastern light. I dressed in three minutes, ran down the village street, across the stream, and climbed the grassy slope on the south side of the valley, up to the first pines.
>
> I had found my life again;--all the best of it. What good of religion, love, admiration or hope, had ever been taught me, rekindled at once; and my line of work, both by my own will and the aid granted to it by fate in the future, determined for me.[69]

The "recovery" of spirits and of health is the outcome of the journey itself, and of the arrival, via Rome and Venice, at the Alps; but the peculiar intensity of that morning experience is mysterious even so. The morning chose Ruskin, and he himself, in reconsidering his life in his autobiography, makes that radiant morning stand for the rediscovery of a purpose, and phrases his description in words which are virtually a transcription of line 763 of Wordsworth's The Excursion: "We live by admiration, hope and love."

The memory of the writer, playing over that remembered intensity of feeling, allocates to it a significance and a role. For William Hale White's "Mark Rutherford," the discovery of "a volume of poems in paper boards" amongst a parcel of books was to produce overwhelmingly powerful feelings, and the beginnings of his abandonment of Calvinism. He locates the moment precisely, commenting:

> I read first one poem and then the whole book. It conveyed to me no new doctrine, and yet the change it wrought in me could only be compared with that which is said to have been wrought on Paul himself by the Divine apparition. Looking over the "Lyrical Ballads" again, as I have looked over it a dozen times since then, I can hardly see what it was that stirred me so powerfully, nor do I believe that it communicated much to me which could be put in words.

Was it simply the discovery in the Lyrical Ballads of an immediately present and felt divinity, as opposed to the dry abstraction propounded by the dismal "Dissenting College" he attended? Clearly the moment of discovery itself amounted to more than that in the conjunction of reader and poet at precisely the right time: it was an experience which gathered force from the whole of "Rutherford's" life, and which crystallized itself into that moment. Yet it was not the impact of conversion as described in Grace Abounding, where the sought-after certitude is finally attained according to the necessary pattern. Here there is no prior absolute pattern: the individual mind, needing to make sense of (in this case) painful experiences, incorporates the spontaneous moment of realization into a personal pattern.

Clearly the "epiphany" or "spot of time" cannot, in autobiographies of this period, be completely separated from "the crisis" — one thinks, for example, of Carlyle's dramatization of "the everlasting no" in Sartor

Resartus, its genesis in a particular moment and place: "one sultry Dog-day, after much perambulation, toiling along the dirty little Rue Saint-Thomas de l'Enfer, among civic rubbish enough, in a close atmosphere, and over pavements hot as Nebuchadnezzar's Furnace."[71] Or, to refer to another work which is not pure autobiography, the point in Chapter XXVIII of Marius the Epicurean at which Marius, returning to his ancestral home White Nights, buries the family crypt and is disturbed from "the unbroken placidity of contemplation" in which his life has been passed by the profound sensation of "dead yet sentient and caressing hands" which "seemed to reach out of the ground and to be clinging about him."[72] Certainly Pater intimates that this experience has its bearing on his conversion (of a kind) to Christianity--the Christianity which is associated in his mind with Cecilia's house and the beautiful sense of community he has observed there. A similar apotheosis of the family colours both experiences: the "spot of time" and the "conversion."

This sense of the importance of past intense experience, and of the activity of mind which orders it into significance through memory, was not restricted to the prose of the period; there is a similar spirit in the poems of Hardy, where the beautifully recreated instants from the past--his dead sister "Just as she was, her foot near mine on the bending limb,/ Laughing, her young brown hand awave," or Emma Hardy "as I knew you then,/ Even to the original air-blue gown"[73]--are set within the movement of a lifetime by the poet who writes at a particular moment in time. Nor is it a coincidence that so many of Hardy's best poems can be traced to particular autobiographical incidents. For all their differences as artists, there is a similarity between Hardy and Henry James here in their use of what **James** calls the "saved intensity" of particular images from the past. James's comment follows upon his description in the Autobiography of the "momentous hour" of his arrival in England and its consummation in his breakfast at an establishment called "Radley's." "I foresee," he says there, "how little I shall be able to resist, throughout these notes, the force of persuasion expressed in the individual vivid image of the past whenever encountered, these images having always such terms of their own . . . the wonder of their saved intensity."[74]

Some thirty years before James dictated these words to his amanuensis, Henri Bergson had suggested in his first book, the Essai sur les donnés immédiates de la conscience, written between 1883 and 1887, that the "saved intensity" of such images from the past was a result not so much of their intensity as isolated memories, but of their place in the whole of our consciousness:

> The fact is that the further we penetrate into the depths of consciousness, the less right we have to treat psychic phenomena as things which are set side by side. When it is said that an object occupies a large space in the soul or even that it fills it entirely, we ought to understand by this simply that its image has altered the shade of a thousand perceptions or memories, and that in this sense it pervades them, although it does not itself come into view.[75]

One can see this as a contemporary philosophical statement of the principle upon which autobiographers were working in more or less sophisticated ways: that the Wordsworthian "spot of time" has a significance which goes beyond its immediate context in the history of one's life. One has to write of one's life in such a way as to convey the growing dynamic meaning of events: of changes of religion, of sudden illuminations, of momentous readings or mysteriously vivid complexes of emotion:

So feeling comes in aid
Of feeling, and diversity of strength

Attends us, if but once we have been strong.
Oh! mystery of man, from what a depth
Proceed thy honours. (1850, IXX, 269-273)

Autobiography was a popular literary form in the period from the publication of the Apologia Pro Vita Sua to the commencement of World War I because it was a suitable medium for the expression of the preoccupations of the age, as well as of that interest in self-expression which the Victorians and Edwardians shared with other parts of the modern era. But an examination of the development of autobiography in that half-century reveals that what on the face of it might seem the simplest of literary procedures--the description of one's own life--presents in practice a number of interesting problems. In the following chapters I have organized my discussion of these problems, and the practical solutions they provoked, into three groups. The first is that of "form." When one speaks of the form of an autobiography, one is using the word in a different sense from one's use of it in the phrase "autobiography as a form." As was pointed out in Chapter I (p. 9), when one speaks of "autobiography as a form" one is making certain distinctions about subject matter. (Whereas in the "the sonnet as a form" one is making distinctions as to meter, length and rhyme-scheme.) On the other hand the choice of form (if one uses the word as roughly equivalent to "technique") can run from twelve books of blank verse (The Prelude) to fifty-three pages of expository prose (Charles Darwin's Autobiography). The second problem is that of style--more specifically of "tone": here I have concentrated on the autobiographer's problem of finding a style suitable to the presentation of his own life in such a way as to have it remain his own. The third critical problem is that of autobiography and Narrative: particularly the influence of the novel on the choice of a narrator and on narrative conventions.

CHAPTER III

AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND FORM: THE MIXED DERIVATION OF FORMS

"Two or three days ago," wrote Carlyle to his mother in 1836, "there came to call on us a Miss Martineau whom you have perhaps often heard of in the Examiner. A hideous portrait of her was given in Fraser one month. She is a notable literary woman of her day, has been travelling in America these two years and is now come home to write a book about it. She pleased us far beyond expectation. She is very intelligent-looking, really of pleasant countenance, was full of talk, though unhappily deaf, almost as a post, so that you have to speak to her through an ear-trumpet. She must be some five-and-thirty."[1]

At the time this letter was written, Harriet Martineau was certainly enjoying more acclaim in London than Carlyle himself; she was a "notable literary woman" on account of the prodigious success of her Illustrations of Political Economy, didactic tales whose popular success in the eighteen-thirties far surpassed that of Sartor Resartus. After the publication of the Illustrations in book form in 1834, she was "lionized" in fashionable circles, enthusiastically acclaimed in America, and stared and pointed at in the streets of London. The book about America to which Carlyle refers was, when published, Society in America (1837); it was followed in 1838 by a less sociological description of her travels, the Retrospect of Western Travel. Lord Brougham, aware of her success in the area to which his own Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge was devoted, expressed dismay at being "driven out of the field by a little deaf woman at Norwich."[2]

But Miss Martineau was not to remain long in her native Norwich during the publication of the Illustrations. She became the little deaf woman in London, in America, in Egypt, at Ambleside, everywhere recognized by that ear-trumpet upon which Carlyle remarks. And wherever she was, and whatever she was doing, she wrote about it. As her trip to America had produced Society in America and the Retrospect of Western Travel, so the Eastern journey gave rise to Eastern Life, Past and Present. Illness suggested Life in the Sickroom, and her cure by hypnosis the Letters on Mesmerism. Her deafness led to the Letter to the Deaf, and her Ambleside housekeeping to Two Letters on Cow-Keeping and Our Farm of Two Acres. Her residence in the Lake District issued in A Complete Guide to the English Lakes, and her correspondence with H.G. Atkinson in the Letters on the Laws of Man's Nature and Development. Of particular interest to us here is that she also wrote The Autobiography of Harriet Martineau, which was published in 1877, a year after her death. It had been written twenty-two years earlier, in 1855, and was, like her other books, the response to a particular occasion: in this case her "imminent death."

Being troubled in December of 1854 by creaking and throbbing sensations in her heart, and difficulties of vision and concentration, she went to her doctor, who sent her to a specialist, who pronounced her heart diseased; she left him convinced that she would soon die.[3] She was fifty-three years old. Her immediate thought, on returning home to Ambleside from London that winter, was to begin the Autobiography: "Of late years," she wrote in her opening pages, "I have often said to my most intimate friends that I felt as if I could not die in peace till this work was done" (I, 2). She wrote with her customary speed, and a sentence in her closing pages--"I have now had three months' experience of the fact of constant expectation of death" (II, 435)--suggests that the whole project was completed, in its first draft, by April of 1855.[4]

The opening pages of the Autobiography are emphatic about the "duty" of writing one's own life; curiously emphatic, one might feel:

> From my youth upwards I have felt that it was one of the duties of my life to write my autobiography. I have always enjoyed, and derived profit from, reading those of other persons, from the most meagre to the fullest: and certain qualities of my own mind--a strong consciousness and a clear memory in regard to my early feelings,--have seemed to indicate to me the duty of recording my own experience. When my life became evidently a somewhat remarkable one, the obligation presented itself more strongly to my conscience. . . . For thirteen or fourteen years it has been more or less a weight on my mind that the thing was not done. (I, 1)

Why should the Autobiography have seemed so imperative? Looking now at the Illustrations of Political Economy, which had at first made her so celebrated, one might find it hard to conceive any burning curiosity about their author. They are novellas whose plots are designed to illustrate some point of Political Economy. In Life in the Wilds a community discovers the value of individual labour to the well-being of all; Brooke Farm is a fictional presentation of the question of common enclosure, and Demerara an attack upon the institution of slavery, while Ella of Garveloch shows Malthusian principles at work in the Hebrides.

Contemporary reviewers of Life in the Wilds, the first of the many tales, agreed on the whole that the guiding idea was a good one in that readers would unconsciously derive instruction from the tales, while enjoying "striking situations and acute delineations of character."[5] But the instruction was not to be restricted to the unconscious; Harriet Martineau concluded each Illustration with a "Summary of Principles Illustrated in this Volume." Thus the readers of A Manchester Strike (which leaves the workers' leader, on the final page, "toiling in the streets with his water-cart in summer and his broom in winter; enduring to be pointed out to strangers as the leader of an unsuccessful strike")[6] were told at the end of that tale, among other things, that: "Nothing can permanently affect the rate of wages which does not affect the proportion of population to capital," and that "Legislative interference does not affect this proportion, and is therefore useless." Workers are also advised to "husband" instead of "waste" capital: "for instance, by making savings instead of supporting strikes."[7] (A suggestion which hardly takes account of the average earnings of a Manchester operative in 1833.)

This was the series which established Harriet Martineau's reputation, and on the basis of which she undertook her trip to America "entirely aware of her eminence."[8] But by 1855 she was the author of thirty-six books and pamphlets, and the translator of Comte's Positive Philosophy, and anyone who reads the thrice-weekly articles she was publishing in the Daily News in 1855, the same year that she wrote the Autobiography, must come away impressed by her clarity and penetration: it is excellent journalism. She was in fact a remarkable woman. Carlyle perceived this, even though she came to him in the 1830's merely as the author of the Illustrations of Political Economy--a guise hardly calculated to impress him. To Emerson he wrote of her: "She is one of the strangest phenomena to me. A genuine little Poetess, buckrammed, swathed like a mummy into Socinian and Political-Economy formulas; and yet verily alive inside of that!"[9]

She was remarkable, and she was aware of the fact. But even this awareness would not explain that earnest purposefulness at the beginning of the Autobiography: "one of the duties of my life to write my autobiography . . . ." I think that Miss Martineau's earnestness resolves itself, in as far as it is related to the development of nineteenth-century autobiography, into a question of form. To put it more simply: the kind of determination one sees in her is likely to issue in autobiography of a certain form.

What that form is, one can best convey through a brief description of The Autobiography of Harriet Martineau. First of all, it most certainly is an autobiography proper, according to the definition I accepted in a slightly modified form from Roy Pascal in Chapter I. It is the reconstruction of a life (or of as much of her life as had been lived by 1855) in the actual circumstances in which it was lived. Its centre of interest is the self, not the outside world, and the personality does find its peculiar shape in give and take with the outside world. It begins with Harriet Martineau's earliest memory--toddling through a door towards a tree--and moves chronologically onward to the date of composition--the pages headed "Last View of the World." But between the first view and the last there are, alongside the description of the progress of her life, pages which might almost be labelled as belonging to different literary forms. "Section II" or "Period IV" (which covers her life from age thirty to thirty-seven), for example, is almost pure "reminiscences": a series of portraits of people Miss Martineau met in London from 1832 to 1839, the focus being primarily outward upon them, rather than upon the author's interaction with them (in contrast to Carlyle's Reminiscences). Every autobiography will have passages of this kind, where the main aim will be accurate and revealing portraiture, but in this autobiography the list of "sitters" for portraits is extensive in the extreme: William Taylor, Mrs. Barbauld, Mr. Hallam, Lord Brougham, Lord Durham, Lord Jeffrey, Sydney Smith, Malthus, Archbishop Whately, Monckton Milnes, the Carlyles, Coleridge, Godwin, Browning . . . . The list extends in this section alone to some eighty persons, who receive an average of a page each, as they are ranged before the reader uncomfortably shoulder to shoulder. One is reminded that she had published in 1838 a volume entitled How to Observe.

Another part of "Period IV" resolves itself into a quae scripsi, as the various Illustrations, their subjects, aims and modes of composition, are detailed. The description of the 1834-5 trip to America is devoted largely to the Slavery question, and is an apologia in which she attempts to vindicate her espousal of the principles of the Abolitionists, and to refute charges made at the time in the American press that she had visited America deliberately to propagandize for the anti-Slavery faction. She stresses that her visit to the Southern States had not been made with the pre-conceived idea of denouncing her Southern hosts to the North: "if any charge of my having accepted hospitalities from slave-holders, and then denounced their mode of life has ever been brought, or ever should be brought against me, I repel it as wholly groundless" (II, 20).

There are extensive passages which pursue philosophical arguments: as to the non-existence of God and the presumption of the practice of prayer (II, 288-289); or as to the relative merits of the stoic and Christian attitudes towards death (II, 433-441). But such directly argumentative passages are far outnumbered by those in which a discussion is carried on in a more leisurely fashion, and where the question under discussion arises from some event or phase in the life of the author: in brief, those passages of the Autobiography which one is tempted to label as "essays." There are essays on the practice of

"Literary Lionism" (a real essay this, originally published in the *Westminster Review* in 1838, and incorporated with some omissions into the *Autobiography*); on the prospects for the human race in 1855 ("the world as it is to be looks brighter every day" [II, 462]); on the place of plot in fiction (II, 237-239); on the philosophy of Hartley and the question of "Necessity" (I, 104-116); on various authors' methods of composition (I, 432-435); and on the coronation of Queen Victoria (II, 119-129).

Reminiscences, *quae scripsi*, *apologia*, philosophy, the essay: most autobiographies will contain some elements of these; but Harriet Martineau's *Autobiography* reminds one that by 1855 autobiography is not a homogeneous literary form to the extent that commitment to "write an autobiography" involves a setting-aside of other non-fictional literary forms. The decision to use a literary form such as the sonnet does involve the writer in immediate restrictions, dictating the number of lines, the meter, and to some extent the rhyme-scheme. But my definition of autobiography is essentially one of content, and includes techniques as different as the twelve books of blank verse of *The Prelude* and the fifty-three pages of prose which constitute Darwin's *Autobiography*. This does not mean that autobiographical form--form in the sense of organization and arrangement of content--is too protean to be discussed adequately. The important thing is to judge whether the chosen form is appropriate to the expression of the "self" the autobiographer has selected as his subject, or whether the form imposes debilitating restrictions on the conception of the life. Discussion is complicated, however, by the fact that autobiography not only contains elements of other forms within itself, but can be seen to derive an impetus from them

--particularly from the essay. If one thinks of the confessional aspects of autobiography, and of the commanding modern figure of Rousseau in this respect, or if one has in mind the kind of self-examination I connected in Chapter II with the crisis and the "spot of time," then the procedure of Harriet Martineau's Autobiography might seem invalid: a baggy monster indeed, having within it various diversions which hardly seem calculated to promote the quest for the true self, or even the documentation of what a modern and more sceptical autobiographer like John Cowper Powys would call his "life-illusion."[10] For, as has by now perhaps become clear, the "duty" and "obligation" to write an autobiography which "presented itself to [Harriet Martineau's] conscience" was not conceived as a duty to any inner self, but to such truths as she felt herself entrusted to convey. It is a didactic duty.

She herself set out this duty in characteristically businesslike terms: "My business in life has been to think and learn, and to speak out with absolute freedom what I have thought and learned" (I, 133). She had learned how a deaf person could make a career for his or her self; how a woman could make her way in the London literary world; how the truths of Political Economy could be made palatable to many; that slavery was an abomination; that her early Unitarianism was only a stage in her life, just as Chritianity is only a stage in the history of mankind; that to be "a Necessarian" was the only logical position as regards one's own, and the human race's, destiny. She had learned about the political institutions of America and the pyramids of Egypt, about Parliament and house-building, about Thomas Carlyle and about mesmerism. And she was indefatigable in teaching others about these and all the other things she had learned. At the end of three years' residence at Ambleside, she had begun to deliver "a yearly course of lectures to the mechanics of Ambleside and their families" (II, 301). Inevitably, the Autobiography is coloured by this didacticism; more than that, its very structure is affected, in the way I have described. The final pages of the book, for example, remind us of the essay form because they are a static contemplation of approaching death, and this is itself a result of the author's evident wish to instruct through her attitude towards death. Stoics are more secure in their attitude than Christians, for whereas Harriet Martineau remains serene, "the case must be much otherwise with Christians,--even independently of the selfish and perturbing emotions connected with an expectation of rewards and punishments in the next world. They can never be quite secure from the danger that their air-built castle shall dissolve at the last moment, and that they may vividly perceive on what imperfect evidence and delusive grounds their expectation of immortality or resurrection reposes" (II, 436).

Because the autobiography flourished in the nineteenth century, Harriet Martineau seized upon it as an appropriate vehicle for a summary of her teachings (and learning) as it related to her life: she had, after all, not only enjoyed the autobiographies of others, but "derived profit from" them. It should not surprise us to find that she was not alone in putting the autobiography to didactic uses, nor in giving it a form which she thought would suit such purposes. John Stuart Mill, writing to his wife on 24 February 1854, as he "revised and corrected" the first draft of his Autobiography, saw that it had a didactic value: "We must do what we can while we are alive--the Life being the first thing--which independent of the personal matters which it will set right when we have made it what we intend, is even now an unreserved proclamation of our opinions on religion, nature, and much else."[11] And in a letter written two weeks earlier, on 10 February 1854, which discusses Harriet's suggestions for alterations in the early draft, his military metaphor shows that the Autobiography had to take its place alongside his teachings rather than conflict with them: "We have to consider, which we can only do together, how much of our story it is advisable to tell, in order to make head against the representations of enemies when we shall not be alive to add anything to it. If it was not to be published for 100 years I should say, tell all, simply and without reserve. As it is there must be care taken not to put arms into the hands of the enemy."[12] The alterations had concerned passages containing "too much of the truth or what I believe to be the truth about my own defects."[13] Those parts of the Autobiography written in 1854 do trace changes of opinion, and intellectual growth, rather than stand as "an unreserved proclamation of our opinions." The last section of the book, written in 1870, is closer to the procedure of Harriet Martineau, as it traces the political consequences of the philosophical doctrines of intuition and association, or summarizes the ideas contained in On Liberty, The Subjection of Women, England and Ireland, and the Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy.

In an age when even Anthony Trollope could claim (in his Autobiography) that "I have ever thought of myself as a preacher of sermons, and my pulpit as one which I could make both salutary and agreeable to my audience,"[14] it is natural that one should find autobiographies prompted and sustained at least in part by some form of didacticism, as the impulse to review the whole of one's life linked itself to the desire to review one's life's work. It was to be expected, as George Eliot reveals in her emphasis on the "effect" of Mill's

Autobiography: "I think the effect of the book is good which is what I feared would not be the case when we read it at Blackbrook."[15] Herbert Spencer thought that his Autobiography "would be a useful accompaniment to the books which it has been the chief occupation of my life to write":

> Further, some advantage is likely to result from presenting in their order of genesis the evolutionary ideas set forth in my works; beginning with certain vague adumbrations of them dating back to 1842 and 1844, passing on to the definite germs which made their appearance in 1850, and showing the successive stages through which the developed form of the Doctrine of Evolution was reached in 1869. Apart from such interest as this piece of mental history has, the delineation of it will, perhaps, yield aids to the readers of The Synthetic Philosophy. The ultimate product may be rendered more comprehensible by contemplation of its growth.[16]

It is amusing to visualize the student of Spencer with the eight volumes of The Synthetic Philosophy and An Autobiography before him, working on the philosophy with the aid of the information that the author had as a child made "a castellated ruin formed of bits of cork glued together and sanded over."[17] For while Spencer's autobiography often does read like a concentrated handbook to his philosophical work, it also includes a wealth of personal detail not referred to in the Preface. The emphasis on the "usefulness" of An Autobiography is, among other things, a manifestation of the Victorian ambivalence I described in Chapter II: a useful autobiography is not a piece of vanity.

This is not the whole of it, for the didactic impulse is more than a disguise. Ruskin records that as a small child he preached a sermon at home over the red sofa cushions, and that it began with the words "People, be good" (XXXV, 26). This fine and wholly credible anecdote is told in his final work, the autobiography Praeterita, whose materials and form are strongly influenced by that homiletic strain which was never to desert him. Richard Jeffries' The Story of My Heart: My Autobiography (1883) is pure rhapsodic doctrine, which touches on particular incidents in Jefferies' life only to take flight once more from such detailed actual circumstances of life as mark other works of his, such as The Amateur Poacher. To Jefferies, it was his "autobiography" because it conveyed the deepest sense in which he conceived his existence--that "whole world of ideas outside and beyond those which now exercise us,"[18] and which he wished to convey in a pure form to his readers. But here the doctrine to be conveyed ousts the mundane biographical details from the book: "I want always to be in company with these, with earth, and sun, and sea, and stars by night. The pettiness of house-life--chairs and tables--and the pettiness of observances, the petty necessity of useless labour, useless because productive of nothing, chafe me the year through. I want to be always in company with the sun, the sea and earth. These, and the stars by night, are my natural companions."[19]

Strictly speaking, Jefferies' book is not an autobiography at at all, according to my earlier definition: it is not grounded firmly on the actual circumstances of the author's life. Jefferies claims that "it really is an autobiography," but adds: "an actual record of thought."[20] His definition of an autobiography thus includes what is in effect a long essay with autobiographical elements; while such a definition seems inaccurate, it is an interesting reflection on what the autobiography had become in certain hands during the Victorian age. It points to the affinities between the Victorian autobiography and the essay.

If one returns at this point to Miss Martineau, planning her autobiography in January of 1855, it is possible to see why she chose the mixture of forms and materials she did. She did not sit down as the conscious successor of those whose work in autobiography had, along with changes in sensibility, made the writing of one's own life so natural a thing. Rousseau and Goethe she seemed uninterested in; she had read Wordsworth thoroughly, but with no particular attention to The Prelude, and of late she had found him lacking in "genuine poetic inspiration" (II, 238). She knew Leigh Hunt, and of course Carlyle, though she was to declare that she preferred the latter's biographies, such as the life of Sterling, and that of Cromwell, to Sartor Resartus (I, 386). Compared to Henry Adams's awareness in writing The Education of Henry Adams of his predecessors St. Augustine, Cellini, Cardinal de Retz and Gibbon, [21] her approval of certain unspecified "autobiographies of other persons, from the most meagre to the fullest" (I, 1) is cursory.

I think, taking into consideration the didactic element in the book, that Harriet Martineau saw her autobiography as a successor less to St. Augustine's Confessions than to her own Eastern Life, Past and Present; less to Rousseau's Confessions than to her Retrospect of Western Travel. The step from her other works to the Autobiography is not as great as one might think. The advantage of the essay (such as the Letter to the Deaf or Life in the Sickroom, both published before the Autobiography), or the travel book in this respect is that they contain a ready-made first-person narrator. The Retrospect of Western Travel is a detailed day-by-day account of Miss Martineau's two years in America, a kind of microcosmic autobiography with reminiscences of eminent Americans whom she met, accounts of her visits to American prisons, observations on the condition of slaves, and the arrangement of the slaughter-houses at Deer Creek. The things she saw, and how she felt, are minutely recorded, and interspersed with pages which could be extracted as separate essays, such as the summary of her impression of the prisons, or the account of the climate of New England.[22] In this, as in the reminiscences and the desire to be informative as well as diverting, the Retrospect does resemble the Autobiography. It resembles it too in the occasional introduction of dialogue in an attempt to provide relief from the preponderance of reported speech. In both works this is very much a device to secure variety, rather than the urgent recreation of an important exchange. Here is Miss Martineau among the convicts:

> "May I ask," said I to one for whom I had much regard, "may I ask what all these black marks on your wall are for?" I was not without a conjecture, remembering that he was to go out on the 17th of the next August, this being the 1st of December.
>
> He looked down, and said he had no secret in the matter, only that I should think him very silly. I told him that I did not think any amusement silly to one who had so few.
>
> "Well, madam, I have been trying to find out what day of the week the 17th of next August will be; but I can't quite make it out, because I don't know whether the next is a leap year."[23]

The dialogue is employed to mark out this affecting scene from the rest of the page, and to render it more personal. Miss Martineau does not break this atmosphere by telling the reader whether or not she enlightened the prisoner about the leap year; the next paragraph simply records that "The holding out of my hand to them at parting brought every one of them to tears."[24] This reminds one that for Harriet Martineau the novelist, also, dialogue tends to be functional, as in this phlegmatic exchange in A Manchester Strike:

> ". . . the nominal amount of your wages mattered little. I said nothing about the real amount."
>
> "But you do not deny, sir," said Allen, "that our real wages are less than they were?"
>
> "I am afraid that it is as true as that our profits are less. There is less surplus remaining over our manufacture for us to divide."[25]

The fragments of conversation in the Autobiography did not need to be as ponderous as this; as in the Retrospect and Eastern Life, they add variety and emphasis: "'But, papa, what will you do if Boney comes?' 'What will I do?' said he, cheerfully, 'Why, I will ask him to take a glass of Port with me,'--helping himself to a glass as he spoke" (I, 23-24). The dialogues can be even briefer than this--so brief that it is puzzling to see why they are in direct speech at all: "'Do this for me,' said Mr. Knight, 'and I will give you ten copies of my Shakespere'" (II, 134).

It is the method of the Retrospect that is seen in the Autobiography, with the difference that the later work is organized around the presentation of an entire life, rather than a two-year journey. This connection between discursive and autobiographical prose works has an honourable history, for the familiar essay has been connected with self-revelation since Montaigne combined the two: "Others form man; I only report him: and represent a particular one, ill fashioned enough, and whom, if I had to model him anew, I should certainly make something else than what he is: but that's past recalling."[26] Addison had opened the Spectator in March, 1711, with a purportedly autobiographical essay on "The Character of Mr. Spectator," observing with a degree of irony that: "a reader seldom peruses a book with pleasure till he knows whether the writer of it be a black or a fair man, of mild or choleric disposition, married or a bachelor, with other particulars of the like nature, that conduce very much to the right understanding of an author. To gratify this curiosity, which is so natural in a reader, I design this paper and my next . . . ."[27]

Self-revelation in the English familiar essay became the more pronounced with the introduction of the nineteenth-century magazine, which allowed an increased length and wide range of subject-matter, combined with an openly individualistic approach. Instead of the persona of Bickerstaff, or Mr. Spectator, one finds Lamb, De Quincey, Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt in propria persona discoursing on their own interests and lives, and often in what could pass for a fragment of autobiography, such as Charles Lamb's description of his schooldays in "Christ's Hospital Five and Thirty Years Ago" (1820) or the amusing opening--also taken from school life--of Thackeray's "On Being Found Out" (1861).[28]

Autobiographical fragments in essays, and essays in autobiographies (the "autobiography" as essay in Richard Jefferies): though we can speak after the beginnings of the Romantic Movement of an autobiographical tradition, there is no simple line of formal development from Rousseau onwards. The autobiographers try, with greater or lesser degrees of awareness, to come to terms with the autobiography's debt to, and relationship with, other literary forms. If one were to generalize about the period 1864-1914, it would be to say that the earlier generation of autobiographers had to come to terms with the familiar essay, the didactic essay or book, the work of social criticism, the travel book; the later generation was concerned to test the extent to which the novel could enrich autobiography. In the first category one might put Harriet Martineau, Herbert Spencer, John Stuart Mill, John Henry Newman (in some respects), Richard Jefferies, Anthony Trollope (who could also be said to contribute to the second category) and John Ruskin. In the second: William Hale White, Edmund Gosse, Henry James and George Moore. The division is to some extent between novelists and non-novelists, but not wholly so. Trollope is in the first group, as is Harriet Martineau (whose novel Deerbrook a Times Literary Supplement writer has rather rashly put in the same category of achievement as the novels of Jane Austen and Charlotte Bronte);[29] Edmund Gosse belongs in the second group, and William Hale White was not known only as a novelist. Nor does the division in formal concerns cease at 1914; of later autobiographers, Bertrand Russell belongs to the Mill-Martineau group, compared to John Cowper Powys, whose Autobiography is closer in form to that of Henry James.

For Harriet Martineau, these formal distinctions do not exist in any formulated way, even though the reader can hardly help but be aware of them. The most engrossing part of the Autobiography for the modern reader is likely to be Harriet Martineau's account of her childhood and adolescence, where one is made aware of her as an awkward, sickly, ill-favoured child, through a series of vivid memories--the more vividly remembered because of their painfulness at the time. Here, one finds, her autobiography does come to resemble Jean-Jacques Rousseau's Confessions. Like Rousseau,she is determined to be truthful rather than discreet; the truthfulness here being for the sake of the life, rather than for the sake of doctrine. Rousseau made his "premier pas pénible dans le labyrinthe obscur et fangeux de mes confessions"[30] by describing the pleasure he obtained at the age of eight at being beaten by Mme. Lambercier, and its effect on his adult life. Harriet Martineau tells of her joy at the death of a much-feared music master (I, 56), of her hysterical inability to see the ocean when she was set before it (I, 59), and her inability, none the less painful for its ludicrousness, to behold a magic-lantern image without having instant diarrhoea (I, 15).

It would seem that childhood in autobiography is less subject than adulthood to didactic presentation, and that once its intrinsic importance is accepted by the author, the history of those early years will be set down, as Henry Adams says of Augustine, "not for the sake of the [didactic] object, but for the form, like a romance." There is certainly a good deal of intrinsic interest in this story of the ill-favoured deaf girl, making her solitary intellectual discoveries through her reading, taking consolation in religious fanaticism, and finally breaking out of her family role through her writing, until, as a young woman, she departs for London to sell her tales: "'You know what a man of business would do in my case.'--'What?'--'Go up to town by the next mail, and see what is to be done.'--'My dear, you would not think of doing such a thing, alone, and in this weather!'--'I wish it'" (I, 164). One is more inclined to be sympathetic to the image of the successful author with views to convey, which dominates the remainder of the book, when one can see it in perspective, as the secure refuge from her distressing youth.

Harriet Martineau's presentation of her childhood is not particularly sophisticated, consisting as it does of a series of anecdotes in chronological order, grouped around the presiding idea of the author's being the odd member of the family. While it appears to differ from the remainder of the autobiography in being told for its own sake, and while this difference manifests itself in the form, it would be naive to make an absolute distinction between the presentation of the childhood and of the adult life. The selection of childhood memories is part of that process whereby we create an image of ourselves, and the presentation of memories will be influenced by the effect we wish, consciously and unconsciously, to convey. To Rousseau the planting and ingenious care of a willow tree gave rise to "mon premier mouvement de vanité bien marquée."[31] To Harriet Martineau a similar operation with a wild strawberry root is introduced as an educative experience: "a precious morsel of experience . . . I looked upon Nature with other eyes from the moment that I found I had power to modify her processes" (I, 50-51). A vividly remembered pleasure, but also a memory which can be easily converted into a simple lesson: so much so that she had already included an account of it in her book of instructions to "secular" parents, Household Education.[32] One gets the impression that a childhood memory is doubled in intensity for Miss Martineau if some general principle can be derived from it: about the education of the deaf, the infantile conscience, or the effects of Christianity upon a child's view of the world.

The form of autobiography practised by Harriet Martineau has its disadvantages if the work is to be considered as a work of literature--that is, as a work whose value to us lies in more than its bare biographical function of telling us what happened and when, or the didactic function of inculcating the author's opinions. Parts of Harriet Martineau's Autobiography are striking: her desire to become an author, and triumph over hardship, or the closing pages in which she gathers her beliefs around her and resigns herself to the nearness of death. But there is not a consistent following-through of the process whereby the young girl becomes the author of the autobiography, or the author of A Manchester Strike the mature journalist of the Daily News. There is a stronger sense of such a process in Praeterita and Mill's Autobiography, and a comparison between these authors and Miss Martineau shows that the urgent need is for a sense of the relationship between the ideas presented, the people described, the places visited, and the evolving personality of the autobiographer. If this relationship is lacking, the other elements must be judged separately from it, in which case one is no longer talking about the art of autobiography.

An example from Harriet Martineau's Autobiography which demonstrates the absence of such a relationship is her description of "that great event in [her] life," her acceptance at the age of twenty of the "Necessarian" doctrine. A "Necessarian" accepts that "all the workings of the Universe are governed by laws which cannot be broken by human will" (I, 110), and "this conviction of the invariable action of fixed laws," says Miss Martineau, "has certainly been the main-spring of my activity" (I, 111). Accordingly, she devotes some time to the explanation of her variety of philosophical determinism, while mentioning the "prodigious change requisite in my moral views and self-management" which this belief entailed. About this one might be curious, since it is difficult to see how determinism of this kind can have an immediate effect on personal behaviour. It can hardly govern one's actions in a positive sense, since, as Miss Martineau admits, it denies that will has any free scope to influence action. The acceptance of such a doctrine could have negative effects, such as the rejection of the concept of prayer, or of Divine Providence, but with this once accomplished, it is hard to see how it could become the "main-spring" of a life's work.

Despite her assertion that "none but Necessarians at all understand the Necessarian doctrine" (I, 110), Harriet Martineau does make some attempt to suggest the consequences of her discovery. Two main effects emerge: the erosion of her Christian faith, and an increased serenity resulting from the realization that good influences, rather than any effort of will, make us good. But these "effects" are described in such a way as to neglect the autobiographer's resources. Here she addresses herself to the question of "influence" as opposed to "will": "I continued my practice of nightly examination of my hourly conduct; and the evidence grew wonderfully strong that moral advancement came out of good influences rather than self-management; and that even so much self-reference as was involved in 'working out one's own salvation with fear and trembling' was demoralizing" (I, 114). Neither here nor later in the book is this conclusion represented in the circumstances of her life, so as to show (for example) whether one wills one's exposure to good influences, or whether her outrage at the racists she encountered during her American tour was mitigated by deterministic considerations (or, on a more sophisticated level, whether she was ever aware of any such conflict between doctrine and feeling). Likewise, the question of determinism and Christianity is disposed of in an abstract fashion: it is ridiculous for a Necessarian to pray, so prayer was replaced by meditation, "almost hourly, on the mysteries of life and the universe, and the great science and art of human duty" (I, 114). The reader might wonder, in the face of this brisk removal from prayer to an hourly meditation on life's mysteries, whether the Necessarian doctrine demolished Christian devotion, or whether it rationalized the abandonment of an unsatisfactory faith. Aquinas, rejecting the suggestion that men enjoy free will, found sanction in Proverbs xxi.1 : "God alone can move the will, as an agent, without doing violence to it. Hence it is said, 'The King's heart is in the hand of the Lord, and he will turn it whithersoever he wills'."[33] Descartes suggested that while our bodies are subject to mechanical laws, the springs of action are supplied by our immaterial souls.[34] I bring in these imposing figures not to indicate Harriet Martineau's deficiencies as a philosopher, but to suggest the range of responses open to the Christian confronted with determinism. In an autobiographical (as opposed to a philosophical) context, all one can ask is that the philosophical question be represented in terms of adequately complex experience. It may be objected that a Martineau is not a Newman, and that one must take what one is given with a good grace. But it seems to me that the summary given by Harriet Martineau is a product too of her chosen autobiographical form. She is involved in assertion as much as description and self-analysis. The Christians are waiting to pounce on (and review) the heretic; they had already, on hearing of her "fatal" illness, begun to deluge her with Bibles and tracts in the hope of a death-bed reversion (II, 441-443). For this reason the first "Section" of her autobiography had to move steadily to its affirmative conclusion with a deep breath of atheistic fresh air: "But at length I recognized the monstrous superstition in its true character of a great fact in the history of the race, and found myself, with the last link of my chain snapped,--a free rover on the broad, bright breezy common of the universe" (I, 116).[35]

To Harriet Martineau, and some of her readers, such objections might seem less important than the fact that the person interested in her ideas can find in the Autobiography a reasonably systematic presentation of them in relation to the facts of her life. What is the purpose, for example, of a decidedly non-didactic autobiography such as that longest of British autobiographies, The Story of My Life (1896-1900) by Augustus J.C. Hare, with its six volumes totalling more than three-quarters of a million words? What considerations would induce one to follow the author of Walks in Rome and Wanderings in Spain through three thousand autobiographical pages? One can only say that the interest in autobiography is not necessarily connected to an interest in the author's ideas for their own sake, a point made by Carlyle to Harriet Martineau herself when he spoke of his preference for the personal memories of the Retrospect of Western Travel to the "scientific" reportage of Society in America. Reviewing Croker's edition of Boswell's Johnson six years earlier, he had spoken of the "Strange power of Reality! . . . Do but consider that it is true; that it did in very deed occur!"[36] Now in 1838, reading the Retrospect of Western Travel, he confessed that he had rather read of Webster's cavernous eyes and arm under his coat-tail, than all the political speculation in the world.[37]

Without wishing to accept this preference for factual detail as a general principle, one can see that this "strange power of Reality" has its place in our appreciation of autobiography: that pleasure in hearing of what truly occurred in the past. Such a pleasure might seem insignificant in the total picture of the critical response to autobiographies, but I think one has to take it into account in considering the self-presentations of Harriet Martineau, John Stuart Mill and Anthony Trollope. For example, at the opening of his Autobiography, John Stuart Mill lists the work's three main purposes: to give a "record of an education which was unusual and remarkable"; to note "the successive phases of my mind"; and to acknowledge "those debts which my intellectual and moral development owes to other persons" (1). These three elements are interesting, but not in isolation from a sense of the person with whose life they are connected, and which they represent, or from the delight one obtains from the gratification of one's desire for the real. Naturally, Mill is shy of a statement such as, "I leave behind me a memorial of so uneventful a life as mine . . . because, as Carlyle has said, we long to gain some acquaintance with our fellow-creatures, though dead and vanished, yet dear to us; how they got along in those old days, suffering and doing."[38] Such a statement would be unthinkable; but the spirit of it might have found its way to good effect into Mill's conception of an autobiography. Of course, there are limits to the "longing to gain acquaintance with our fellow-creatures," and nineteenth-century autobiography is capable of passing beyond the pale. The Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Lindley Murray: In a Series of Letters, Written by Himself (1826) tells us that Mr. Murray, a writer of grammatical primers, lived in a room whose temperature remained the same each day of the year; he dressed in drab at seven, and breakfasted at eight, before reading the newspapers; lunch (at two o'clock) was boiled mutton and turnips; tea was at six; he went to bed at nine. Thirty years of such a routine in 280 pages are sufficient to drive one back in gratitude to the autobiographers who have a message to impart, whether it be Richard Jefferies' that "As the conception of the planets revolving around the sun . . . is distinctly grander than that of Ptolemy, it is therefore superior, and a gain to the human mind,"[39] or Harriet Martineau's that physicians should not advise writers to drink hock (I, 193).

At the lowest level, the autobiographer has his choice to make between the presentation of opinions and the retailing of gossip; Herbert Spencer's discourse on how men's characters are partly determined by the structure of their viscera, on the one hand, and on the other Augustus Hare's account of John Ruskin at Turin, copying a dress of a maid of honour in Paul Veronese's "Queen of Sheba" at the rate of one thread each five minutes.[41] The problem is to find a form which will incorporate this kind of material, if the author wishes to include it, into an adequate account of the growth of the human personality: how it grows, and what it becomes.

For Anthony Trollope, whose An Autobiography was completed by 1876,[42] twenty-one years after the composition of Harriet Martineau's Autobiography, but a year before its publication, the choice falls clearly on the discursive form as opposed to the reminiscent or anecdotal. Clearly, but not squarely; for, on examination, the structure of An Autobiography resolves itself into sections. Chapters One to Three, which take one up to Trollope's first position in Ireland, describe the experiences of a young man. Chapters Three to Ten (which conclude the first volume of the original edition) describe the trials and successes of an author. Chapters Eleven, Fifteen, Eighteen, Nineteen and Twenty describe the publication of books, with some reference to the progressing life of the author. This leaves Chapters Twelve to Fourteen--"On Novels and the Art of Writing Them," "On English Novelists of the Present Day," and "On Criticism"--which are familiar essays, Chapter Sixteen, a description of Trollope's abortive attempt to become Member of Parliament for Beverley, and Chapter Seventeen, "America," which is largely about the American Postal Treaty and the American copyright question. The mixture of forms--narrative, quae scripsi, familiar essay, reminiscence, literary criticism--is similar to that in Miss Martineau's Autobiography, except that Trollope's arrangement is more baldly systematic.

The effect, as one reads An Autobiography, is that of the author's increasing absorption in a role: that of the successful novelist. The steps that might have been taken, the roles he might have played, the idea that, no matter how fulfilling our role, our life amounts to more than the creation of it: these considerations become less and less important for Trollope, the further he progresses in the telling of his life. At one point he pauses to underline the appropriateness of such an approach to autobiography; he is Anthony Trollope the novelist, and if he were not, no-one would care to read of his life:

> If the rustle of a woman's petticoat has ever stirred my blood; if a cup of wine has been a joy to me; if I have thought tobacco at midnight in pleasant company to be one of the elements of an earthly paradise; if now and again I have somewhat recklessly fluttered a £5 note over a card table;--of what matter is that to any reader? I have betrayed no woman. Wine has brought me to no sorrow. It has been the companionship of smoking that I have loved, rather than the habit. I have never desired to win money, and I have lost none. (334)

But is this, even seen against the background of Victorian attitudes towards self-revelation, as ingenuous as it seems? It reminds one of an earlier sentence which acts as a similar rebuke to intemperate curiosity on the part of the reader. "My marriage," says Trollope, "was like the marriage of other people, and of no special interest to any one except my wife and me" (64-65). Abashed, one wonders about the propriety of reading autobiographies; but one's own taste for personal revelations has already been indulged by the opening chapters of Trollope's own autobiography, where the gleam of a remembered and visualized scene from Trollope's childhood often breaks upon one with great clarity. If his own marriage "was like the marriage of other people," the same could hardly be said of the union between his mother, the indefatigable author of The Domestic Manners of the Americans, and his father, who, "shut up among big books" in the farmhouse parlour, laboured to compile his Encyclopaedia Ecclesiastica: "It was his ambition to describe all ecclesiastical terms, including the denominations of every fraternity of monks and every convent of nuns, with all their orders and subdivisions. Under crushing disadvantages, with few or no books of reference, with immediate access to no library, he worked at his most ungrateful task with unflagging industry" (13). Distracted by his labours, he was wont to knock down young Anthony with a blow from the great folio Bible he used in compiling the *Encyclopaedia*. (Though Trollope later claims [226] that none of the characters which Dickens has portrayed are human.)

Reading of Mrs. Trollope's desperate attempts to save china, glass, books and silver from the bailiffs by having her children carry them "surreptitiously, through a gap between the two gardens, on to the premises of our friend Colonel Grant" (24), or of her writing novels to support the family whilst nursing her husband and son (26), one is reminded that the author of *An Autobiography* was himself a novelist--reminded by more than a list of published fiction. Trollope, realizing that he is presenting a series of scenes almost as he would have done in a novel, comments on the fact: "It is now more than forty years ago, and looking back over so long a lapse of time I can tell the story, though it be the story of my own father and mother, of my own brother and sister, almost as coldly as I have often done some scene of intended pathos in fiction; but that scene was indeed full of pathos" (31).

But this dramatic form is what Trollope was to abandon as he progressed with his story. (My assumption that the book was written in the order in which we read it is based on the references to topics which will be dealt with "later," such as the estimates of Thackeray and George Eliot [140, 139]. These seem to be comments made *en passant*, rather than inserted later.)[44] Why did Trollope progressively turn to a more impersonal and discursive form of autobiography? The answer to this question involves a consideration of Trollope's motives in writing An Autobiography, and his attitude towards the form in which he was writing.

As one reflects on the first of these questions, it strikes one that the writing of the autobiography gave Trollope a good deal of personal pleasure in the way of reviewing his novels, and affectionately reconsidering his characters. He had gone back to the earliest of his works, ~~and of~~ La Vendée, a historical novel which earned him less than anything else he ever wrote (£20), he says: "I read the book the other day, and am not ashamed of it. The conception as to the feeling of the people is, I think, true; the characters are distinct; and the tale is not dull. As far as I can remember, this morsel of criticism is the only one that was ever written on the book" (74). The descriptions which accompany the addition of each new novel to the canon are puzzling until it is realized that Trollope is not so much offering new insights into the novels as renewing a delightful acquaintance:

> But the chief merit of The Claverings is in the genuine fun of some of the scenes. Humour has not been my forte, but I am inclined to think that the characters of Captain Boodle, Archie Clavering, and Sophie Gordeloup are humorous. Count Pateroff, the brother of Sophie, is also good, and disposes of the young hero's interference in a somewhat masterly manner. In The Claverings, too, there is a wife whose husband is a brute to her, who loses an only child--his heir--and who is rebuked by her lord because the boy dies. Her sorrow is, I think, pathetic. From beginning to end the story is well told. But I doubt now whether any one reads The Claverings. (180)

Whether it has readers or not, the novel receives here its consolation in the form of the ingenuous pride of the author. But such tributes--and so many of them--are of course difficult to accommodate into a narrative;

the narrative eventually spaces itself around them.

"In truth I was wretched," says Trollope of those early years, up to 1841, whose dramatic depiction I have admired. The autobiography tells of a life which was a triumph over wretchedness, and is a vindication of the small boy whom the Headmaster of Harrow had asked "whether it was possible that Harrow School was disgraced by so disreputably dirty a little boy as I!" (4) This vindication is also part of the autobiography's purpose, consciously or not, and as in that other description of a wretched childhood in Harriet Martineau's Autobiography, the painfully vivid memories of youth are balanced by a more impersonal sense of achievement. From this point of view, young Trollope's dramatically presented lack of academic success seems to the author better vindicated by an account of the publication of his Caesar (it gives . . . both an account of Caesar's Commentaries . . . and the chief circumstances of the great Roman's life" [309]) than by a dramatic presentation of Anthony Trollope's personal life as an adult.

But that book on Caesar, published in the Ancient Classics for English Readers series, revealed that further vindication was necessary. An "old and learned friend" to whom Trollope sent it thanked him, in a wounding phrase, for his "comic Caesar" (309). Commenting on this, Trollope reflects that "There was, however, probably present to my friend's mind, and to that of others, a feeling that a man who has spent his life in writing English novels could not be fit to write about Caesar. It was as when an amateur gets a picture hung on the walls of the Academy. What business had I there? Ne sutor ultra crepidam" (309-310). Twenty years before the composition of An Autobiography, Trollope had conceived the idea of a history of English prose fiction, a book which would: "vindicate my own profession as a novelist, and also . . . vindicate that public taste in literature which has created and nourished the profession which I follow. And I was stirred up to make such an attempt by a conviction that there still exists among us Englishmen a prejudice in respect to novels which might, perhaps, have been lessened by such a work" (196). As the book was never written, the purpose it was designed to serve might as well be fulfilled by An Autobiography; and what needed to be said would be said wholeheartedly. Novelists are not dilettantes attendant on inspiration--or they need not be--but men and women who make money and work hard. Not only are they intellectually respectable, but they can take their place in the middle class as confidently as members of any other profession, or, rather, well-paying profession; for "All material progress has come from man's desire to do the best he can for himself and those about him, and civilization and Christianity itself have been made possible by such progress. Though we do not all of us argue this matter out within our breasts, we do all feel it; and we know that the more a man earns the more useful he is to his fellow-men" (96).

In Chapter II I recorded Archibald Alison's doubts, expressed in the course of a review of Chateaubriand's Mémoires in 1849, about the propriety of a public servant's writing his autobiography, lest it be thought that he thought mainly of himself in his public career. Trollope's whole-hearted determination to be business-like in the telling of his life, from the point where he had a business (or double business --the Post Office and fiction) to pursue, issues in a similar emphasis on the respectability of the impersonal. When he and his wife visit Australia in 1871 to visit their sheep-farmer son, he goes as the author with a business-like contract: "Of course before [leaving] I made a contract with a publisher for a book about the Colonies. For such a work as this I had always been aware that I could not fairly demand more than half the price that would be given for the same amount of fiction" (311).

For the purposes Trollope seems to have had in mind, the discursive form of autobiography is the most suitable in that it is the most respectable: not for nothing does Trollope firmly distinguish himself from Rousseau, and the personal confession for which Rousseau stands (334). Herbert Spencer, wondering about the question of taste involved in "addressing the public as though it consisted of personal friends,"[45] had decided that posthumous publication would effectively remove that problem. Trollope too thought that his autobiography should appear, if at all, "as soon as possible after my death" (xvii). But posthumous publication had not saved the Autobiography of John Stuart Mill from the incredulity of some critics over his remarkable claims for Helen Taylor, or from the suggestion that the philosopher's devotion smacked a little of the ridiculous.[46] Well, Trollope's early days were one thing, and nothing could change them, just as they were nothing to be ashamed of, in retrospect. But his adult life would be brass-bound in respectable, industrious, morally improving authorship and the Post Office, and to it would be applied the padlock of the famous list of accounts: a total of £68,939 17s 5d from forty-five works plus "sundries."

It remains to say a word about Trollope's attitude towards the autobiography as a literary form. Wayne Shumaker has pointed out that Trollope places the climax of his life-story half-way through An Autobiography, when he concludes in Chapter Nine that "I now felt that I had gained my object. In 1862 I had achieved that which I contemplated when I went to London in 1834" (152), and that in this arrangement he shows less structural skill than in the weakest of his novels.[47] This results in the static, discursive form of the latter half of the book. It is apparent, also, that Trollope regarded the autobiography as an adjunct to his creative work, rather than as an artistically important part of his canon. He is prepared to interrupt a description of the ruins of a modern country house in county Leitrim, which suggested the plot of his first novel The Macdermots of Ballycloran, because the ruins have already been depicted in the novel: "I will not describe it here, because I have done so in the first chapter of my first novel" (64). The autobiography loses through this economy its ability to stand self-sufficient, and the dramatic scene of the conception of that first novel falters after such an aside.

It is difficult to avoid the impression that the essays on the novel, on novelists of the present day, and on criticism, which make up three chapters of the second volume, are inserted because an autobiography is as good a place as any for a presentation of one's views. Trollope had intended a history of the novel in English, but "broke down on the task, because [he] could not endure the labour" (195), so he might as well take this opportunity of modifying and condensing his views on fiction into an essay, where it would have the added authority of the enumeration of his life's work in the novel. The fact that the reader who is intently tracing the story of a life is left stranded at the year 1867 for some forty pages is less important to Trollope than that some (to him) necessary things should be said: about

Thackeray's superiority to Dickens, undesirable practices in criticism, or the place of love in a novel. While Trollope's An Autobiography is a charming self-portrait, the mixture of forms it contains is an indication of a lack of interest in the potentialities of autobiography as a literary form. For Wayne Shumaker in English Autobiography, such a conclusion would demonstrate that the mixed form was merely a stage on the way to the fully-dramatized autobiography found in Hail and Farewell and Father and Son.[48] But two years after the appearance of Trollope's An Autobiography in 1883, there began to appear in paper-bound parts, some monthly, some fortnightly, the Praeterita: Outlines of Scenes and Thoughts Perhaps Worthy of Memory in My Past Life, by John Ruskin, LL.D. Here the variegated variety of autobiography was to prove itself capable of affording high results.

One of the original readers of Praeterita, Miss Thackeray (Lady Ritchie), was to declare later that "Ruskin should have been a novelist. It is true he says he never knew a child more incapable than himself of telling a tale, but when he chooses to describe a man or a woman, there stands the figure before us; when he tells a story, we live it."[49] Praeterita is indeed a classic autobiography, but its success does not derive from its proximity to the techniques of fiction, nor the delights of fiction.

An examination of the structure of a chapter from Praeterita--for example "The Grande Chartreuse," which is the opening chapter of Volume III--reveals something very different from a chapter of a novel, or from the straight-forward account which constitutes "autobiography" in the case of Charles Darwin's Autobiography. If the topics covered in "The Grande Chartreuse" are set out in the order in which Ruskin treats of them, and numbered, the effect is bizarre:

1. The beneficial effects of mountain scenery.
2. Ruskin's visit to the Grande Chartreuse.
3. "What I have found monks or nuns [to be] like" (XXXV, 477).
4. "The constant form of pure religion . . . in useful work" (481).
5. Hugo of Lincoln.
6. Ruskin's association with the Working Men's College, and experience of the preaching of F.D. Maurice.
7. The preaching of a Mr. Molyneux.
8. Scotch Puritanism.
9. The beauty of the Catholic liturgy, and of Catholic art.
10. Ruskin for the first time draws on a Sunday.
11. At Turin: a service at a Waldensian chapel.
12. At Turin: "The Queen of Sheba's Visit to Solomon," by Paul Veronese.
13. Ruskin's "unconversion" from Evangelicalism.

Glancing down this list, one might wonder how pages of this kind of material could constitute a chapter of an autobiography. But if one treats it as a list of topics in an essay, and looks for the controlling theme, one finds it to be that of religious belief and religious activity. If one now looks for the controlling autobiographical idea--Ruskin's part in all this--one finds that too to be religion. In the climactic pages of the chapter, he is describing an experience which I characterized earlier with relation to Wordsworth's "spots of time": a peculiarly intense moment which seems to carry a psychological importance out of proportion to its outward significance. This experience, in "The Grande Chartreuse," leads to the setting aside for ever of his Evangelicalism:

"that day, my evangelical beliefs were put away, to be debated of no more" (XXXV, 496).

That is the last sentence of the chapter, and the reader of Praeterita who reaches it realizes its importance in relation to many things: Ruskin's relationship with his parents (his mother having solemnly "devoted him to God" before he was born); his views on art and architecture (between the 1855 and 1880 editions of The Seven Lamps of Architecture he was to find it necessary to remove passages of "rabid and utterly false Protestantism" [VIII, 15] from the text); his very view of man (he was to write in a note on the day of that "unconversion" in Turin in 1858: "Certainly it seems intended that strong and frank animality, rejecting all tendency to asceticism, monachism, pietism, and so on, should be connected with the strongest intellects. . . . I don't understand it; one would have thought purity gave strength, but it doesn't.")[50]

The last sentence of the chapter thus carries a good deal of weight; it is set, as I said, against a "spot of time," which forms the dramatic climax of the chapter. Ruskin describes how he settled at Turin in the Autumn of 1858, and went one Sunday to a service in a suburban chapel "which, by a dusty roadside, gathered to its unobserved door the few sheep of the old Waldensian faith who had wandered from their own pastures under Monte Viso into the worldly capital of Piedmont" (XXXV, 495). The very word "Waldensian" sounds grim in this dusty and dispiriting context, and the wandering flock a little ridiculous. Ruskin listened to the "solitary and clerkless preacher, a somewhat stunted figure in a plain black coat, with a cracked voice" (XXXV, 495) give a sermon on "the wickedness of the wide world, more especially of the plain of Piedmont and city of Turin, and on the exclusive favour with God, enjoyed by the between nineteen and twenty-four elect members of his congregation, in the streets of Admah and Zeboim" (XXXV,495). The last hit is gratuitous there: the "exclusive favour" of the flock is made to seem more unlikely because Ruskin was unable to estimate their numbers accurately. There is something ludicrous about the superiority of "between nineteen and twenty-four elect members" to the population of Piedmont and its capital.

From the chapel Ruskin walked back into the "condemned city" of Turin, his starved senses glorying in "the gallery where Paul Veronese's Solomon and the Queen of Sheba glowed in full afternoon light" (XXXV, 495), and even in the military music which he heard through the open windows of the gallery; he describes it "coming in with the warm air" in "floating swells and falls" so that it affects the reader as almost corporeal, and somehow the equivalent of the bodies glowing on Veronese's canvas. For to Ruskin the music and the painting do have something in common, as against the sectarian drabness of the Protestant service of the morning. They represent a principle in action, perceived in that "spot of time" by himself:

> The swells and falls of military music, from the courtyard before the palace . . . seemed to me more devotional, in their perfect art, tune, and discipline, than anything I remembered of evangelical hymns. As the perfect colour and sound gradually asserted their power on me, they seemed finally to fasten me in the old article of Jewish faith, that things done delightfully and rightly were always done by the help and in the Spirit of God. (XXXV, 496)

"The Grande Chartreuse" rises to its climax in the symbolic power of these two contrasting scenes, which represent the longest stretch of continuous narrative in the chapter. Nor is their emblematic quality wholly contrived, as is known from the note written that very day, August 4, 1858, in which Ruskin ranges the opposing forces in much the same fashion: "[Paul Veronese] whose finger is as fire, and whose eye is like the morning--is he a servant of the devil; and is the poor little wretch in a tidy black tie, to whom I have been listening this Sunday morning expounding Nothing with a twang--is he a servant of God? It is a great mystery."[51]

These pages correspond then to the most basic ideas of what an autobiography is: a description of the events of a life, and the significance of events. But I began by outlining the whole chapter, to which these pages are the conclusion, and there one sees the inclusion, familiar to one from other autobiographies, of material which resembles that of the familiar essay. It is possible to imagine the chapter printed separately as an essay, entitled perhaps "The Grande Chartreuse." It would begin with a visit to the monastery--an autobiographical opening such as that favoured by Charles Lamb, or by Thackeray in "On Being Found Out"--and expand into a discussion of monks and nuns in general, the work of Hugo of Lincoln, the essayist's opinion of the monastic life in relation to the best of Christianity, concluding with a moral, that: "alike in the world and the Church, the hearts of men were led astray by the same dreams and desires; and whether in seeking for Divine perfection, or earthly pleasure, were alike disobeying the laws of God when they withdrew from their direct and familiar duties, and ceased, whether in ascetic or self-indulgent lives, to honour and love their neighbour as themselves" (XXXV, 481).

It is noticeable, too, that while the topics dealt with in the chapter usually have some foothold in Ruskin's life--he did visit the monastery, and the Convent of St. Michael, and did attend a sermon by Mr. Molyneux--the incidents may not be set down in chronological order. Ruskin heard Mr. Molyneux before his attendance at F.D. Maurice's Bible-lesson, but in the text, the story about Maurice comes first. It was in 1860 that Ruskin went to Chamouni, "where a new epoch of life and death begins" (XXXV, 485), but reference to this precedes the description of the purchase of a fourteenth-century missal in 1850 or 1851, as well as the Waldensian-Veronese climax of 1858. Elsewhere, Ruskin becomes rigidly chronological, as when he lists in order, and in the space of three pages, the crucial events of the decade from 1851 to 1860 (XXXV, 483-485).[52] Yet as one reads the chapter, one does not feel oneself being led into deeper and deeper confusion, nor does one feel out of touch with Ruskin's life everywhere but in the pages relating to the "unconversion." I want briefly to suggest that the chapter has a form which does succeed in conveying this unified impression out of diverse materials.

"The Grande Chartreuse" is a presentation of changes in Ruskin's religious opinions. Now a biographer of Ruskin might take this as his theme and be able to write a life around it, so central is it to his life and work. It touches upon the Evangelical Protestantism of his parents, with which he himself was imbued, and its influence on Modern Painters and The Seven Lamps of Architecture; the collision of this with his admiration for Catholic art, and for the Gothic, which certainly dates from the time of The Stones of Venice, and perhaps earlier;[53] his desire not to wound his parents, but need to separate himself from them in this respect; the "religion of humanity," and its effect on Unto This Last; the reinvolvement with religious art in his later years.

Admittedly the scenes I have examined concerning the "unconversion" at Turin do not deal with the whole of this; but how can they stand for even the complexities of Ruskin's abandonment of Evangelicalism? Their very vividness stems from their simplifying quality. Wordsworth had pointed in The Prelude to the same autobiographic problem:

> Who knows the individual hour in which
> His habits were first sown, even as a seed?
> Who that shall point as with a wand and say
> 'This portion of the river of my mind
> Came from yon fountain?' (1850 II, 206-210)

Ruskin himself makes the same point in "The Grande Chartreuse," in relation not to the seed but to the flower of experience: "Of course that hour's meditation in the gallery of Turin only concluded the courses of thought which had been leading me to such an end through many years. There was no sudden conversion possible to me, either by preacher, picture, or dulcimer" (XXXV, 496). He was quite firm on this point, since he was repeating here a warning given in the first chapter of Praeterita, in recording the gift of Roger's Italy, with its illustrations by Turner:

> This book was the first means I had of looking carefully at Turner's work: and I might, not without some appearance of reason, attribute to the gift the entire direction of my life's energies. But it is the great error of thoughtless biographers to attribute to the accident which introduces some new phase of character, all the circumstances of character which gave the accident importance. The essential point to be noted, and accounted for, was that I could understand Turner's work, when I saw it;--not by what chance, or in what year, it was first seen. (XXXV, 29)

The events in Turin were not an "accident" of this kind, but neither were they an isolated experience: the problem was to find a way of incorporating them within the other events, personal influences, artistic tastes, reasoned ideas and remembered places which form the total gestalt within which we must see them. The obvious answer to such a literary problem might seem to lie with the novel, or at least with a form of autobiography which would imitate the novel's ability to suggest the series of events which contribute to the importance of this event, by dramatically recreating scenes from the past. But Ruskin does not turn to the novel. He corresponded with William Hale White about the *Téméraire* (XXXV, 582) and the preservation of Banstead Downs (XXXV, 49), but does not appear to have read *The Autobiography of Mark Rutherford*, which White had published in 1881. Even if he had, he would have seen little reason to follow White's example. Ruskin was a writer on art, architecture, politics and economics, history and religion; he was a teacher and a thinker, and he saw no reason to leave aside the expression of ideas, or cease to speak "sometimes very carefully of what I think it may be useful for others to know" (XXXV, 11).

Thus "The Grande Chartreuse" builds up to its climax through a conjunction of such things useful to know and autobiographical vignettes and settings. It begins by moving from the monastery of the Grande Chartreuse to a general statement on the form of "pure religion": "I grew also daily more sure that the peace of God rested on all the dutiful and kindly hearts of the laborious poor; and that the only constant form of pure religion was in useful work, faithful love, and stintless charity" (XXXV, 481). This opinion involves a rejection of asceticism and secluded religious orders. The sister who showed Ruskin and his father round the Convent of St. Michael at Auvergne in 1840 was obviously tranquil, but of her farewell admonition to "be in peace," Ruskin comments: "[This] exhortation of hers I have never forgotten; only it has always seemed to me that there was no entering into that rest of hers but by living on the top of some St. Michael's rock too, which it did not seem to me I was meant to do . . . " (XXXV, 478). The life's work of Hugo of Lincoln suggests itself as a contrary, and more noble, religious existence.

The chapter proceeds with a rhetorical connection between the "religion of useful work," and what Ruskin takes to be his own "useless work" from 1850 to 1860 (XXXV, 483). Here we find a reference to the crux of the chapter: that decade was complicated with "the inevitable discovery of the falseness of the religious doctrines in which I had been educated" (XXXV, 482). Among the chronological listing of events that follows is a brief description of an 1857 trip to Scotland with his parents, to which I will refer later. The descriptions of F.D. Maurice's and Mr. Molyneux's Bible-interpretations illustrate contrary impulses--to liberalism and fashionable Puritanism--both unsatisfactory to Ruskin. More and more, however, he sees the limitations of the Puritan sensibility in relation to what he "was meant to do," which prompts the general proposition that "music in Scotland was not to be studied under a Free Church precentor, nor indeed under any disciples of John Knox, but of Signior David; that, similarly, painting in England was not to be admired in the illuminations of Watts' hymns; nor architecture in the design of Mr. Irons' chapel in the Grove" (XXXV, 480). From here it is a logical movement to his growing pleasure in Catholic art, as exemplified by his purchase of a beautiful missal, and thence to his breaking of a lifetime's rule in sketching on the Sabbath (Puritanism holding that one should do nothing pleasurable nor useful on a Sunday), and to his 1858 trip to the Continent without his parents.

In this way the reflections on religion and its various manifestations are interlaced with particular occurrences, and crowned by the final pages, which dramatize the movement of the whole. The impression one receives is of a thinking as well as a feeling mind, as it brings together Hugo of Lincoln and Mr. Molyneux as positive and negative illustrations of the kind of religious spirit which Ruskin was coming to admire. The leader of the fashionable séance in Belgravia actually attended by Ruskin is no more a contemporary, in the most important sense, than the mediaeval Bishop of Lincoln; the form of Praeterita allows Ruskin to compare them as facts in his life.

There are, too, subtle autobiographical suggestions in the chapter, which help to connect its various elements. The trips described early in the chapter, during which he encounters the monk and the nun, are made by Ruskin and his father, and the nun quizzes them both as representative Protestants. But the important trip of 1858 which culminated in Turin was undertaken alone, except for the presence of the guide George Couttet. "I had complete guidance of myself," says Ruskin (XXXV, 493). Moreover, the chapter is arranged in such a way that the year preceding the "unconversion," 1857, is represented by a trip to Scotland with his parents, which in fact occupied only the late summer of that year. There is no mention of his teaching at the Working Men's College, his lectures in Manchester, nor of his work on Turner drawings for the National Gallery. The emphasis thus thrown on to the Scottish tour makes it a foil for Turin and Paul Veronese. Scotland is good homely fare, but it has its limitations, just as Puritanism has its limitations; a certain dourness in the trip becomes associated in the reader's mind with Mr. and Mrs. Ruskin senior, since they propose the journey:

> 1857 My mother wants me to see the Bay of Cromarty and the Falls of Kilmorock. I consent sulkily to be taken to Scotland with that object. . . . I admit, generously, the Bay of Cromarty and the Falls to be worth coming all that way to see; but beg papa and mamma to observe that it is twenty miles' walk, in bogs, to the top of Ben Wyvis, that the town of Dingwall is not like Milan or Venice,--and that I think we have seen enough of Scotland. (XXXV, 484)

The trip is recorded here, and in this way, because Ruskin wants to associate his parents with the circumscribed interests of Dingwall and of Evangelicalism, and make clear that his "ordained business, and mental gifts, were outside those limits" (XXXV, 490). Until this is realized, the Scotland trip seems to be a cul-de-sac rather than a part of the main progress of the chapter. Likewise, the Belgravia Bible-meeting becomes even more relevant when one notices that the topic under discussion was the parable of the Prodigal Son, and that Ruskin's part in the meeting was to suggest that some credit was due to "the other son, not prodigal, who was, his father said of him, 'ever with me, and all that I have, thine'" (XXXV, 489). The balancing in his mind of the two sons must have had for Ruskin some connection with the events of 1858. Ruskin's father is recorded to have been amazed and disgusted when his son brought home from Turin copies of the Queen of Sheba's maid of honour (complete with gold brocaded dress and two red and green parrots on a salver) as the fruits of his journey (XXXV, 497).

The chapter which I have been describing was published as "Part 25" of Praeterita on May 19, 1888. It was probably written in January of that year, since Ruskin's diary records his "thinking over" what he calls "the Turin bit" on January 3, 1888.[54] The previous chapter of Praeterita, "Otterburn," had been sent to the press on April 26, 1887 (Diaries, 1142), but one of his spells of mania had prevented him from proceeding with "The Grande Chartreuse" in that year. By July 12, 1888, he thought himself fully well again; he wrote in his diary for that day: "Restored, D.G., as far as I can judge, to comparative health and power of useful and even beautiful work, after the most terrific year of illness and despondency I have yet known" (Diaries, 1145). But he was to suffer ano[illegible] December of 1888, recovering briefly to write what was to be the last chapter of Praeterita in 1889, before he lapsed in August of that year into a state which rendered him incapable of further intellectual work. The wonder is that the autobiography was written at all, even though it remained uncompleted; more remarkable still is its quality.

In view of the circumstances of its composition, it might be objected that Praeterita's form is attributable more to Ruskin's inability to think and write coherently than to its intrinsic virtues. The diaries for the Praeterita years 1885 to 1889 might seem to support this, with their staccato entries, anxious references to health, sleeplessness, diet and weather. Particularly noticeable, and depressing even to the reader, are the swift changes of mood, and Ruskin's emotional susceptibility, as in this entry for July 15, 1885, which fluctuates from "exciting discoveries" in Miss Edgeworth to "misery" at the possible extinction of Bison: "My eyes very dim also with another half sleepless, much thoughtful--dimly unconscious, rather than dozing--time since two, morning; and exciting discoveries of things in Harry and Lucy at coffee --after a glorious time yesterday among the hay at Hawkshead, seeing Mr. Hawkrigg again, and an inglorious misery in evening, over article on extinction of bison in Daily Telegraph" (Diaries, 1116).

As one reads through the 1885 diary, one becomes accustomed to brace oneself at the sight of a serene or joyous entry, in the knowledge that the following day is likely to bring a grey dawn of renewed pain. July 6's "Lovely soft clouds and clear air" becomes July 8's "Very dismal just now all day, in lassitude, whatever I do" (Diaries, 1114). July 9's "Beautifully clear" day, full of work, is followed by July 10's record of "an extremely disturbed night dreaming of earthquakes" (1115).

It is true that these conditions did have an adverse effect on some parts of Praeterita, not on its mood or emotional tone, which is remarkably even, but on its coherence. The method of "The Grande Chartreuse" is one of controlled association, and I have been trying to show that it succeeds in this instance; but the final chapter, "Joanna's Care," breaks down as it moves, from Joan Severn's Scottishness, to peripheral musings on Sir Walter Scott, to the music of "Wandering Willie" in Redgauntlet, and thence to "references to music in my own writings hitherto" (XXXV, 552). This is even true, to a lesser extent, of "The Grande Chartreuse," where the references to Miss Edgeworth's portrait of a nun, or Mr. George Allen of Sunnyside's having been "an entirely honest and perfect working joiner" (XXXV, 488), add little to the progress of the whole. Also, the paragraph marked by Ruskin as section nine of the chapter is confusing--unfortunately so, since it introduces the important idea of "the falseness of the religious doctrines in which I had been educated" (XXXV, 482). It is not clear how Turner's visit to the Chartreuse is connected with Ruskin's admiration of the Campo Santo at Pisa, nor how "the fading away of the nobler feelings" aroused (presumably in 1845) by the Campo Santo was "complicated" by the unconversion at Turin.

But "The Grande Chartreuse," unlike "Joanna's Care," is unified by a central event in Ruskin's life, to which the other elements of the chapter are made to minister. Ruskin shows himself aware of the dangers of digressions for their own sake, or even for information's sake, in a diary entry for October 4, 1886, as he wonders whether a "parenthesis" would be necessary to explain the battle of the Centaurs and Lapithae: "But if I wrote a parenthesis of that length every now and then, the entire book would overlap into the next planet or nebula; and if I began putting notes to explain, or confirm, I should probably write a new book on the trotting of Centaurs and Lapithae, or the riding of Bellerophon, or the crawling of the Tortoise of Aegina, or the flying of Harry the Fifth's tennis balls--instead of any word more of my Autobiography" (Diaries, 1136). The temptation, one notices, would be to extend the parentheses indefinitely, not to lengthen Praeterita with personal detail. The diary note is a playful exaggeration, but it does remind one of the often remarked-on omissions from the autobiography. No reference to Effie Gray, but many to Chamouni; no mention of the ardour and pain of Unto this Last,[55] but much of the life of Bertha, Queen of Burgundy (XXXV, 512-514). In 1840 Ruskin had decided to keep two diaries, "one part . . . for intellect, and another for feelings," but had found the latter to become "a book of pain"; he seems subsequently to have destroyed it (Diaries, v). In 1885 he made a frank avowal of his disinclination to write an autobiographical "book of pain": "I have written . . . therefore, frankly, garrulously, and at ease; speaking, of what it gives me joy to remember . . . and passing in total silence things which I have no pleasure in reviewing" (XXXV, 11). One would not recommend this procedure to prospective autobiographers, but neither would one wish, bearing in mind the tenor of the Ruskin diaries of the 1880's, for the morbidity which would probably have resulted from mournful introspection.

But the form of Praeterita was not forced upon Ruskin by the inability to write coherently, or the need to find material to replace the memories he had "no pleasure in reviewing." It does cohere, and the seemingly non-autobiographical material is not introduced as a stop-gap. This is not to say that the autobiography shows the same kind of intellectual address as an early work such as Modern Painters. A comparison of, for example, "The Truth of Vegetation," from Volume II of Modern Painters, with "The Col de la Faucille," from Praeterita, would reveal the earlier book's superior ability to present an argument, even when the subject-matter is complicated as it is there by massive amounts of descriptive detail, and the need to keep the detail in touch with particular illustrations. Ruskin's plans for the chapters of Praeterita arrange themselves around places,[56] and in "The Col de la Faucille" the reader who enjoys the delightful descriptive passages feels sure that Ruskin too was waylaid by them, and joyfully diverted from his course: the Orbe suggests Malham Cove, the Jura leads into a comparison with the Yorkshire Moors. To some extent this improvisation marks the difference between the autobiographical work and the expository one. Modern Painters has at this point to move from natural description to an assertion of Turner's superiority to the Old Masters; Ruskin subdues his personality to the expression of the ideas, and he knows precisely where his chapter is leading him--knows that his examination of the effect of budding on the appearance of foliage will lead to the denigration of Gaspar Poussin, who, in Ruskin's opinion, paints trees as if they were carrots or parsnips. There are passages in "The Col de la Faucille" which are reminiscent of Modern Painters--the Yorkshire Moors "break into wide fields of loose blocks, and rugged slopes of shale; and are mixed with sands and clay from the millstone grit, which nourish rank grass . . . " (XXXV, 160)--but they seem to occur to Ruskin as extra confirmation of the delightfulness of the Jura, interrupting this, his first description of that area of France and Switzerland.

Modern Painters II and Praeterita are separated by more than their respective purposes, however. The "improvised" effect of the autobiography links it to that other product of Ruskin's later years, Fors Clavigera; and such a link is a reminder that the choice of a form and a style for an autobiography is subject to certain limitations. Autobiographies naturally tend to be late products of a writer's career, and to have more in common with other late works than with the writings of youth: it is hardly surprising that Praeterita should resemble Fors Clavigera more than Modern Painters, nor that Henry James's Autobiography should be written in the style of The Golden Bowl rather than that of The Europeans.

Fors Clavigera, or, in its full title, Letters to the Workmen and Labourers of Great Britain, which commenced publication on January 1, 1871, is representative of Ruskin's political and educational concerns, as reflected in the topics covered in the ninety-six "Letters": "Forms of Government . . . Duties of Government . . . Food, fuel, and clothes . . . Labour to be organized by the State . . . Education to be primarily moral."[57] If Ruskin claimed leave to be "garrulous" in his Preface to Praeterita, garrulity is raised to a matter of principle in Fors Clavigera. The letters have recurring themes (which Ruskin attempted to formulate from time to time, as in Letter 67), but they appear in such a variety of guises and disguises, in response to the particular stimulus at the time of writing, that one feels oneself, in Frederic Harrison's words, to be in the middle of an electrical storm of ideas: "which we watch with wonder and admiration, constantly struck by some unexpected flash, from whence coming, whither going, we know not, but always beautiful and profoundly impressive. . . . It is written in a style . . . of measured abandon, of surrender to any fancy, whim, association of the passing moment.

Nothing so utterly inconsequent, so rambling, so heterogeneous exists in print."[58] A search for the central thread of Letter 19, which will link the letter's anecdotes about mustard, the horse-guards in Whitehall, thunder storms in the Alps and sensational novels, might eventually succeed in locating the theme in the ability of man to improve his life through forethought and his own labour, and in the necessity of his not dribbling away his energies on "moutarde Diaphane," horse-guards or sensational novels. But the attempt to synthesise the letter is a struggle.

Not only was *Fors Clavigera* subject to the whim of its author in its construction; Ruskin was susceptible to the political events of the day, particularly the two sieges of Paris in 1871, and the fate of the Paris Commune, and the improvised structure of the letters was likely to break up even more under the pressure of his concern. Ruskin is characteristically frank about this: "the siege and burning of Paris was of interest so unexpected that it necessarily broke up what little consistency of plan I had formed, besides putting me into a humour in which I could only write incoherently" (XXVII, 382).

It was in this work that the idea of *Praeterita* took shape; indeed, some of the early pages of the autobiography were adapted from accounts that had already appeared in *Fors Clavigera*.[59] This suggests that *Fors* was autobiographical as well as discursive and didactic, which is true; one can in fact see *Praeterita* and *Fors Clavigera* as different attempts by Ruskin to use a particular form and a particular kind of material. We have seen how *Praeterita* contrives successfully to include essay-like material in an autobiography, so that discourses like that on "the true nature of Chritianity" can be contained appropriately within an account of Ruskin's twenty-sixth year (XXXV, 351-353). In *Fors Clavigera*

Ruskin is taking the opposite approach, by introducing autobiographical material into his didactic letters that they might the better convey living knowledge and enthusiasm. When the material in Fors is presented in this way, it bears a marked resemblance to Praeterita; a good example of this resemblance--excellent in itself, as well as being a good case in point--is the section of Letter 20 (August 1872) where Ruskin speaks of three states of human life: "Life positive, under blessing,--life negative, under curse,--and death, neutral between these" (XXVII, 342).

Ruskin, "to make your conception of [these contrary states] clearer," chooses as his example of "life positive" the St. Ursula of Carpaccio, in her industrious serenity. To this end he "reads" the painting as he had read it "in the year 1869, just before leaving Venice" (XXVII, 342). But "life negative, under curse"? He lights upon an incident contemporary with his discovery of the painting by Carpaccio, which he thinks fit to stand beside it as a vision of the opposite state of mind. After spending the morning over the Carpaccio, he had to go to Verona by the afternoon train, and on this train he shared a carriage with an American family. The two daughters, fifteen and eighteen, obviously fascinated and repulsed him in their tortured indolence, the more especially as their inability to apply their imagination to the district through which they were travelling ("Between Venice and Verona! . . . Exquisite midsummer sunshine! . . . " [XXXVII, 345]) marked them for him as children of the over-indulged nineteenth century:

> By infinite self-indulgence, they had reduced themselves simply to two pieces of white putty that could feel pain. The flies and the dust stuck to them as to clay, and they perceived, between Venice and Verona, nothing but the flies and the dust. They pulled down the blinds the moment they entered the carriage, and then sprawled, and writhed, and tossed among the cushions of it,

> in vain contest, during the whole fifty miles, with every miserable sensation of bodily affliction that could make time intolerable. . . . From time to time they cut a lemon open, ground a lump of sugar backwards and forwards over it till every fibre was in a treacly pulp, and gnawed the white skin into leathery strings for the sake of its bitter. Only one sentence was exchanged, in the fifty miles, on the subject of things outside the carriage (the Alps being once visible from a station where they had drawn up the blinds).
>
> "Don't those snowcaps make you cool?"
>
> "No--I wish they did." (XXVII, 346)

They had drawn up the blinds in the station. The pages form, together with the description of "The Dream of St. Ursula," a brilliant autobiographical sequence. Not only does one experience the sticky tedium of those squashed lemons; one sees the narrator himself, the fastidious fifty-year-old Englishman reluctantly resorting to the train to reach Verona, and bearing with him a vision of the chaste St. Ursula. I might add that it also redeems that section of the letter, since Ruskin is unable to make anything very interesting of his absolute "three separate states" of existence as apart from the illustration; after the story of the two girls his argument proceeds rather feebly into a reiteration that our motto should be "To do good work, whether [we] live or die" (XXVII, 347). The description of the painting of St. Ursula, while observant, is distressingly coy, and reminds one of Ruskin's approving quotation in Praeterita of his first letter from the child Rose La Touche (XXXV, 529). (Any mention of Rose La Touche is bound to make one even more sceptical of Ruskin's "separate states" of "life positive, under blessing" and "life negative, under curse." The two states are manifestly not separate in his relationship with Rose, as his diary for 1872--the year of this letter of Fors--reveals.)

The use of autobiographical material to make a lesson more human is not restricted to Fors Clavigera, though that is the most obvious example of the tendency in Ruskin's later work. It is found, for example, in the unpromising context of the lectures on the practical aspects of landscape painting which he delivered at Oxford in the Lent Term of 1871. There he interprets a Turner drawing of a mill near the Grande Chartreuse with the aid of his own memories of travels in the Valley of Cluse "in old times of Swiss travelling." "The cottage with its mill-wheel," he adds, "has lately been pulled down to widen the road" (XXII, 69). It is not just a question of a "rambling" lecture; the comments do remind his audience that the landscape existed outside of Turner's drawing, and though "quite unpicturesque," was in full view of the road from Geneva to Chamouni. Ruskin hopes that his audience will return to the drawing to see what Turner saw there that they would probably have missed.[60]

Passages like these show that Praeterita's form—that mixture of seemingly diverse materials which it shares with other autobiographies I have examined in this chapter--was not wholly an invention of 1885, but that the autobiography provided the opportunity to perfect the form. "I rather enjoy talking about myself, even in my follies" (XXIX, 74), said Ruskin in Letter 75 of Fors Clavigera; but the reader who reaches the seventy-fifth letter of Fors may doubt whether either the autobiographical delights, or the recurring themes, are sufficient to leaven such a mass of miscellaneous fact and reflection.[61] The more satisfactory approach, as proved by Praeterita, is from the opposite direction: the luminous memories, and the sense of a growing life (as opposed to an assortment of autobiographical facts) will bestow life upon the ideas. This holds true of ideas the reiteration of which may have grown wearisome in Ruskin's other works. One might pay little heed to the affirmation in Letter 67 of Fors Clavigera that "the study of beautiful Nature" will teach one "admiration,hope and love" (XXVIII, 656). One grows accustomed to such claims. But the influence of landscape upon character is brought home with renewed power in Praeterita, even in the course of that most unwieldy digression on Sir Walter Scott in "Joanna's Care."

There Ruskin claims that the Solway landscape had a beneficial effect on Scott's character: "withdrawing him from the morbid German fancies which proved so fatal to Carlyle" (XXXV, 545), and on his own: "the impressions of the Solway sands are a part of the greatest teaching that ever I received during the joy of youth" (XXXV, 549). This claim is reinforced by a beautifully accurate description of the breaking of the waves on the Solway Firth--as much an evocation of the peculiar timeless quality of that coast as of its physical appearance:

> But the hollow sound of the countless ranks of surfy breakers, rolling mile after mile in ceaseless following, every one of them with the apparent anger and threatening of a fate which is assured death unless fled from,--the sound of this approach, over quicksands, and into inextricable gulfs of mountain bay, this, heard far out at sea, or heard far inland, through the peace of secure night--or stormless day, is still an eternal voice, with the harmony in it of a mighty law, and the gloom of a mortal warning. (XXXV, 550)

The tide on the Firth seems timeless because it is representative of time itself; and its sound is one long continuous roar. But even this passage would lose a part of its evocative power if it were detached from its autobiographical setting. This setting is given in a paragraph which, because of the loose construction of "Joanna's Care," goes almost unnoticed among the literary information surrounding it. Here Ruskin describes, a little sadly, how he came on his last tour of the Solway coast to see it as "of more import in the true world's history than all the lovely countries of the South, except only Palestine" (XXXV, 545). The argument is perhaps not very convincing: in Scotland "the very impossibility of either accumulating the treasures, or multiplying the dreams, of art, among those northern waves and rocks, left the spirit of man strong to bear the hardships of the world, and faithful to obey the precepts of Heaven" (XXXV, 545). This is at best a negative virtue, and one is more inclined to accept it on the level of the general principle involved--that landscape can mould character--than on that of its judgement about the comparative "weakness of the Mediterranean coasts" (XXXV, 545). For I am not claiming here that Praeterita is important as a development and revision of Ruskin's ideas; rather that it reveals human character to us as an autobiography should, and that this revelation can, in an autobiography where ideas are important, cast a new light upon those ideas.

What then does the paragraph (number seventy of Book III in Ruskin's enumeration) achieve in this respect? It shows a retrenchment and a return. He calls the 1882 trip to Italy "my farewell journey," and says that it has been since then, in 1883, that he has "recovered the train of old associations" by travelling through Scotland: his father's native land, and the land whose spirit he had implicitly rejected in his 1858 journey to Turin, and unconversion before Veronese (see p. 124 of this study). The trip of 1857 to Scotland, described in "The Grande Chartreuse," seems to have associated that country for him with the pious Evangelicalism of his mother, and the Protestantism of his father. In his last journey to Venice, he says here, he was "impressed with the sadness and even weakness of the Mediterranean coasts"; but then his work in Venice was effectively over, and his return to Britain was as a sick man. The waves rolling ceaselessly into the Solway Firth were now a potent symbol of the passage of time "and the gloom of mortal warning," as well as of the pleasant Scottish associations of his childhood, as described in "The Banks of Tay" (Chapter III of Book I of Praeterita).

So one proceeds to the description of the Solway, and the assertions about its influence upon character, with knowledge of its effect on Ruskin's own character and view of things when he revisited it late in his life; knowledge too of the effect of one's circumstances upon the perception of landscape, for Ruskin's Solway in 1883 is a different matter from his Scotland of 1857. The consequent adjustment of response introduces certain complications into Ruskin's thesis, but it also enlivens one's consideration of it.

The form of Praeterita makes the assumption that there is no rigid separation between the personal and public significance of places and events: that the Solway country can be seen simultaneously in terms of its effect on Sir Walter Scott, on the lives of its inhabitants, and on Ruskin's own life. It follows that the means of conveying these two kinds of significance can be similar, and that Ruskin felt himself empowered to borrow techniques from other and different kinds of book in composing Praeterita. The opening pages of "The Col de la Faucille," for example, are based upon the first chapter, written in 1880, of that extraordinary guide-book The Bible of Amiens. In the earlier version, Ruskin had contrasted the remarkable reality of Amiens's history with the face the city presents to the railway traveller:

> The intelligent English traveller, in this fortunate age for him, is aware that, half-way between Boulogne and Paris, there is a complex railway-station, into which his train, in its relaxing speed, rolls him with many more than the average number of bangs and bumps prepared, in the access of every important French gare, to startle the drowsy or distrait passenger into a sense of his situation.
>
> He probably also remembers that at this halting-place in mid-journey there is a well-served buffet, at which he has the

> privilege of "Dix minutes d'arrêt."
>
> He is not, however, always so distinctly conscious that these ten minutes of arrest are granted to him within not so many minutes' walk of the central square of a city which was once the Venice of France. (XXXIII, 25)

These opening paragraphs, a little reminiscent of the description in Fors Clavigera of the two American girls between Venice and Verona, are written for the sake of Amiens and its cathedral, in a world where a ham sandwich at the buffet and a fast trip to Paris seem of more importance to most people. Ruskin is writing, one might say, on a subject of public, or general, significance.

Between Boulogne and Amiens, on the same railway line, lies Abbeville, a small town of great personal importance to Ruskin because it is associated with his continental tour of 1835, and his realization on the fifth of June of that year that "here [in Abbeville] . . . art (of its local kind), religion, and present human life, were yet in perfect human harmony" (XXXV, 156). This country town was the source for him of "cheerful, unalloyed, unwearying pleasure" and of "things to cherish the past for,--to the end" (XXXV, 157). Abbeville is introduced in Praeterita in the same way that Amiens unfolds before the reader in The Bible of Amiens: through the railway, and what seems to the passenger a "useless stop." The significance of Abbeville is more personal than that of Amiens, but here again the reader is asked to see himself as the railway passenger who is annoyed by the stop "at one inconsiderable station, lettered ABBEVILLE": "As the carriage gets into motion again, he may see, if he cares to lift his eyes for an instant from his newspaper, two square towers, with a curiously attached bit of traceried arch, dominant over the poplars and osiers of the marshy level he is traversing" (XXXV, 153). The reader is invited not only to hear of Ruskin's enthusiasm for Abbeville, but to get to know the town for himself, for its own sake; not to press on to Paris or Nice, but to learn about Abbeville (as well as about Ruskin) from Praeterita. Here the chapter moves into a brief essay on the history of the town. This comparison between The Bible of Amiens and Praeterita leads one to remark upon the importance to both those works of a sense of place; one could go so far as to say of Praeterita that its characteristic form would hardly have been possible without that geographical dimension. Every reader of the autobiography must notice Ruskin's habit of organizing his memories around a series of particular places; I have already looked at the chapters connected with the Grande Chartreuse, the Solway Firth and Abbeville, and the very chapter-headings reflect a similar procedure elsewhere in the book: "The Springs of Wandel," "The Banks of Tay," "Otterburn," "Mont Velan" . . . If one imagines Ruskin in the process of writing Praeterita, it seems likely that two important aspects of his method were to influence the form of his autobiography: this use of particular places, and his use of his diary.

Most autobiographers make use of their travels, or their habitations, in telling their life-story: Trollope his residence in Ireland, Harriet Martineau her trips to America and the East, Carlyle in his Reminiscences the years at Craigenputtock, Darwin the voyage of the Beagle, Jefferies the various tracts of countryside, described but un-named, which provide the settings for his meditations. But while Harriet Martineau "always said that her Eastern journey shaped and coloured the rest of her life,"[62] it is difficult to see why from her account of it in the Autobiography; and while Charles Darwin can "distinctly call to mind" the low cliff of lava on St. Jago beneath which the idea "first dawned on [him] that [he] might perhaps write a book on the geology of the various countries visited" by the Beagle,[63] he presents no clear picture of the total effect of that island on the development of his ideas. Part of the explanation for this disconnection lies in the fact that Eastern Life had already set out Harriet Martineau's ideas derived from her journey, as the Retrospect of Western Travel had dealt with the personal side of the American trip; Darwin likewise makes a disclaimer with reference to his trip on the Beagle: "I need not here refer to the events of the voyage . . . as I have given a sufficiently full account in my published Journal."[64]

One of the effects of Ruskin's delight in writing Praeterita was that he felt no compulsion to refer the reader outside the autobiography when he came to a place or an experience which he had used in previous books. It seems as though he is describing Abbeville, or Turin, or even the Alps, for the first time, so spontaneous is his delight. The Diaries suggest that his memories grouped themselves around places: on December 21, 1885, he writes that he lay awake wondering "how to divide this autobiography and what scenes to give"; the scenes which occur to him are all linked with some particular place:

> Anyhow, 1860 at St. Martin's, climbing aiguille de Varens, Modern Painters finished. What next? Unto this Last, written at Chamouni.
>
> The period is properly 1859 to 1870, my own forty to fifty; but best say 1860-70. Begins with my first sight of Rose who is already Rosie-posie! When I was with Stillman at Chamouni. Then the great year, 1861, when I went to Chepstow, Harristown, and sate down to learn Greek at (Dover-Folkestone) Boulogne.
>
> Here, account of Huret. Perhaps defer Calais, Boulogne, Amiens, &c., to this time.
>
> 1862. The tour with Ned and Georgie--Parma. (Diaries, 1117)

This emphasis on places has its effect on Praeterita's form as well as its subject-matter, since the description of them is constantly connecting Ruskin's life with things of more general significance. Thus Fontainebleau is not only the site of the small aspen tree, the drawing of which was to alter all Ruskin's ideas about composition, and about trees. It is also, in Chapter I of Volume II, the possessor of "sublimities which I hear vaunted by French artists," a place where one is likely to feel "an oppressive sense of Paris to the north," and the site of a palace visited by "poor Evelyn" in 1644, where the English diarist was perturbed by "hideous rocks . . . in mountainous heights" (XXXV, 313-314). Now Ruskin was really not very impressed by Fontainebleau; yet he does not for that reason make it simply the place where he was startled by the beautiful lines of an aspen tree, as Darwin makes the low cliff on St. Jago the place where he conceived his book. It is for Ruskin a place with a history, a geographical location (somewhat too near to Paris), and a reputation (seemingly undeserved): so he treats it as such. One of the results is a brief essay on the English view of rocks, as exemplified by Evelyn's comments: "If," says Ruskin, "they are only big enough to look as if they would break your head if they fell on it, it is all an Englishman asks, or can understand, of them" (XXXV, 314). However, here as in "The Grande Chartreuse," the seemingly extraneous material does its work in the total context; it may seem to be suggested only by the Fontainebleau setting, but it has its bearings on the aspen-tree incident. Ruskin is leaving behind any grandiose ideas of what is "sublime," in seeing in the tree proof positive that "He hath made everything beautiful, in his time" (315); and to find this truth in a tree beside a cart-track, he has had to turn his back on the rocks and the "palaces and straight gravel walks" of Fontainebleau.

All the places which provide the settings for significant experiences in Praeterita, from the Solway Firth to Pisa, involve Ruskin in the mixed form as he tries to build up the total significance of person and place. This concern for totality is connected with his insistence on the effect of landscape, and "the sight and history of noble persons," upon character;[65] linked also to Ruskin's insights into the relationship between pleasure in landscape, history, and memory. One of the most arresting parts of The Seven Lamps of Architecture is at the beginning of Chapter VI, "The Lamp of Memory," where Ruskin describes a beautiful scene in the Jura, then explains how that beauty is dependent on more than the physical components of the scene. He had, in attempting to locate the source of the impressiveness of the landscape, imagined for a moment that the scene before him was not in the Jura, but in "some aboriginal forest of the New Continent":

> The flowers in an instant lost their light, the river its music; the hills became oppressively desolate; a heaviness in the boughs of the darkened forest showed how much of their former power had been dependent upon a life which was not theirs, how much of the glory of the imperishable, or continually renewed, creation is reflected from things more precious in their memories than it, in its renewing. Those ever springing flowers and ever flowing streams had been dyed by the deep colours of human endurance, valour, and virtue; and the crests of the sable hills that rose against the evening sky received a deeper worship, because their far shadows fell eastward over the iron walls of Joux, and the four-square keep of Granson. (VIII, 223-224)

In The Seven Lamps of Architecture, this passage leads into a discussion of architecture's role in memory: "We may live without her, and worship without her, but we cannot remember without her" (VIII, 224). The whole passage is extraordinarily perceptive, but it is the product of a mind accustomed to approach life not simply as a series of events and sights and activities, but as something of gradually accumulating significance: a mind to which past time is as real a presence as those physical dimensions of the landscape before it.

What this means in terms of Praeterita is that Ruskin is not prepared to separate the history of his own life from the history of the places which were important to him. The autobiography includes a condensed history of Abbeville because the town's past has become a part of Ruskin's own memories. The "two square towers" of Abbeville, visible from the railway, with their "curiously attached bit of traceried arch, dominant over the poplars and osiers of the marshy level" (XXXV, 153), are the equivalent of the beautiful scene in the Jura. As in the case of the Jura the reader had to know about both the historical associations of Joux and Granson, and their place in Ruskin's own memories, so here he has to know Abbeville's part in Ruskin's continental tours, which is in turn connected with its architectural history: "flamboyant Gothic, --walls and towers alike coeval with the gabled timber houses of which the busier streets chiefly consisted when first I saw them" (XXXV, 155). In this way Ruskin hopes to overcome the difficulty of making "even the most sympathetic reader understand their power over my own life" (XXXV, 153).

The form of Praeterita was influenced by Ruskin's use of particular places to construct the story of his life, but his diaries played an equally important role in this process of composition. The great danger of forming one's autobiography even partly of reflections, instructions, brief histories and essays, is that the life may be sacrificed to the ideas and information; Ruskin's use of his diaries tended to prevent this, by recalling him to the personal significance of the past. Not that his diaries were purely personal documents--the passages just quoted from The Seven Lamps of Architecture are closely modelled on a diary entry for April 19, 1846 (Diaries, 325)--but he naturally went back to them for contemporary records of his life, as is apparent from the inclusion of extracts in Praeterita, as well as his remarks in his 1885 diary.[66] The effect seems to have been to keep him in touch with the day-by-day impressions of his life, before they became converted into ideas, or incorporated into the theses of books; in this way the diaries seem to have acted as a counterweight to the didactic and discursive elements in the autobiography by keeping them in touch with more immediate impressions. It is interesting to know that E.T. Cook, going through Ruskin's papers after the author's death, found a note written on August 4, 1858, which gives an account of the events of that day--the Waldensian service and the viewing of Veronese's "Queen of Sheba." This note had been in Ruskin's possession when he made that day the crucial and most intimate part of "The Grande Chartreuse."[67] One cannot be certain that he used it in writing Praeterita, but it would seem a possibility in view of his adaptation of diary entries elsewhere in his autobiography. For example, the description of that morning in 1841 when Ruskin woke early at Lans-Le-Bourg, and walked out to the recognition that: "I had found my life again;--all the best of it" (XXXV, 297): this is so close in movement and phrasing to the diary entry for June 2, 1841, that it seems very likely that the autobiographical passage was written with careful reference to the diary.[68] It is made a little more dramatic in Praeterita, where Ruskin omits to mention that he had gone back to bed for thirty minutes after looking out of the window at six in the morning. ("I woke . . . at six of the summer morning . . . dressed in three minutes, ran down the village street," reads the autobiography.) The Praeterita version also takes the justifiable retrospective step of attributing a greater moral significance to that morning than had appeared in the diary entry, where the twenty-two year-old Ruskin had been more taken by his feeling of renewed health and happiness ("Oh, happy!" Diaries, 197).

This is not to say that all the crucial experiences described in Praeterita are adapted from the diaries. Ruskin misplaced the diary for 1842, to his chagrin, and had to rely on unaided memory to describe the happenings at Fontainebleau. The result is the fine description of his mounting enthusiasm at the form of the small aspen tree:

> Languidly, but not idly, I began to draw it; and as I drew, the languor passed away; the beautiful lines insisted on being traced, --without weariness. More and more beautiful they became, as each rose out of the rest, and took its place in the air. With wonder increasing every instant, I saw that they "composed" themselves, by finer laws than any known of men. At last, the tree was there, and everything that I had thought before about trees, nowhere. (XXXV, 314)

The phrases here, lingering and halting before they reach that emphatic dual conclusion, form part of one of Praeterita's most enthralling scenes. The diary for 1842 does exist; Ruskin had forgotten that he had given it to Charles Eliot Norton as a Christmas present in 1872, and it is included in the Evans and Whitehouse edition of Ruskin's Diaries. But it would not have added much to the recreation of that momentous drawing: the only mention of the incident comes in the entry for June 7: "I got some new ideas in my evening walk at Fontainebleau on the 1st" (Diaries, 223).

Nevertheless, I think that the principle holds true that the immediacy of the diaries combines with the use of places, ideas, landscapes and works of art to make the form of Praeterita as satisfactory as it is. The success of Praeterita is, however, difficult to imitate. There is no formula to take over, apart from the basic principles of the mixed form of autobiography, which produced more or less unsatisfactory results for Trollope and Harriet Martineau. For Ruskin, the connections between his personal and religious development and his experience of art, architecture and landscape make the mixed form of Praeterita a particularly suitable autobiographical medium. Graham Hough has expressed these connections succinctly: "The main phases of Ruskin's religious development were all connected with artistic experiences; the first with Gothic architecture, Botticelli and Fra Angelico; the second with Veronese and Titian; the third with Giotto."[69] To this I might add what I have already been saying: that the artistic experiences were connected with particular places: Venice, Turin, Assisi. Ruskin himself says in Praeterita that "there have been, in sum, three centres of my life's thought: Rouen, Geneva, and Pisa. . . . tutresses of all I know . . . mistresses of all I did, from the first moments I entered their gates" (XXXV, 156).[70] Such connections mean that Ruskin's ideas and apparent digressions can usually be seen in relation to his development as a man.

Ruskin was prepared to assume, unlike Harriet Martineau, Trollope and Mill, that the reading public were interested in him "as a man," rather than merely as the author of Modern Painters and Unto this Last: he was making this assumption as early as 1871, when Fors Clavigera began, "as a letter, written as a letter should be written . . . " (XXIX, 197). Not everyone was pleased to be the recipient of this correspondence ("watery and rambling verbiage," said the Spectator after the tenth letter had appeared),[71] but in Praeterita Ruskin's unfeigned interest in the growth of his own personality adds an extra dimension to the didactic autobiography.

For Praeterita is didactic, for all its charm and its memorable images which have nothing explicit to "teach" us. (Who does not retain the image of Ruskin as a child, seated in his recess "like an idol in a niche" behind a cup of milk and a slice of bread and butter, as his father read aloud the Waverley novels?) If one thinks over the "spots of time" in Praeterita--those luminous memories which startle one with their vividness--we find that they were almost all discoveries, which must in their turn be conveyed to the reader. This is true of the first sight of the Alps, the recovery at Lans-Le-Bourg, the aspen tree at Fontainebleau, the first quiet walk through Lucca, and the Veronese and military music at Turin. They are all intellectual turning-points as well as moments associated with different kinds of powerful emotion: the epiphanies of a great Victorian teacher. But when the last part of Praeterita appeared in 1889, it came as the final statement of Ruskin's career. Carlyle, Mill and Arnold were already dead; Newman was within a year of his death. Praeterita had shown what the mixed form of autobiography could achieve, but it was not a form that many modern writers would care to take up; even in the 1880's, formal experimentation in the autobiography was looking more to the novel for inspiration, and the inhibitions and reserve which had made a novelist like Trollope turn to the mixed form were becoming less important to his successors.

CHAPTER IV

AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND STYLE: TONE AND INTENTION

The mixture of expository prose with narrative which is a feature of Ruskin's Praeterita and Trollope's An Autobiography is found in forms other than autobiography in the Victorian period; in John Henry Newman's novel Loss and Gain, the urge to explain and expound finds similar expression in autobiographical fiction. The character, opinions and progress of Newman's hero Charles Reding bear a striking resemblance to those of the author himself, and parallel passages might be selected from Loss and Gain and the Apologia Pro Vita Sua--say, Reding's and Newman's last views of Oxford, or their final hesitations before their conversions--which would suggest how directly Newman drew upon his own life in writing this "Story of a Convert." Like the Apologia, Loss and Gain was written with a specific purpose and under provocation, as Newman tells us in his "Advertisement" to the sixth edition of his novel:

> A tale, directed against the Oxford converts to the Catholic Faith, was sent from England to the author of this Volume in the summer of 1847, when he was resident at Santa Croce in Rome. Its contents were as wantonly and preposterously fanciful, as they were injurious to those whose motives and actions it professed to represent; but a formal criticism or grave notice of it seemed to him out of place.
>
> The suitable answer lay rather in the publication of a second tale; drawn up with a stricter regard to truth and probability, and with at least some personal knowledge of Oxford.[1]

This purpose may at least partly explain the tendency for conversations in Loss and Gain to turn into Platonic dialogues, remarks into discourses, and authorial commentary into miniature essays. (One such essay at the opening of Chapter III of Part I begins: "It may be as well to state more distinctly what a 'view' is, what it is to be 'viewy,' and what is the state of those who have no 'views'" [LG, 16].) This recalls to mind the type of autobiography prompted by Harriet Martineau's sense of "duty," and we can see that Newman's desire to vindicate the Oxford converts has a similar effect on his chosen literary form: Loss and Gain stands in the same relation to the autobiographical novel as Miss Martineau's Autobiography does to autobiography as a whole.

The reader of Loss and Gain is thus quickly made aware of the formal problems resulting from Newman's attempt to set his vindication of the converts within the framework of the nineteenth-century novel. It is hard not to be aware, too, of certain peculiarities of the style of the novel; and in considering these one is led to another important problem with which autobiographical writing is involved. One is struck, for example, by the speech in which Charles Reding first addresses his new Oxford friend William Sheffield:

> "I am just going for a turn into the meadow; this is to me the best time of the year: nunc formosissimus annus; every thing is beautiful; the laburnums are out, and the may. There is a greater variety of trees there than in any other place I know hereabouts; and the planes are so touching just now, with their small multitudinous green hands half-opened; and there are two or three such fine dark willows stretching over the Cherwell; I think some dryad inhabits them; and, as you wind along, just over your right shoulder is the Long Walk with the Oxford buildings seen between the elms. They say there are dons here who recollect when the foliage was unbroken, nay, when you might walk under it in hard rain, and get no wet. I know I got drenched there the other day."
>
> Sheffield laughed. . . . (LG, 6-7)

As well he might, one is apt to think, considering the preciosity of the speech, in its stilted artificiality, and lack of spontaneity. Nor can one console oneself with the thought that Newman is being wholly ironic, or Reding satirical, for while Reding had as a boy been, "with many high excellences . . . naturally timid and retiring, over sensitive," with a hint of "mawkishness," the discipline of Eton had been calculated to counter these deficiencies (LG, 2-3).

Even when allowance has been made for the "distance" between Newman and Reding, this speech still seems in harmony with the general atmosphere of Loss and Gain. We enter a world where undergraduates step out "from hat to boot in the most approved Oxford bandbox-cut of trimness and prettiness," and are liable in the course of their walk to remark "Here's a church open . . . that's odd; Let's go in": a phrase to be used in a somewhat different spirit thirteen years later by Wemmick, though this Oxford church contains not a Miss Skiffins but "the pretty Miss Boltons--very Catholic girls, and really kind, charitable persons into the bargain" (LG, 54-55). Walks, "these sweet walks" (LG, 103), form, along with the dinner-parties, the two main physical activities presented in the novel: presumably because both are considered natural settings for theological discussion. Food can also be used to point up the wholesome spontaneity of such discussions:

> "But what do you say to Rubrics and the Calendar?" insisted Bateman.
>
> "They are not binding," answered Campbell.
>
> "They are binding," said Bateman.
>
> A pause, as between the rounds of a boxing-match. Reding interposed: "Bateman, cut me, please, a bit of your capital bread--home-made, I suppose?"
>
> "A thousand pardons!" said Bateman:--not binding?--Pass it to him, Willis, if you please. Yes, it comes from a farmer, next door. I am glad you like it.--I repeat, they are binding, Campbell." (LG, 300)

I said that one responds to such things in Loss and Gain as peculiarities of style; it would be more accurate to say that they amount to a certain tone that we recognize in the novel. By "tone" I mean that aspect of style through which a writer can convey a certain attitude towards what he is describing, and in some cases towards himself as the author. The basic materials with which a writer builds up his "tone" are his choice of vocabulary, his syntax, and his emotional range. In the remainder of this chapter I will attempt to show how, for example, Mill's revisions of the vocabulary and syntax of his Autobiography result in a different set of connotations, and a different self-image; how Carlyle's musing, serial syntax affects the tone of his Reminiscences, and influences the reader's response to the scenes from the past which the book recreates; and how Newman's emotional range, from fastidious reasonableness to justified anger, assists in creating his persuasive tone. Now the tone of Loss and Gain tends to be "precious," indulgent, a mixture of cosiness and self-righteousness: Reding's enjoyment of home-made bread and walks, and his disapproval of a clergyman friend who marries a silly girl ("Charles breathed freely as they went out; a severe text of scripture rose on his mind, but he repressed the uncharitable feeling and turned himself to the anxious duties which lay before him" [LG, 352]). The tone reflects upon Newman because one senses that the things which meet with Reding's somewhat prim approval have Newman's approval too: such as the "brisk youths" on the road near Oxford who "pass, two and two, with elastic tread, finishing their modest daily walk, and nearing the city" (LG, 355). The word "modest" is typical there; the "modest" life of the serious Oxford undergraduate seems to make Newman melt, in retrospect: this makes his tone in presenting Reding paternal, almost protective.[2] The hero of the novel has as a result more sweetness than vitality.

"Tone" as thus defined, and discerned in Loss and Gain, may seem an amorphous concept, but in practice I think it can be useful in locating a part of one's response to a piece of writing. Nor is this a trivial element in one's reaction to literature; John Holloway's study of Matthew Arnold in The Victorian Sage shows how far Arnold relies on building up two poles of response in the reader: a favourable picture of himself, and an unfavourable one of his opponents. Arnold's picture of himself Holloway sees as being built up by a tone suggestive of modesty, urbanity and intelligence; he concludes that Arnold's value may lie here rather than in his solutions to the problems he discusses: "If he offers anything of wisdom or sanity or mental poise, it is to be found in the whole experience of reading him, in a sense of what intellectual urbanity is that transpires rather from his handling of problems than from his answers to them."[3] It is not necessary to follow Holloway this far to agree that the total effect of a work like Culture and Anarchy derives a good deal from the self-image, or sense of his own presence, which Arnold conveys: "Surely, now," he appeals to us, "it is no inconsiderable boon which culture confers upon us, if in embarrassed times like the present it enables us to look at the ins and the outs of things in this way, without hatred and without partiality, and with a disposition to see the good in everybody all round."[4]

The problem of finding a suitable tone is I think more acute in autobiography than in most forms, for the reason that the creation of a self-image through nuances of expression is there both more necessary to the author and more immediately apparent to the reader. One does get a sense of Newman's personality from Loss and Gain, and of Arnold's from Culture and Anarchy, but one's primary concern should be the development of Charles Reding, or the prevalence of "doing as one likes." But when the writer's own self is given as the centre of a work, more of one's conscious attention is directed upon the voice in which he speaks.

For some of the autobiographers examined in Chapter III, this would hardly seem a question to be deliberated upon: both Trollope and Harriet Martineau make it clear that they are speaking, in their different ways, as public figures. Their autobiographies represent Harriet Martineau the Radical and Anthony Trollope the Author, and any characteristic tone they display can be taken as an extension of the normal authorial voice in which they come before the public. Herbert Spencer seems to be making a similar assumption when he suggests that An Autobiography may make a useful supplement to his life's work as a philosopher. Certainly the tone of his autobiography is business-like, and that of the consciously professional thinker: a trip to the Riviera in 1879 prompts a reference to the eucalyptus, palms and aloes which flourish there, upon which Spencer breaks off in disquisitional and admonitory manner:

> Speaking of aloes reminds me that I observed one which, having lately sent up its vast flower-stalk, had drooping and shrunken leaves; and this suggested a good question that might be put to those who are studying plant-life after a rational manner: the question, namely--what are the conditions which make it profitable to the aloe-species to postpone flowering so long? Young people should always have in their minds problems to be solved concerning the phenomena of the surrounding world, and of human life.[5]

He goes on to suggest some likely problems, such as why dogs lap their water, while cows suck it up, or why the convex curves of rivers are usually shallow. This may appear to be simply another version--a rather crude one--of the mixed form of autobiography; but it also raises the question of tone, as is seen when Spencer turns this same voice--brisk, authoritative and analytical--upon more personal autobiographical matters, in reflecting on his "specialities of character and faculty." This phrase, which he uses to introduce his discussion of his own abilities, is revealing in itself, sounding like a heading from some official form to be filled in; the subsequent paragraphs are interesting enough to be quoted at length:

> Of the two further intellectual traits inherited from my father, the first to be named is the synthetic tendency. That this was dominant in him is proved by his little work entitled Inventional Geometry, containing a multitude of problems to be solved by synthetic processes which pupils are to discover. . . .
>
> But the synthetic tendency has in me been accompanied by an almost equal analytic tendency. Though in my father's mind this was less manifest, it nevertheless existed to a greater extent than it exists in most minds. . . . But in him the analytic tendency, like the synthetic tendency, was relatively limited in its range. He occupied himself much more with the concrete, and much less with the abstract, than it became my habit to do. While the analytic tendency was more pronounced in me, it also displayed itself in a wider sphere. There was an early illustration of it in the progress of the views set forth in The Proper Sphere of Government to those set forth in Social Statics.[6]

One's first reaction to this, and to the series of pages of which it is a representative sample, is that there is something slightly ludicrous about a man's talking about himself in this manner, as the possessor of almost equal amounts of "synthetic tendency" and "analytic tendency" derived from Spencer senior, who found time to pour a little of the synthetic tendency into his Inventional Geometry, as well as into his son. The dry humourless persistence of the tone becomes the more apparent as, after "proving" something about his father by reference to a geometry text-book, Spencer proceeds in the following paragraph to establish an hierarchy of synthesis, reaching from "most minds," through his father, to his own Proper Sphere of Government, and on to Social Statics. The passage represents, in fact, the tone of Social Statics converted to use in an autobiography, with all the incongruities attendant on such a procedure: the nature of autobiography is such that the writer can seldom simply continue to employ the same elements of style that he would habitually use, for example in a work of sociology.

The foregoing criticism of the tone of Herbert Spencer's autobiography is open to the following possible objection: while An Autobiography may not be a model for the treatment of human psychology and family relationships, it is a fair reflection of the mind of its author, and thus fulfils one major function of an autobiography. In other words (the objection might continue), Spencer does not choose a particular tone from a range of possible styles, but writes of his life in the only way he can.

It would have to be admitted, in response to such an objection, that the extent to which tone is conscious and calculated varies from author to author. The existence of an early draft of John Stuart Mill's Autobiography reveals the conscious process of revision which resulted in the choice of a particular tone, but elsewhere one has less specific evidence of conscious choice. Nevertheless, the study of autobiographical tone is encouraged by the thought that autobiographies, as conscious literary artifacts, create rather than reflect an image of a life. The translation of life into art, particularly into autobiographical art, involves a rigorous selection of material, and it seems likely that the tone which colours the presentation of this material will be selected also. In the case of Newman's Apologia, this selection of stylistic voice takes place at a sophisticated level, and is a very conscious act; even in the bluff pages of Spencer's autobiography the tone is to some extent intentional.

Consider, for example, the apparent advantages of Spencer's tone. It gives the impression of a scientific approach, which Spencer seems to have thought most desirable. It guards against weak sentimentality (a late-discovered love of children becomes "an awakening . . . of the philoprogenitive instinct--or rather a vicarious phase of it").[7] It seems systematic and orderly. It appears to afford the "detachment" necessary if one is to speak freely of one's own virtues (or one's own analytic tendency) without seeming vain. In the case of the quoted passage about analysis and synthesis, the "objective" treatment of his father, and the evidence derived from books, seem not unconnected with the fact that the genetic transmission of intellectual characteristics is in accordance with Spencer's evolutionary theory, and also supports his ideas about the effects of physiology on mental ability.[8] A principle as well as an inheritance is at issue here, and the tone of the paragraph is designed to discourage the idea that the author is indulging in an idle or sentimental view of the Spencer family characteristics.

While these putative advantages might be outweighed by the disconcertingly arid final effect, they do suggest that _An Autobiography_ is more than a naive mirroring of the mind of its author. This does not in itself make the autobiography any better as literature: the tone of its self-reflection remains dry, but it comes to appear the dryness of tendentious pomposity rather than of unreflecting innocence. Judgement of the autobiography tends thus to become a judgement of the personality which produced it, though perhaps not in the terms which Spencer had in mind when he left it as his testimonial, and "natural history of myself."[9] But then the effect of much nineteenth-century literature was to cultivate the reader's sensitivity to nuance of expression, and to relate tone to delicate adjustments of the moral sense. Having formed one's inferences about the characters of Andrea del Sarto, Bishop Blougram, or Fra Lippo Lippi, is one to suspend judgement before the voice of Herbert Spencer? Thomas Carlyle was a real person, and Henry James's Baroness Münster merely a character in fiction; but does one apply the same kind of moral sensitivity to Carlyle's _Reminiscences_ as one does to a scene such as the following, from James's _The Europeans_?

> "He has talked to me immensely of you. Oh, he talks of you as you would like," the Baroness declared; "as such a son _must_ talk of such a mother!"

> Mrs. Acton sat gazing; this was part of Madame Munster's 'manner'. But Robert Acton was gazing too, in vivid consciousness that he had barely mentioned his mother to their brilliant guest. He never talked of this still maternal presence--a presence refined to such delicacy that it had almost resolved itself, with him, simply into the subjective emotion of gratitude. And Acton rarely talked of his emotions. The Baroness turned her smile toward him, and she instantly felt that she had been observed to be fibbing. She had struck a false note.[10]

In the context of the art of The Europeans, the "fib" can take on surprising significance; one is led into a state of moral and aesthetic receptivity, and specifically prepared by the author to make judgements on the tone of the Baroness, and of the other characters in the novel. Certainly this is not the case in an autobiography; if anything, the opposite tends to be true, in that one is pre-disposed to sympathize with the writer, who is his own hero, and inclined to be less vigilant than in the reading of a Browning monologue or a novel by James.

Nevertheless, the autobiographer, even when he is wary of the confessional mode, does appear before the reader in a state of some vulnerability. Nor are his problems of style and tone any simpler than those of the novelist because he is speaking in propria persona. What kinds of style are open to him? He obviously cannot adopt the style of the biographer, by means of changing the pronouns: any experiment whereby a biography is turned into a first-person narrative will demonstrate the peculiar results of such a procedure.[11] An approximation to the tone of the novelist may introduce additional problems. Evelyn Waugh ends his first volume of autobiography, A Little Learning, on an incident upon which he had modelled the disappearance of "Captain Grimes" in Decline and Fall: Waugh had gone down to the beach near the school at which he was teaching in North Wales, had taken off his clothes and left them with a quotation from Euripides about the sea which washes away all human ills, and had swum out to sea with the intention of committing suicide.

Running into a shoal of jelly-fish, and getting stung, he turned back, tore up the quotation, dressed and "climbed the sharp hill that led to all the years ahead."[12] This is effective and dramatic, of course, and told in Waugh's ironic fashion makes an obviously premeditated finale to this "First Volume of an Autobiography." The reader of an autobiography, however, while not pre-disposed to be censorious, is alert and perhaps a little suspicious, because he is offered what purports to be the truth; and the tone here is perhaps too smooth, too accomplished for the form. Given that there was an element of "play-acting" in the Greek tag left on the clothes, how sincere was the suicidal impulse? Was Waugh hoping for some form of intervention, Divine or coelenterate? What is one to make of such extremes of indecisiveness as revealed in the deliberate suicide note and the random salvation from drowning? While the incident seems odd, does Waugh now see it as perhaps a normal manifestation of human despair? These questions derive from the tone of the passage as it relates to one's expectations of autobiography; they are less likely to occur to the reader of a Waugh novel.

Waugh's tone in these final pages, of ironic but sneakingly affectionate detachment from his youthful self, is one to which the reader becomes accustomed in the course of A Little Learning, and the reader's awareness of it becomes very much a part of his response to the events which are being described. Not just this autobiography, but very many others, successful or otherwise, indicate the kind of attitude the author wishes the reader to share; and it is surprising how much of this can be conveyed in even a brief extract. It is not a question of direct commentary or instruction on the part of a narrator, but of response to the style. In Trollope's An Autobiography and Darwin's Autobiography it amounts to a constant intimation of reserve, which makes it clear that what we are being offered is not the whole, but that part of the whole life which is suitable for public display. In Richard Jefferies' The Story of My Heart one is aware of it as an intense urgency to communicate the meaning of a life, even at the expense of neglecting the earthly circumstances of "Richard Jefferies." Here, for example, he describes his reaction to an ancient tumulus, or burial-mound, which lay within range of his daily walk; he thinks of its occupant, dead two thousand years:

> Sweetly the summer air came up to the tumulus, the grass sighed softly, the butterflies went by, sometimes alighting on the green dome. Two thousand years! Summer after summer the blue butterflies had visited the mound, the thyme had flowered, the wind sighed in the grass. . . . Mystery gleaming in the stars, pouring down in the sunshine, speaking in the night, the wonder of the sun and of far space, for twenty centuries round about this low and green-grown dome. Yet all that mystery and wonder is as nothing to the thought that lies therein, to the spirit that I feel so close.
>
> Realising that spirit, recognizing my own inner consciousness, the psyche, so clearly, I cannot understand time.[13]

Jefferies returns to his own feelings at that particular place, but the tone of the whole is insubstantial--a disembodied voice, insistent, incantatory, speaking in pulsing phrases ("Mystery gleaming in the stars, pouring down in the sunshine, speaking in the night"), and consciously alliterative and melodic ("green-grown dome"). The whole passage is an invitation to share the original experience, and to rise with Jefferies to a realization of its place in eternity: "It is eternity now. I am in the midst of it. It is about me in the sunshine."[14] How far one does respond may depend upon one's predilection for incantatory prose; but one is certainly aware that one is being invited to a different kind of contemplation from that suggested by Evelyn Waugh, whose style holds both the reader, and himself as a boy, at arm's length: "I was quite a clever little boy. Had I gone to one of the preparatory schools which cram for scholarships at Eton or Winchester, I might conceivably have won one. I was quite a brave little boy. Had I been earlier inured to the violence and hardships of school-life, I might have been less forlorn when I met them at the age of thirteen."[15]

Does an awareness of style in autobiography divert one from a proper appreciation of what is being said, so that one becomes more aware of literary manner than of the matter itself? I think that, on the contrary, the autobiographer's tone is one of the ways in which he can convey his sense of his own life; I think furthermore that autobiographies written with a purpose other than that of conveying a sense of self can be seen to draw upon stylistic and tonal resources. John Trevor's autobiography My Quest for God, first published in 1897, has as its main purpose the presentation of the author's mysticism; his immersion in "the infinite ocean of God."[16] As he describes his initiation into new ranges of spiritual life, it seems as though nothing could be further from Trevor's mind than questions of tone: he is intent on accurate description of an experience of great importance to himself, and, he hopes, to us:

> One brilliant Sunday morning, my wife and boys went to the Unitarian Chapel in Macclesfield. I felt it impossible to accompany them--as though to leave the sunshine on the hills, and go down there to the chapel, would be for the time an act of spiritual suicide. And I felt such need for new inspiration and expansion in my life. So, very reluctantly and sadly, I left my wife and boys to go down into the town, while I went further up into the hills with my stick and my dog. In the loveliness of the morning, and the beauty of the hills and valleys, I soon lost my sense of sadness and regret. For nearly an hour I walked along the road to the 'Cat and Fiddle,' and then returned. On the way back, suddenly, without warning, I felt that I was in Heaven--an inward state of peace and joy and assurance indescribably intense, accompanied with a sense of being bathed in a warm glow of light, as though the external condition had brought about the internal effect--a feeling of having passed beyond the body, though the scene around me stood out more clearly and as if nearer to me than before, by reason of the illumination in the midst of which I seemed to be placed. This deep emotion lasted, though with decreasing strength, until I reached home, and for some time after, only gradually passing away.[17]

This description seems couched in the simplest terms, and the focus appears to be on the mystical experience itself. But the experience is by definition "indescribably intense," and not amenable to the kinds of literary resources at Trevor's command: as he describes it, it could be any one of the mystical experiences collected by William James in The Varieties of Religious Experience, with its "peace and joy and assurance," "warm glow of light," and "deep emotion." Now I think in as far as this part of the autobiography does convey a sense of individuality, it does so not so much through the detailed description of the sense of "Heaven" itself, as through the tone of the passage as a whole. The circumstantial detail, a little reminiscent of Grace Abounding, is important because it helps to create a sense of Trevor's "usual" voice. It does not matter that the tone is a little flat, speaking of the "brilliant Sunday morning" and "the beauty of the hills and valleys," or that the mundane details about the chapel in Macclesfield, the dog and stick, are associated with the normality of "my wife and boys" (a phrase he repeats). The staidness of a man who felt so reluctant and sad at not accompanying his wife and boys to Macclesfield is a foil to the sudden illumination, which is the matter of most importance here. He also takes this sensation "home"; in decreasing strength, it is true, but the effect is still one of the extraordinary grafted on to the everyday.

Earlier in the autobiography, Trevor confronts the problems involved in conveying a sense of his "highest experiences": "The spiritual life justifies itself to those who live it; but what can we say to those who do not understand?"[18] He is concerned that what he has to tell should not be dismissed as "mere phantasies of the brain," and insists that his experiences came when he was living "the fullest, strongest, sanest, deepest life."[19] Thus his tone has to be sane, as well as ecstatic, in order to convince, and he will be wary of the tone of a Richard Jefferies. His first such experience is thus described within a framework of family life and normality: though not wholly out of calculation, for we do feel a sense of the writer's personality in the arrangement of the passage.

My Quest for God, like the better-known autobiographies of Herbert Spencer and Richard Jefferies, and like the essays of Matthew Arnold, reminds one that tone has its significance in the total effect of a work; but it reminds one at the same time that tone can seldom be seen in isolation from the writer's intention. The "intention" of the autobiographer, which he will prosecute with more or less vigour according to his own nature, is the presentation of a view of himself and of his world, and the attempt to convince the reader that his own stance towards experience is the correct one. This means that the stylistic element of autobiography which I have been referring to as "tone" is not chosen at random from a number of stock tones, but will generally derive from two main sources. The first of these is the more immediate, and is, put simply, the autobiographer's reason for writing his own life. Is he justifying himself, explaining himself, fulfilling a sense of duty to his own past, or a sense of duty to his beliefs and ideas? Is he confessing himself, or trying to protect himself against future biographers? Obviously, these different purposes can and do beget different styles. But one must also consider, especially in the case of the autobiographies of writers and thinkers, that the autobiographer's ideas, his conception of man, and of himself, will play their part. Herbert Spencer's attempt to treat his own intellectual make-up as if it were a topic in The Synthetic Philosophy had a rather peculiar effect, but it is to be expected that a writer's habitual mode of expression should have some bearing on the tone of his autobiography (though preferably not in the form of a simple application of the habitual tone to the telling of a life-story).

I want to look at the effect of these two elements--motivation and philosophical outlook--on the autobiographies of three great Victorian authors, John Henry Newman, John Stuart Mill and Thomas Carlyle. I group the three writers together in this way for a number of reasons. First, they represent three of the best-known "crises" in Victorian literature: Carlyle's progression to the "everlasting Yea" (described in the *Reminiscences*, as well as forming an important part of *Sartor Resartus*), Newman's conversion to Catholicism, and Mill's "Crisis in My Mental History." In some ways the problem of tone is revealed in its acutest form in the description of momentous occasions such as these. Second, the parallel study of three writers with such pronounced and divergent views of the world, and of man, reveals the extent to which such views influence the writing of an autobiography. I think that the study of these autobiographies, in which the issues of the day are taken up in reflective intensity, helps one to understand the human significance of ideas important to the half-century from 1864 to 1914. Third, the three autobiographies arose from very different occasions: Carlyle's from the desire to write a memorial to his father, and later from his remorse after the death of his wife, Newman's from what he took to be an insult to his integrity, and Mill's from his wish to write of his education, promulgate his ideas, and ward off potential biographers. Thus they provide also some illumination of the question of how the autobiographical occasion influences style (as well as suggesting how the ostensible motivation of the writer becomes mingled with other, more obscure, purposes).

Clearly one could write at length on any one of these autobiographies; I have restricted myself here to an examination of some aspects of style, both for the sake of economy, and in the belief that in this way the works can be usefully compared, and seen in relation to their time.

Dates of publication, here as elsewhere in nineteenth-century autobiography, are no reliable indication of the dates of composition. The Apologia appeared in 1864, Mill's Autobiography in 1873, and Carlyle's Reminiscences in 1881. Except for the Apologia, written in the first half of 1864, it is difficult to assign a single year of composition to these works. Mill's Autobiography was written in 1854, revised in 1861 and completed in 1870.[20] The history of the composition of the Reminiscences is even more erratic, since the chapter on "James Carlyle" was written in 1832, and the remainder of the book thirty-four years later, in 1866 and 1867. This, along with the apparently reminiscent form of the Reminiscences, would seem to deny the book any internal coherence, or relevance to a study of nineteenth-century autobiography. I should therefore explain briefly why I include it here.

The sketch of Carlyle's father was written in 1832, in the nights between his death and his funeral, and Carlyle claimed in his will that he had "never seen a word" of it since the day of the funeral.[21] The reminiscences of Mrs. Carlyle, Edward Irving, Lord Jeffrey, Southey and Wordsworth were written under similar circumstances in 1866 and 1867; the death this time was that of Jane Welsh Carlyle, and his memories of her influenced the sketches of Irving and Jeffrey, as well as the reminiscence of Mrs. Carlyle herself. "It was *her* connexion with them," he wrote in his Journal for 20 January 1867, "that chiefly impelled me" (II, 274). The manuscript was entrusted by Carlyle to J.A. Froude, who added the earlier reminiscence to the later ones and published them a few weeks after Carlyle's death "with Mr. Carlyle's consent, but without his supervision" (I, v). The reminiscences do make a coherent book, because Carlyle wrote of himself as he wrote of his subjects, making each reminiscence a history of his relationship with that person. He himself was aware of this, saying at one point, as I mentioned in Chapter I, that the "Reminiscences of Edward Irving" "turns out hitherto to be more about myself than him" (II, 220). It chanced, too, that the reminiscences as a whole covered the different phases of Carlyle's life, so that he presents his childhood in describing his father, tells of his young manhood in recalling his friendship with Irving, and proceeds chronologically through his married life in writing of Jane Welsh Carlyle. The reminiscence of Jeffrey adds to the account of the years from 1811 to 1849, while the studies of Southey and Wordsworth are of subsidiary importance from an autobiographical point of view. In this way the four main reminiscences interlock, and reflect upon Carlyle himself. Carlyle and Irving "must have sat, often enough, in Ecclefechan Meeting-house" together, before they knew one another (II, 15); Carlyle's father brought up his family at Ecclefechan; when Irving became a schoolmaster at Haddington Academy, Jane Welsh was one of his pupils; Jeffrey, the advocate, became famous in Dumfriesshire "by his saving from the gallows one 'Nell Kennedy,' a country lass who had shocked all Scotland, and especially that region of it, by a wholesale murder . . ." (II, 226); Carlyle would visit Edinburgh with Irving, and it was in Edinburgh he got to know Jeffrey when the latter was editor of the Edinburgh Review (II, 38, 233); Jeffrey visited Carlyle and Jane at Craigenputtock (II, 245). It becomes clear that the book is more than a series of separate recollections.

The reminiscences of 1866 and 1867 were influenced by a discovery of Carlyle's, which impelled him to recollect his own actions and feelings, as well as those of the people about whom he was reminiscing. He had found after Jane's death the one private diary she had left unburnt, and its contents had wounded him in their revelation that Jane's life had not been one of perfect contentment:

> in 1856, too evidently, to whatever owing, my poor little Darling was extremely miserable! Of that year there is a bit of private diary, by chance, left unburnt; found by me since her death, and not to be destroyed, however tragical and sternly sad are parts of it. . . . Certain enough, she wrote various bits of diary and private record, unknown to me: but never anything so sore, down-hearted and harshly distressed and sad as this (right sure am I!)--which alone remains as a specimen! The rest are all burnt; no trace of them, seek where I may. (I, 204)

Froude was to speak in his biography of Carlyle of the vicissitudes involved in living with such a man, but for Carlyle himself the discovery of this diary was a distressing shock, adding as it did to his grief at the death of the woman he loved. He claims here to be "right sure" that the 1856 diary was an isolated instance; but by what chance, then, was it the only diary to survive? Could it have been left as a posthumous reproach, or was it possible that it was typical of the diaries which were burnt? Carlyle does not pursue these questions, though they must have occurred to him; instead he plunges into his memories of that year, 1856, as if to look again at what had passed. The 1866-7 *Reminiscences* thus became a self-examination as well as a series of portraits.

As I said earlier, the circumstances under which an autobiography is written will leave their mark upon its tone; this is certainly true of the *Reminiscences*. It is a book of mourning, and while the nature of the mourning varies from the chapter on "James Carlyle" to that on

"Jane Welsh Carlyle," with its deeper poignancy, one is never far from a sense of loss, even in the section dealing with Irving, who had died in 1834, thirty-two years before the reminiscence was written. The style is thick with detail, heavy, charged with personal significance, and the tone transmits a sense of dutifulness before what is past, coupled with a certain defiance, as if the duty had to find expression in assertiveness. Of his wife he declares: "Not all the Sands and Eliots and babbling cohue of 'celebrated scribbling women' that have strutted over the world, in my time, could, it seems to me, if all boiled down and distilled to essence, make one such woman" (I, 209). And he breaks off in the midst of his recollections of Wordsworth to cry: "Oh my brave, dear, and ever-honoured Peasant Father, where among the Gradees, Sages, and recognized Poets of the world, did I listen to such sterling speech as yours,--golden product of a heart and brain all sterling and royal! That is a literal fact" (II, 306). "Literal fact" is precisely what such effusions are not, and readers of the Reminiscences did not take altogether kindly to them, nor to the splenetic way he treated individuals who were not closely related to him. (Charles Darwin remarked that he had always taken Carlyle's disparaging remarks about "almost everyone" to be "partly jokes," but that after reading the Reminiscences, he realized that they had been meant seriously.[22])

The most charitable view one can take of this bristling and assertive tone is to see it as part of Carlyle's devotion to, and immersion in, his subject-matter. He wrote quickly, without revision, and in the midst of powerful emotion. At one point he describes himself as living "mostly alone; with vanished shadows of the Past,--many of them rise for a moment, inexpressibly tender; One is never long absent from me" (II, 310). In reading the reminiscences of Mrs. Carlyle, where each day's addition to the manuscript is dated, one becomes accustomed to an almost liturgical tone in the writing. Beginning with a series of reflections on Jane, the reminiscence will move for a while into a section of detailed memories about a time, place or event associated with the Carlyles' married life, before concluding for the time with a lament, often at the close of a day's writing. Thus the pages written on June 26, 1866 conclude: "The London years are not definite, or fertile in disengaged remembrances, like the Scotch ones: dusty, dim, unbeautiful they still seem to me in comparison. . . . The general type of it is shiningly clear to me: A noble fight at my side; a valiant strangling of serpents day after day--done gaily by her (for most part), as I had to do it angrily and gloomily; thus we went on together: Ay de mi, Ay de mi!" (I, 184).

This aspect of the writing was in Carlyle's mind as he reached the end of his reminiscence of his wife. "I must sorrowfully end it," he says there, "and seek for something else. Very sorrowfully still; for it has been my sacred shrine, and religious city of refuge from the bitterness of these sorrows, during all the doleful weeks that are past since I took it up: a kind of devotional thing . . ." (I, 258). There follows, here at the end of the reminiscence, Carlyle's prohibition of its publication: "I solemnly forbid my friends, each and all, to publish this Bit of Writing as it stands here" (I, 258). The prohibition was ignored by Froude, who claimed that he had Carlyle's "consent" to publish, but it does raise the question of how far the Reminiscences, particularly "Jane Welsh Carlyle" can be treated as works of literature and subjected to literary criticism. Is the style of the book simply that of a series of rambling and melancholy reflections on a dead father, wife and friends, and, as such, something essentially private?

There is more to the Reminiscences, however, than "devotional" expressions of regret, and brusque censoriousness (such as that applied to Paganini, "a tall, lean, taciturn abstruse-looking figure, who was then, after his sort, astonishing the idle of mankind" [II, 198]). The autobiography is remarkable for its ability to convey the process of memory, and to express the meaning of the past to the inquiring and exploring mind. It is one of the ironies of the autobiographies of this period that the effect of Carlyle's style in this respect should resemble that of Henry James. James's fastidious poise is in some respects the antithesis of Carlyle's garrulous, spasmodic, and often maudlin Reminiscences, but the two writers are joined in their emphasis on the process of remembering, and in their tone of reverence for the past--the particular status they afford it. I shall recur to James later, but I want here to suggest the quality of Carlyle's Reminiscences which impressed me as its particular achievement as autobiography.

Let us begin by looking at the description of Kirkcaldy beach, from the reminiscence of Irving. Carlyle introduces it because it was one of his and Irving's favourite walks from 1816 to 1819, those "colloquies and rich rovings about, in bright scenes, in talk or in silence."

> The beach of Kirkcaldy, in summer twilights, a mile of the smoothest sand, with one long wave coming on, gently, steadily, and breaking in gradual explosion, accurately gradual, into harmless melodious white, at your hand all the way (the break of it, rushing along like a mane of foam, beautifully sounding and advancing, ran from south to north, from West-burn to Kirkcaldy Harbour, through the whole mile's distance): this was a favourite scene; beautiful to me still, in the far-away. (II, 29-30)

The style of this passage is characteristic of the autobiography, as it conveys the process of remembering through the building up of details separated by commas or added in parentheses. The syntax is serial rather than complex and pre-conceived, as if the scene were gradually emerging more and more clearly from "the far-away," to be modified and enlarged by successive phrases. In this way the tone of the description differs greatly from Herbert Spencer's description of the Riviera in An Autobiography, where the effect is one of premeditation and control, leading into a practical application of the memories through the example of the late-flowering aloe plant.[23] We might further compare Spencer's tone of scientific certitude in speaking of his father's intellectual characteristics, and how they were transmitted to himself, to Carlyle's speculative approach to the memoir of his father, and to his own childhood. After hearing of his father's death, Carlyle says, he determined to be in the company of his wife alone: "I . . . have walked far and much (chiefly in the Regent's Park), and considered about many things; if so were I might accomplish this problem: To see clearly what my present calamity means; what I have lost, and what lesson my loss was to teach me" (I, 2). Some of this difference in tone is attributable to the respective times at which Carlyle's and Spencer's autobiographies were written: Spencer was not, like Carlyle, in medias res. But it is indicative of a difference in temperament, outlook, and ideas. For Carlyle's quest to discover "what my present calamity means" is not wholly separate from the rest of his life's work. It is not surprising to find that the "discoveries" of the reminiscence are similar to the teachings of the recently-completed Sartor Resartus (which had not found a publisher when Carlyle's father died), or to later works such as Past and Present. The moving aspect of the emergence of Carlylean ideas in the Reminiscences is their quality of freshness and immediacy. As in the description of the beach at Kirkcaldy, one has not a rehearsal of things past in a tone of automatic certitude, but a suggestion of the activity of memory, which is connected with the activity of life itself.

This can be seen in the description of the bridge at Auldgarth, near Dumfries, which his stonemason father had helped to build as an apprentice of sixteen. Carlyle moves from his father's description of the building of the bridge--how "he loved to speak of it" (I, 35)--through his father's return to Auldgarth as a man in his sixties, to his own first sight of the bridge in 1820: "Well do I remember the first time I saw this bridge: twelve years ago in the dusk of a May day; I had walked from Muirkirk, sickly, forlorn, of saddest mood (for it was then my days of darkness): a rustic answered me: 'Auldgarth'! There it lay silent, red in the red dusk. It was as if half a century of past Time had fatefully, for moments, turned back" (I, 37). The effect of this terse but effective account is, once again, to make one aware of the process of remembering and writing: "Well I remember . . ." followed by the surprise on being told of the town into which he had wandered, and the "silent" bridge (the adjective seems redundant, but it is used to suggest the sudden realization of the quiet eloquence of the stone). The presence of "Past time" is recalled yet again, as another layer in the series of memories; his father remembering, his father revisiting, Carlyle remembering his father's stories and this sudden encounter in the dusk. From the rustic's 'Auldgarth!" there flow memories of memories, and a sense of the mysteriousness of time. This mysteriousness is what Carlyle takes up in conclusion: "A noble craft it is that of a mason; a good Building will last longer than most Books, than one Book of a million. The Auldgarth Bridge still spans the water, silently denies its chafing: there hangs it, and will hang, grim and strong, when of all the cunning hands that piled it together, perhaps the last now lies powerless in the sleep of death. O Time! O Time!

wondrous and fearful art thou; yet there is in man what is above thee" (I, 37).

As Carlyle writes in 1832 the bridge still stands, and may outlast the words he writes of it. The tone of wonder and pride in these pages suggests a moving reverence and boldness before the past. The reflections of the Reminiscences bring one round to the heart of Carlyle's view of the world. "Be no longer a Chaos . . . ," he had urged in Sartor Resartus, "Produce! Produce! Were it but the pitifullest infinitesimal fraction of a Product, produce it, in God's name!"[24] "Laborare est Orare," he was to proclaim in Past and Present.[25] As in Past and Present he was to have a vision of the entire human world resting upon the labours of the past ("It is all work and forgotten work, this peopled, clothed, articulate-speaking, high-towered, wide-acred World"),[26] so here he comes to see his father's life "as the sunk pillar on which mine was to rise and be built" (I, 52).

How mysterious it all appears in The Reminiscences, this living work of a dead father; but memory itself comes to seem mysterious: Carlyle's father met him on the road as he returned for the first time from Annan Academy in the Spring of 1810. "He had a red plaid about him. . . . It was a bright April day: where is it now?" (I, 47) Nor is this written in a tone of idle speculation, but rather as a question put to memory and to Time by a man much of whose work in literature is devoted to the awakening of a sense of positive wonder. "O brother," he was to ask in Past and Present, "the Infinite of Terror, of Hope, of Pity, did it not at any moment disclose itself to thee, indubitable, unnameable?"[27] Many of the themes of Past and Present are bound up with a sense of wonder: at the Infinite; at the possibility of influencing the eternal Universe through work; at the active, living, unmechanical Universe itself; at the justice of God (or Destiny, or History); at the actuality of the past.

Memory in the Reminiscences is more than the visualizing of past events in one's life. It is an encounter with the mysterious way in which present experience becomes past, while still retaining its power to influence the future. One of the recurring images in Carlyle's work is the "life-tree Igrasil, which waves round thee in this hour, whereof thou in this hour art portion, has its roots down deep in the oldest Death-Kingdoms; and grows; the three Nornas, or Times, Past, Present, Future, watering it from the Sacred Well!"[28] We become so entangled in the present that the actuality of the past has to be thrust upon us in Past and Present: "For King Lackland was there, verily he. . . . There, we say, is the grand peculiarity; the immeasureable one."[29] In the Reminiscences Carlyle's last sight of William Graham of Burnswark accosts us in a striking manner as an image preserved from the past: "at the ending of my Mother's Funeral . . . day bitterly cold, heart bitterly sad, at the gate of Ecclefechan Kirkyard; he was sitting in his Gig, just about to go, I ready to mount for Scotsbrig, and in a day more for London; he gazed on me with his big innocent face, big heavy eyes, as if half-conscious, half-frozen in the cold; and we shook hands nearly in silence" (II, 84). We read this, in its abbreviated syntax and series of brief details, and are affected by it not because of our interest in William Graham himself, but because the winter scene and the silent handshake come to us as a part of Carlyle's recreated past, addressing us from the funeral, and somehow preserved so accurately from all the impressions of that "bitterly cold . . . bitterly sad" day.

The images which Carlyle's memory salvages from the tendency of

Time and age to devour experience often have this air of being wondrously preserved, as well as performing their autobiographical function of portraying the author. "How strange," he reflects on the image preserved from his visit to France of "Little scrubby Boys, playing at ball, on their scrubby patch of Parish-green" near Paris (II, 157). What remains in 1866 of his passage through Beauvais on that trip to France is "the glimpse I had had, the night before, as we drove in this way, of the Coffee-house near by, and in it no company but one tall, sashy, epauletted, well-dressed Officer striding dismally to and fro. . . . impressive on me as an almost unrivalled image of human ennui" (II, 157). The brief encounter between the Officer and the author sitting outside the passing carriage: the wonder is that this should be rescued from oblivion. The incident induces a shadow of the same kind of wonder which Jocelin's Chronicle evoked in Carlyle: "The faint image of [Abbot Samson], revived in this hour, is found in the gossip of one poor Monk, and in Nature nowhere else. Oblivion had so nigh swallowed him altogether, even to the echo of his ever having existed. What regiments and hosts and generations of such has oblivion already swallowed!"[30] The image of the Officer is also an image of Carlyle, however, and as such deserves its place in his autobiography; for this silent encounter spoke more to him than the presence of the Cathedral of Beauvais: at least the Officer survives to find his way into the Reminiscences, while the Cathedral "went for nothing" (II, 157).

The effect upon the tone of Carlyle's Reminiscences of his autobiographical "intention" and his habitual style and presiding ideas was, in its positive form, to promote a sense of the exploring and remembering mind coupled with a sense of the mysteriousness of memory and of life. At its best, this bestows a dignity upon the apparently trivial, through which its significance may emerge, for "Is not every Day the conflux of Two Eternities for every man?" (I, 171) The extempore tone need not make for confusion, but can work positively for Carlyle. The story of the trip of April 1820, in which Carlyle, Irving and another companion progressed on horseback and on foot (by the ride-and-tie method) from Paisley to Ayrshire, is told for its own sake, with the simple dignity of circumstantial detail about food, and the dry-stone wall against which Carlyle and Irving leant as they parted ways for the final stage of the journey. It was here, as the sun set, that Irving drew from Carlyle the admission that their respective views of Christianity were incompatible--Irving seeking the truth "like an elder brother" (II, 90). This disagreement, though undertaken "in the softest manner," was to have obvious implications for their subsequent friendship in London, where Carlyle disapproved of what he took to be Irving's involvement in empty religious fanaticism. They parted that evening: "The sun was about setting, when we turned away, each on his own path. Irving would have a good space farther to go than I (as now occurs to me),--perhaps fifteen or seventeen miles,--and would not be in Kent Street till towards midnight" (II, 90). The actively remembering and tender tone here, with that parenthetical calculation of distance some forty-six years after the event, is an unobtrusively excellent conclusion to this part of the narrative. It leaves one with the irresistable effect of Irving's being still engaged on that long final stage of his walk; walking alone, and away from Carlyle. Part of this effect can be traced to the phrase "Irving would have a good space farther to go," but it gains in immediacy from the fact that they had parted on such a note without Carlyle's realizing what a long and solitary walk lay ahead of his friend.

I said that this passage represented the tone of the Reminiscences at its best, with its unusual sensitivity to the temporal dimension of life, and to the uniqueness of each existence. But I have necessarily been selective, and it must be added that the tone is often maudlin and rancorous enough to jeopardize the better passages of the work. In quoting the description of William Graham, earlier, I had to isolate it (as I think it deserved) from Carlyle's morose introductory comment that Graham had been "shrinking more and more into dull safety and monotonous rusticity," and that "his faculties were getting hebetated, wrapt in lazy eupeptic fat" as he grew "more completely stupid and oblivious" (II, 84). The reminiscences of Jane Welsh Carlyle are heavy with the immediate regrets and complicated remorse connected with her death, and reflect the negative aspect of Carlyle's emotional commitment to his material. Oddly enough, too, the Reminiscences deal poorly with that important period at Hoddam Hill, where Carlyle "conquered . . . the foul and vile and soul-murdering Mud-Gods of my Epoch," to emerge "free in spirit, into the eternal blue of ether" (II, 179). It is presented violently but perfunctorily, with side-blows at "Puseyisms, Ritualism, Metaphysical controversies and cobwebberies . . . Universal Suffrages . . . Nigger Emancipations, Sluggard-and-Scoundrel Protection Societies," but with little of the concrete detail and reverence which he was to devote to events less intrinsically important to him. The tone is busy with large significances--Eternity, Time, Space, Conversion, God, Heaven, Fact and Nature--but busily concludes reference to them in two pages. To most readers the pages must be an interesting factual supplement to Sartor Resartus, rather than a source of illumination about the original experiience of the "Everlasting Yea." One can speculate as to the reasons for this. The Reminiscences succeed best with clear, luminous images from the past, especially those which are seemingly rediscovered in the process of writing. The Hoddam Hill days had been given a classic, if fictionalized, expression in Sartor Resartus. The pages of the Reminiscences which describe the crisis occur within the "Reminiscences of Edward Irving," and while this document is autobiographical as well as biographical, Carlyle may have hesitated to expand upon a time when, by his own admission, he "had next to no correspondence with Irving" (II, 181).

The Reminiscences may fail us in respect of completeness and coherence, or even in respect of amiability, but the tone of the book does convey, even if spasmodically, the sense of immediacy and reverence before Fact which Carlyle had praised in 1832 as the sources of fascination in biography. Boswell, he said, could fascinate the reader by telling of the "smallest and poorest of occurrences," even though the source of his power in conveying incidents is mysterious. Carlyle lights on an example from Boswell's Life of Johnson:

> 'As we walked along the Strand tonight, arm in arm, a woman of the town accosted us in the usual enticing manner. "No, no, my girl," said Johnson; "it won't do." He, however, did not treat her with harshness; and we talked of the wretched life of such women.' Strange power of Reality! Not even this poorest of occurrences, but now, after seventy years are come and gone, has a meaning for us. Do but consider that it is true; that it did in very deed occur! That unhappy Outcast, with all her sins and woes, her lawless desires, too complex mischances, her wailings and her riotings, has departed utterly; alas! her siren finery has got all besmutched, ground, generations since, into dust and smoke; of her degraded body, and whole miserable earthly existence, all is away: she is no longer here, but far from us, in the bosom of Eternity,--whence we too came, whither we too are bound! Johnson said 'No, no, my girl; it won't do'; and then 'we talked';--and herewith the wretched one, seen but for the twinkling of an eye, passes on into the utter Darkness. No high Calista, that ever issued from Story-teller's brain, will impress us more deeply than this meanest of the mean; and for a good reason; that she issued from the Maker of Men.[31]

I want to speak later about the similarities and differences between the biographer's art, such as that of Boswell, and the art of the

Reminiscences; but I want here to place alongside Carlyle's enthusiastic quotation of Boswell two passages from another and more recent biography. The first of these involves Carlyle's series of Lectures on "Heroes and Hero-Worship," given in London in 1840, though the principal actor in this passage is John Stuart Mill:

> [Mill] and Harriet Taylor had attended the earlier performances, but at the second, the "Hero as Prophet," he had disgraced himself. For when the orator launched into his favourite denunciation of "Benthamee Utility, virtue by Profit and Loss," and had reached the rhetorical passage "if you ask me which gives, Mahomet or they, the beggarlier and the falser view of Man and his Destinies," Mill had risen to his feet, pale, but unable to contain himself, and called out a decided "No!" After which Harriet Taylor seems to have given away their tickets.[32]

This is taken from Michael St. John Packe's biography of John Stuart Mill, as is the following, briefer, extract. In that same year, 1840, while visiting his consumptive brother Henry at Falmouth, Mill partook of an alfresco luncheon at Penjerrick, where, as recorded by Caroline Fox, he: "interrupted the conversation to remark on the elation of spirits he always experienced in the country, and illustrated it, with an apology, by jumping."[33]

On one level these are merely anecdotes, and as such more easily incorporated into biography than autobiography, where it is not always easy to tell anecdotes about one's self with the appearance of naturalness. Yet Carlyle seems to have been right in his assertion that the actual, and apparently trivial, can reach out and touch us across the years; the two sketches above are not merely gossip; not ludicrous, either, but human, touching some legitimate part of our biographical interests.

These passages from Packe's biography, however, represent the kind of personal detail which is so signally lacking from Mill's own Autobiography. Yet Mill had in the early draft of his Autobiography singled out for special praise the very article on Johnson in which, as we have seen, Carlyle expresses his characteristic awe before the "Strange power of Reality!" In the first draft, written in 1854, Mill had recorded his reading " Carlyle's article on Johnson, published . . . in Fraser's Magazine, with an enthusiastic admiration I had seldom felt for any contemporary writing" (ED, 145). As he revised the early draft with Harriet, his wife, he tempered this to read "I read his article . . . with enthusiastic admiration" (ED, 145); when he came in 1861 to copy the early draft into the manuscript now in the possession of Columbia University, he omitted all reference to the Johnson article, mentioning only his "enthusiastic admiration" for Sartor Resartus (123).

Certainly the original sentence would, to anyone familiar with the Johnson article, have lain somewhat uneasily within an autobiography whose content and tone differed so markedly from Carlyle's prescriptions, and from Carlyle's own performance in his Reminiscences (though of course the larger part of Mill's Autobiography was in its final form before Carlyle's second and larger set of reminiscences were written). This is not to deny that there are revelations of a personal nature in the Autobiography: about Mill's extraordinary childhood, about his "mental crisis," and about his relationship with Helen Taylor before and after his marriage to her. The revelation of Mill's estimate of his wife's abilities had seemed all too revealing to George Eliot when she read it; she feared "that the exaggerated expressions in which he conveys his feelings about his wife would neutralize all the good that might have come from the beautiful fact of his devotion to her."[34] There are revelations, but the one referred to by George Eliot stands out because there Mill's autobiographic tone is altered. Elsewhere, even when speaking of very personal matters, the tone is circumspect, careful, almost wary, in contrast to Carlyle's abandon. Similarly, while we are aware throughout the Reminiscences of Carlyle's active encounter with memory, the Autobiography conveys to us an impression of a fixed past, available for steady contemplation. This is not only the result of Mill's revising and rewriting his autobiography: the impression remains even after a study of the early draft, though in a somewhat modified form, as I wish to point out later.

The easy way to explain the antithetical nature of the Autobiography and the Reminiscences would be by appealing to the different temperaments of their creators. Of course there is a good deal of truth in this, and Mill himself pointed out, in modest terms characteristic of the Autobiography, the peculiar nature of his early alliance with Carlyle: "I felt that he was a poet, and that I was not; that he was a man of intuition, which I was not; and that as such, he not only saw many things long before me, which I could only when they were pointed out to me, hobble after and prove, but that it was highly probable he could see many things which were not visible to me even after they were pointed out" (124). But as in the earlier instance of Herbert Spencer, I have to say that the tone of an autobiography, while it must be to some extent a reflection of the author, is also of his creation. As I said, we have to be aware of the intentions of the autobiographer, and also of the relationship between his view of man and the tone in which he expresses an image of himself. Now certainly Mill was by temperament and training an abstract thinker, and not a poet; one can be equally certain that he was sincere when he wrote to John Sterling expressing reserve as well as friendship: "Even now I am very far from appearing to you as I am, for though there is nothing that I do not desire to show, there is much that I never do show, and much that I think you cannot even guess."[35] But one should be wary of accepting the tone of the Autobiography at face value: can it accommodate the Mill who cried "No!" to Carlyle in public, or who jumped for joy near Falmouth?

It should be noted, first, that the Autobiography was, like the Utilitarianism and On Liberty, a product of Mill's married years, and one of the works he refers to (as "the Life") in the following letter to Harriet, dated 29 January 1854. He was worried by the worsening of his health:

> I have been feeling much (I must have been incapable of feeling anything if I did not) about the shortness and uncertainty of life & the wrongness of having so much of the best of what we have to say, so long unwritten & in the power of chance--& I am determined to make a better use of what time we have. Two years, well employed, would enable us I think to get most of it into a fit state for printing--if not in the best form for popular effect, yet in the state of concentrated thought--a sort of mental pemmican, which thinkers, when there are any after us, may nourish themselves with & then dilute for other people. . . . I fancy I see one large or two small posthumous volumes of Essays, with the Life at their head, & my heart is set on having these in a fit state for publication quelconque, if we live so long, by Christmass [sic] 1855.[36]

By the end of 1854, the first draft of the autobiographical portion of this "pemmican" had been completed. It is against this background that we must set the tone of the Autobiography, bearing in mind too the beleaguered tone of Mill's correspondence with Harriet about "the Life": "there must be care taken not to put arms into the hands of the enemy."[37]

Mill soon came up against the question of how far a tone of personal reflection upon experience was compatible with the purposes for which he and Harriet had designed this autobiographical piece of "concentrated thought." Some pages of the early draft, where Mill had contemplated his childhood ineptness in everyday life, reach a tone of bitter intensity (despite the fact that "the intense" had been for James Mill "a bye-word of scornful disapprobation" [34]). The memories emerge in a series of sharp, short sentences:

> I was far longer than children generally are before I could put on my clothes. I know not how many years passed before I could tie a knot. My articulation was long imperfect; one letter, r, I could not pronounce until I was nearly sixteen. I could never, nor can I now, do anything requiring the smallest manual dexterity, but I never put even a common share of the exercise of understanding into practical things. I was continually acquiring odd or disagreeable tricks which I very slowly & imperfectly got rid of. (ED, 178-179)

As he attempted to rewrite the fourth of these sentences, Mill's vocabulary became uncharacteristically violent: "ungainly & awkward . . . thoroughly ineffective and bungling" (ED, 179). To Harriet this insistence that Mill's education was "more fitted for training me to know than to do" (ED, 179) went beyond the bounds of autobiographical duty in putting arms into the hands of the enemy. After making some attempts to smooth the passage out, she deleted the whole paragraph from the draft. In the final draft the subject gains a passing reference in a balanced periodic sentence very different from the original series of complaints:

> I consequently remained long, and in a less degree have always remained, inexpert in anything requiring manual dexterity; my mind as well as my hands, did its work very lamely when it was applied, or ought to have been applied, to the practical details which, as they are the chief interest of life to the majority of men, are also the things in which whatever mental capacity they have, chiefly shows itself: I was constantly meriting reproof by inattention, inobservance, and general slackness of mind in matters of daily life. (25)

The bitterness is gone, and the emphasis rather on the possible consequences of a similar education on minds whose primary function will be connected with practical matters. Also, we note that here Mill's inattention "merited reproof"; the early draft had paid less attention to the justice than to the feelings of the situation: "both as a boy & as a youth I was incessantly smarting under his severe admonitions on the subject. He [James Mill] could not endure stupidity" (ED, 179). The revision results in a relaxation of tone: almost a greater sense of security, as the prose enfolds the memory and allocates it a certain significance. One could multiply instances of the effect of such revisions; omitted are James Mill's anger at a review article which "he considered as an attack on Bentham and on him," the walk by the Thames which I mentioned in Chapter II of this thesis, and Mill's attitude towards his mother: "for her remonstrances I never had the slightest regard" (ED, 158, 125, 56). These omissions, and others like them, represent in part a shying away from complications.

The existence of the early draft increases one's awareness of the function of the tone of the Autobiography as a provider of assurance and continuity, but there are instances where one might have been brought to a similar awareness without any knowledge of the process of composition. Most readers of the Autobiography are impressed and fascinated by the account of the "mental crisis" of Mill's young manhood; I would like to quote what is perhaps one of the less familiar passages from this account. Mill has just concluded his discussion of the place of self-consciousness in personal happiness; he goes on to add:

> I never turned recreant to intellectual culture, or ceased to consider the power and practice of analysis as an essential condition both of individual and of social improvement. But I thought that it had consequences which required to be corrected, by joining other kinds of cultivation with it. The maintenance of a due balance among the faculties, now seemed to me of primary importance. The cultivation of the feelings became one of the cardinal points in my ethical and philosophical creed. (101)

Autobiographers recollect their past passions, says Jean-Paul Sartre, in order to inter them in "a calm cemetery."[38] The generalization may be unfair, but Mill's tone here brings it forcibly to mind. The level tone of this passage, with its implication of a sure standpoint (that of the thinker in his eminence and modesty) is conclusive and tidy: what neater conclusion could there be to the description of the crisis? It was beneficial, and it was absorbed into the creed because it suggested something useful: the cultivation of the feelings. The assurance of the tone is applied to a "past passion," but it is the voice of a man with an achieved status, public and personal. We tend to make a double, and perhaps unfair, demand of the autobiographer: that he have some conception of his life's meaning which will shape his story (we would prefer not to wander aimlessly through the scenery of the past), and that he succeed nevertheless in having the past retain its immediacy and autonomy, rather than have it minister to an achieved personality. The tone of voice in which the story is told can contribute much to this double task, but there is clearly a possibility that one effect will be conveyed at the expense of the other.

This is, in fact, what happens with Carlyle and Mill: the Reminiscences convey the immediacy and autonomy of the past, but the Autobiography aims above all at coherence and judiciousness. "In giving an account of this period of my life," says Mill at one point in Chapter V, "I have only specified such of my new impressions as appeared to me, both at the time and since, to be a kind of turning points, marking a definite progress in my mode of thought" (118). This means that relationships tend to be absorbed into the progress of thought in a utilitarian manner; the style becomes brisk, looking forward perhaps to the time when "the life" would stand "at the head" of "one large or two small volumes of Essays." Thus "both Maurice and Sterling were of considerable use to my development" (108); true, within the avowed scope of the Autobiography, but hardly conveying that relationship with Sterling which provoked Mill to write to him in 1840 that "we have been more to each other lately than ever before."[39] The tone is one of abstraction from the texture of experience.

But then Mill was abstract, was he not? His friend John Sterling had felt it necessary to advise a group who were expecting a visit from the philosopher that he had "singularly little sense of the concrete. . . . He is the most scientific thinker extant."[40] It seems, however, that Mill's temperamental bias towards the abstract did not have a uniform effect upon him throughout his life. He himself has described in the Autobiography how the "mental crisis" made him more open to "the common feelings and common destiny of human beings" (104), and modified the utilitarianism into which he had been educated. But Gertrude Himmelfarb has suggested in an interesting essay on Mill that his career involved greater fluctuations between "Benthamite Radicalism" and "Philosophic Toryism" than Mill was prepared to admit in the Autobiography: that, roughly speaking, he began, "aboriginally," with Bentham; developed by 1831 to the point where he felt more in common, in matters of principle, with the Philosophic Tories; was brought back to a more doctrinaire liberalism by his relationship with Harriet; and reverted after her death to his more Tory views.[41]

It would seem, at least, that one has the right to be sceptical about Mill's claim in the Autobiography that his changes of opinion in the 1830's "seemed to confirm while they modified, the truths less generally known which lay in my early opinions, and in no essential part of which I at any time wavered" (118). This would seem to be a calm understatement of the differences between his father and himself at that time; differences revealed by the 1832 critique of Bentham (severely critical, and published anonymously), and by comments in his letters about the "ignorance of man's nature" involved in doctrinaire liberalism.[42]

Another letter of the 1830's (written on May 18, 1833) may also be placed in contrast to some parts of the Autobiography. In writing his life, Mill selected On Liberty as the work of his which was likely to survive the longest; it is, he said: "a kind of philosophic text-book of a single truth" (177). But in the letter of 1833, he had doubted the efficacy of free discussion: "I have not any great notion of the advantages of . . . the 'free discussion' men call the 'collision of opinions,' it being my creed that Truth is sown and germinates in the mind itself, and is not to be struck out suddenly like fire from a flint by knocking another hard body against it."[43] What is impressive here is not that Mill's opinions underwent a change, for he himself made much of the fact, even if his tone conveyed a less violent alteration than actually occurred as a result of Harriet's influence.[44] More significant is the indication that Mill's ideas at this point in his life have their bearing on the tone in which he tells the story of his life. I mentioned earlier that in 1854 Mill's and Harriet's plan for a kind of intellectual "pemmican," and Harriet's revision of the early draft of "the Life," had their effect on the style of the Autobiography. In addition, Mill's ideas were themselves under Harriet's influence in 1854, and the tenor of his discovery in the 1830's of the concrete complexity of human affairs had been replaced by the classic statement of liberalism in On Liberty. So if one feels that, while the tone of the Autobiography is clearly that of a distinguished and humane man, it is also somewhat reductive (see the way in which that interesting man John Arthur Roebuck becomes a counter in Mill's arrangement of his crisis), one might wonder how the work would have been different had it been written earlier, around the time of the essay on Coleridge, or later, at the time of the essay "Theism," which was composed between 1868 and 1870.

What the essays on "Coleridge" and "Theism" have in common is a tone of thoughtful humility before the ways in which belief, and truth and goodness, find expression in the culture and mind of man. In 1840 Mill had referred approvingly to Coleridge's claim that: "The long duration of a belief . . . is at least proof of an adaptation in it to some portion or other of the human mind."[45] In the essay on "Theism" he was to conclude that religion's ability to put "the humblest human creature" in touch with good and with dignity was a positive force in the world. To John Morley this was an "infelicitous compromise with orthodoxy,"[46] but to a reader who is considering not so much the respective merits of rationalism and conservatism but the ways in which a man may tell his own life, the possibilities of such subtlety may seem promising. If one looks by comparison at the essay on "Nature," which Mill was undertaking in consultation with Harriet in 1854, at the same time that he was preparing the Autobiography, one can see that its tone is totally unsuitable for the description of a life. In fact, the tone is little suited to discussion of Nature, being marked by a rigid rationalism which confirms Mill's reputation as "the most scientific thinker extant."

As he examines the injunction to "follow Nature," Mill's procedure tends to be reductive. In "following Nature," he asks, are we to behave like the waves of the sea, which, "like banditti seize and appropriate the wealth of the rich and the little all of the poor with the same accompaniments of stripping, wounding and killing as their human antitypes"?[47] To the idea that man is himself a part of Nature, with a rich instinctual life which puts him in contact with her, Mill replies that "nearly every respectable attribute of humanity is the result not of instinct, but of a victory over instinct."[48] Awe before the forces of the universe? "a little interrogation of our own consciousness will suffice to convince us, that what makes these phenomena so impressive is simply their vastness."[49] A sense of sublimity is a disguised form of terror. The phrasing there is indicative of Mill's attitude: faced with a starry sky (or, in Mill's rather stilted phrase "the boundless firmament"), one "interrogates one's consciousness" and a simple answer emerges to "convince us." Natural violence becomes "an odious scene of violence and tyranny . . . except in as far as tamed and disciplined by man": such is Mill's distinction, then, between the peregrine falcon and the lapdog? What is one's reaction before a landscape painting: a Turner, say? "All praise of Civilization, or Art . . . is so much dispraise of Nature."[50] It is better at this point not to think of Ruskin.

The essay is polemic, of course: an attack on any religious idea of "natural law," and upon any attempt, by means of an appeal to "Nature," to justify ruthless competition and exploitation.[51] But it works through a narrowing view of its subject which makes its "discoveries" appear simplifications. Harriet was pleased with "Nature," however, and sent Mill a "nice say" about it on 30 January 1854. She also sent three sentences about the way in which the disorder of a hurricane is greater than that of the Reign of Terror: "beautiful sentences," says Mill, which "I shall put . . . verbatim into the essay."[52]

The tone of "Nature" is not that of the Autobiography, but it does resemble it in its unwillingness to take up and elaborate ideas and impressions in terms of particular and complex states of mind. While the description of the crisis talks about a state of almost suicidal perplexity, the impression it conveys is of secure orderliness, particularly in the presentation of the consequences of the experience. The description of the reading of Marmontel's Mémoires is fascinating, but it leaves one wondering about the practical effects of this "small ray of light" in Mill's gloom. He tells us that "From this moment my burden grew lighter," but did he "pursue" emotion as a result, in literature as elsewhere? Did he re-read Marmontel, or put the book aside lest a second reading might prove less affecting, and more in keeping with his mood of "dry, heavy dejection"? (98-99) Instead, Mill proceeds to his reassuring summary: "The experiences of this period had two very marked effects on my opinions and character. In the first place, they led me to adopt a theory of life, very unlike that on which I had before acted. . . . The other important change . . . was that I, for the first time, gave its proper place, among the prime necessities of human well-being, to the internal culture of the individual" (99-100). The phrase "its proper place" is static, secure and decided; it belongs very much to the summary, and not to the presentation of the experiences of 1826-1827: it comes very soon after the first "small ray" of emotional "light" from Marmontel.

The effect of this passage is similar to that of the revised versions of the early draft I presented earlier (that on Mill's childhood clumsiness, for example), even though the description of the crisis received only minor alterations from its original version. The extent to which the Autobiography would have read differently had it been written at another point in Mill's career, without the active intervention of Harriet, is a matter for speculation. Mill did write the last part of the Autobiography in 1870, but this quasi-appendix in which he details his political activities and publications since Harriet's death is hardly a reliable indication of what he would have made of his life-story had he commenced it at that time. "Her memory is to me a religion" (170), he wrote after Harriet's death, and he was unlikely to make any striking changes in the work on which they had collaborated so closely. While his intentions with regard to the Autobiography (and Harriet's, as revealed in her revisions), and the particular point in his career at which he composed the greater part of it, cast some light upon its tone, it seems likely that throughout his career Mill would have aimed at that impression of reasonable neatness and clarity. In his other works, he claimed, the completeness and clarity was more than an impression; it was the respectable result of his methods:

> I have always dated from these conversations [with his friends, during which they systematically discussed a number of important books] my own real inauguration as an original and important thinker. It was also through them that I acquired, or very much strengthened, a mental habit to which I attribute all that I have ever done, or ever shall do, in speculation: that of never accepting half-solutions of difficulties as complete; never abandoning a puzzle, but again and again returning to it until it was cleared up; never allowing obscure corners of a subject to remain unexplored because they did not appear important; never thinking that I perfectly understood any part of a subject until I understood the whole. (56)

There is a good deal of pride here not only in being relentless, but in being systematic: in that way puzzles are "cleared up." A good deal of this attitude found its way into the Autobiography, though one might wonder whether, confronted there with the mass of memories and impressions which were his raw material, he followed his rule of "never allowing obscure corners of a subject to remain unexplored": one thinks, for example, of that obscure corner Mrs. James Mill, and the possible connection between the complete absence of reference to his mother, and the embarrassing largesse of reference to his wife. Mill might have felt that this had little to do with his subject of "the successive phases of a mind" (1), but the reader might not be so sure. Much depends upon our conception of what constitute the successive phases of a mind, and from one point of view the method of thought which Mill describes above is unsuitable when applied to self-knowledge and self-presentation:

> prejudices and mental peculiarities are excluded from the discussion: we descend to grounds common to all; certain scientific rules and fixed standards for weighing testimony, and examining facts, are received. Nothing can be urged or made to tell, but what all feel, all comprehend, all can put into words; current language becomes the measure of thought; only such conclusions can be drawn as produce their reasons; only such reasons are in point which can be exhibited in simple propositions; the multiform and intricate assemblage of considerations, which really lead to judgement and action, must be attenuated or mutilated into a major or a minor premiss.[53]

These words are from a sermon, "Love the Safeguard of Faith against Superstition," preached in Oxford on January 13, 1839, by John Henry Newman. He is contrasting "the cast of mind which decides" in matters of Faith, with the process of logical argument and discussion, but the tendency of his argument extends itself to the autobiographical process, especially if the autobiographer is concerned with his spiritual or religious experience. Is it possible to set down with logical exactness the way in which one changes, grows, and makes the momentous decisions of one's life? Even if one feels sure in oneself of the main lines of one's own development, can one submit one's sense of self to language with impunity? Can one find a tone of voice subtle enough yet personal enough to convey who one is? Twenty-five years after he preached this sermon, Newman was to ponder in his own autobiography the problems raised by such an attempt to commit one's life to language; and beyond the difficulties of language are those of memory and interpretation:

"For who can know himself, and the multitude of subtle influences which act upon him? And who can recollect, at the distance of twenty-five years, all that he once knew about his thoughts and his deeds, and that, during a portion of his life, when, even at the time, his observation, whether of himself or of the external world, was less than before or after, by very reason of the perplexity and dismay which weighed upon him. . . .[54]

Newman's philosophical stance was likely to make the prospect of writing an autobiography all the more intimidating. Mill's acceptance of the doctrine of the association of ideas, as opposed to intuitionism, naturally suggested the presentation of personality by thorough reference to its circumstances; in the Autobiography he claimed that there were "irresistible proofs that by far the greater part of those differences, whether between individuals, races, or sexes, are such as not only might but naturally would be produced by differences in circumstances" (192). The stress laid in the Autobiography upon his education, while natural in view of its extraordinary nature, would clearly follow from such a philosophical assumption. A certain leeway for the expression of character as opposed to determining circumstance would seem to be provided by his proviso that "our will, by influencing some of our circumstances, can modify our future habits or capabilities of willing" (119).

In the case of Carlyle, a fairly clear autobiographical direction is provided by his recognition of the God-given spiritual constitution of each man, and his battle to intuit aright the Divine in the world, and the noble in himself, and to live by reference to it.[55] Thus while in the Reminiscences he acknowledges his debt to Goethe in the Hoddam Hill days which brought him "into the eternal blue of ether,--where, blessed be Heaven, I have, for the spiritual part, ever since lived"

(II, 179), the main emphasis is on his own effort of spiritual will: "meditations, musings and reflections . . . conquered all my scepticisms . . an immense victory . . . the steep rocky road . . . this grand spiritual battle now gained" (II, 179-180).

If one looks at Newman's view of man as revealed in his writings on Faith, which have an obvious appropriateness in the context of the Apologia, one sees that the moral dimension of character is there linked with a subtle and complex view of the way in which decisions are made, actions undertaken, and religious Faith accepted. In his University Sermons, which even as a Catholic he regarded as the solid basis of his writings on Faith,[56] he is at pains to point out that Faith is a test of moral character: "The safeguard of Faith is a right state of heart. This it is that gives it birth; it also disciplines it,"[57] which assertion is in keeping with his belief that our most important intellectual decisions cannot be abstracted from our character as a whole. The University Sermons also claim that the closer we examine the movement of the human mind, the less inclined we should be to regard it as governed by "Reason" as we normally understand the word: "whether we consider processes of Faith or other exercise of Reason, men advance forward on grounds which they do not, or cannot produce, or if they could, yet could not prove to be true, on latent or antecedent grounds which they take for granted."[58] Working his way through the familiar theological problem of the relationship between Faith and Reason, and arguing perhaps against the empiricist view of Reason represented in Locke, Hume, and in his own day Bentham and James Mill, Newman develops a view of man and of man's activities which will represent his re-definition of Reason. In the process, he gives out within a single sermon such as that on "The Nature of Faith in Relation to Reason" a number of interesting speculations which show how he had come by 1839 to regard the most important mental activities of man. He suggests, for example, that the higher and most desirable forms of knowledge are always supported by the most subtle evidence; also that in mathematics, science and generalship we see a delicate and abstruse form of Reason at work which is far removed from "the technical forms which the science of argument requires."[59]

Famous passages from the Apologia show a similar insistence on the complexity of human Reason, and indicate that Newman wished to show that his view of man (as well as of religion) was more comprehensive and wiser than that of his bête noire, liberalism, with its tendency to abstract. "[Kingsley] asks what I mean;" he had insisted in the Preface to the Apologia, "not about my words, not about my arguments, not about my actions, as his ultimate point, but about that living intelligence by which I write, and argue, and act" (12).

I want to pause at this point and return for a moment to Loss and Gain, with which I opened this chapter's discussion of tone in autobiography. Given that the novel has an "ambiguous" status as an autobiographical document,[60] it seems to be clear that the tone through which Newman appears to us in the University Sermons and the Apologia is far removed from the epicene tone of much of the novel. One could say that Newman was an indifferent novelist and a fine controversialist, and let it go at that, but a little more needs to be said.

First, if the Apologia is compared with the autobiographies of Mill and Carlyle, it becomes clear that Newman's insistence on man's being "not a reasoning animal" but "a seeing, feeling, contemplating, acting animal"[61] does not issue in an autobiography which conveys in the texture of life how a man sees, or what he sees (or hears, tastes and smells), but that in respect of concrete detail Newman is closer to Mill than to Carlyle: the emphasis is on thought, contemplation and feeling. In what is perhaps the most impressive single passage of an otherwise disappointing book, the Catholic priest who appears in Chapter VI of Part III of Loss and Gain says: "A man's moral self is concentrated in each moment of his life; it lives in the tips of his fingers, and the spring of his insteps. A very little thing tries what a man is made of" (LG, 379). This attractive but somewhat intimidating idea is, one would have thought, a superb motto for the novelist, whose role it is to convey to us the significance of life in the concrete. But Loss and Gain fails to live up to this; there is a distressing separation between the "feel" of the concrete lives of the characters, and the ideas they are obviously meant to embody. Where a connection of some kind is made, as in the case of Bateman's rather feminine ritualism, which emerges in his actions and tone of voice as well as in his ideas, the effect is surprisingly crude.

More surprising, perhaps, is that the priest's words should find an equal lack of response in the Apologia, which is a so much better book than Loss and Gain; at least, while the autobiography may convey a sense in which "a man's moral sense is concentrated in each moment of his life," it does not show its expression in the tips of fingers, or the spring of the insteps, or the way in which "we exhale ourselves every breath we draw" (LG, 379): the connections between the physical, mental and moral dimensions of life. The kind of compressed insight and scrutiny which Carlyle puts into his brief portraits in the Reminiscences expresses more of this than the Apologia. This is partly a result of the particular and well-known circumstances under which the Apologia was written, and Newman's claim in the Preface that he wished to convey "that living intelligence by which I write, and argue, and act" conveys very well the effect of the work.

Nevertheless, my point here, within the narrower scope of my discussion in this chapter, is that Newman's control of tone is much better in the Apologia than in Loss and Gain, and that this is so because he is able in the later work to speak in a continuous, urgent voice of his own, rather than in invented dialogue and an authorial voice where he seems to have felt constrained to be "light." Also, he is able to keep the presentation of personality in the Apologia away, on the whole, from the presentation of the activities of everyday life, where his tone is liable to become less attractive and sympathetic.

The tone of the Apologia is perhaps best described in terms of what it enables Newman to effect in the reader's mind. It allows him to obtain great resonance from what the reader might in another context regard as insignificant material; it creates a mood of intimacy which is not to be taken for granted; it succeeds in leading the reader into assent to beliefs or ideas which must in the majority of cases be alien to him; and it creates a sense of constant mental activity within which the movement towards a change of Faith seems flatteringly comprehensible to the reader. Not all of these achievements can be attributed solely to tone--a full account would have to deal with the structure of the argument, the use of letters and articles, and other sources of the total effect--but I want to close this chapter by examining the part played by tone in the creation of these effects.

Newman's view of Faith, as expounded in the University Sermons, and summarized in the Apologia (179-181), not only provides a sensitive and subtle basis for the description of Newman's religious opinions, but also provides the reader with a means of laying hold of the complex movement towards the Catholic Church. If indeed "He who made us has so willed, that in mathematics . . . we should arrive at certitude by rigid demonstration, but in religious inquiry we should arrive at certitude by accumulated probabilities" (179-181), then by responding to each particular stage in Newman's progress one is correctly tracing the movement of an obviously sophisticated mind. As Newman reiterates that view of man which substantiates his idea of "accumulated probabilities," his tone reassures us that our piecing together of the narrative is a credit to our own sophistication:

> I felt altogether the force of the maxim of St. Ambrose, 'Non in dialectica complacuit Deo salvum facere populum suum;'--I had a great dislike of paper logic. For myself, it was not logic that carried me on; as well might one say that the quicksilver in the barometer changes the weather. It is the concrete being that reasons; pass a number of years, and I find my mind in a new place; how? the whole man moves; paper logic is but the record of it. All the logic in the world would not have made me move faster to Rome than I did; as well might you say that I have arrived at the end of my journey, because I see the village church before me, as venture to assert that the miles, over which my soul had to pass before it got to Rome, could be annihilated. . . . (155-156)

The reader, with Newman, is included in the "populum suum"; he too can turn to the authority of St. Ambrose if he accepts the reasonableness of Newman's case. The analogies are pleasing, as is the invitation to the reader to see himself as a "whole man" and a "concrete being." The passage has something of the charm of the tone of the University Sermons, where the leap of Faith which had seemed contrary to Reason is converted into the highest expression of Reason, each man's equivalent of "the celebrated Lemma, with which Newton opens his Principia."[62] Newman uses a similar tonal device in the final chapter of the Apologia; the authority this time is St. Augustine, and the invitation here too is to consent through the breadth of one's own understanding: "I take up in their behalf St. Augustine's beautiful words, 'Illi in vos saeviant,' &c. Let them be fierce with you who have no experience of the difficulty with which error is discriminated from truth, and the way of life is found amid the illusions of the world" (234-235).

Newman's tone has peculiar power to make one wish to agree, not only in the general conception of intellectual change, as above, but in the case of particular "probabilities." I mentioned the "resonance" that Newman can draw from "what the reader might in another context regard as insignificant material," and I think the treatment of the Monophysites comes into this category. Walter Houghton has ascribed the impact of this part of Chapter III to delaying tactics, mounting suspense, matter-of-fact details, and the climactic doubt: "the Protestants were the Eutychians."[63] But he does not mention, or quote, the final sentence of the crucial paragraph. It reads: "Of all passages of history, since history has been, who would have thought of going to the sayings and doings of old Eutyches, that _delirus senex_, as (I think) Petavius calls him, and to the enormities of the unprincipled Dioscorus, in order to be converted to Rome!" (108) Newman is almost apologetic for the source of this large element in the "converging probabilities" of his conversion. But in the flattering appeal to the reader to share his surprise at the agency of Eutyches and Dioscorus, he is apologizing merely for the details of the situation, and diverting a part of the reader's incredulity away from the principle of the Monophysite heresy, and the basic method of the conversion (reading in antiquity). Thus instead of expressing surprise at this mode of conversion, which must have appeared remote to the majority of his lay readers, Newman makes the leading assumption that "old Eutyches" himself was the only surprising factor.

The passage describing the effect of the Monophysite heresy works within the _Apologia_, despite what I take to be its remoteness from the experience of most readers, because Newman's tone has made one sensitive to such matters--partly by drawing one into a mental landscape where such readings do bulk large, and partly by creating in one, strange as it may seem, a sense of obligation to the author. This latter is what I referred to earlier as "a mood of intimacy which is not to be taken for granted." When Newman tells of his feeling that "it would be the will of God that I should lead a single life" (20), he does it "with great reluctance," because he is "obliged to mention it." The level, reasonable and generous tone to which we have become accustomed in Chapter IV, and which one has found intimately persuasive as it argues that "it is the concrete being that reasons," can turn after the publication of Tract 90 to a cry of justified anger: "Why will you not let me die in peace? Wounded brutes creep into some hole to die in, and no-one grudges it them. Let me alone, I shall not trouble you long" (158). The effect is not to alienate one, but to deepen one's sympathies: certainly one does not wish to probe rudely, like the Doctors of Divinity who "dived into the hidden recesses of that private tenement [Littlemore] uninvited" (158).

This particular effect is difficult to obtain in Loss and Gain, where Charles Reding has to introduce his leanings towards celibacy in the course of conversation: "It's no new notion taken up . . . you will smile, but I had it when a boy at school, and I have ever since fancied that I should never marry. Not that the feeling has never intermitted, but it is the habit of my mind. My general thoughts run in that one way, that I shall never marry. If I did, I should dread Thalaba's punishment" (LG, 192). This admission provokes a discussion on the place of celibacy in the Church of England. One grows to feel that one has a right to hear the intimate details of Reding's aspirations, whereas in the Apologia the very tone in which a fact is stated may both suggest a great deal, and express restraint and privacy: "On the morning of the 23rd I left the

Observatory. I have never seen Oxford since, excepting its spires, as they are seen from the railway" (213).

Some of the ability of the Apologia to convince one, or to make one believe that in Newman one has a mind whose view of reality is accessible to oneself, derives from its tendency to attend to mental subtleties whilst passing over the concrete activities in which the mind found expression. One might be impressed, for example, by the tone of calm reasonableness conveyed by the following extract from a letter to Keble, which appears in Chapter IV:

> Last Long Vacation the idea suggested itself to me of publishing the lives of the English Saints; and I had a conversation with [a publisher] upon it. I thought it would be useful, as employing the minds of men who were in danger of running wild, bringing them from doctrine to history, and from speculation to fact;--again, as giving them an interest in the English soil, and the English Church, and keeping them from seeking sympathy in Rome, as she is; and further, as tending to promote the spread of right views. (190)

One of the young men who was thus to be brought from speculation to fact was J.A. Froude, who was assigned the life of St. Patrick. His account of his attempt to write his "life" is given in "The Oxford Counter-Reformation":

> St. Patrick I found once lighted a fire with icicles, changed a Welsh marauder into a wolf, and floated to Ireland upon an altar stone. I thought it nonsense. I found it eventually uncertain whether Patricius was not a title, and whether any single apostle of that name had so much as existed. After a short experiment I had to retreat out of my occupation, and let the series go on without me. But the excursion among the Will-o'-the-wisps of the spiritual morasses did not leave me as it found me. I was compelled to see that in certain conditions of mind the distinction between objective and subjective truth has no existence.[64]

Froude finds it necessary to bring Newman's project into contact with the actual facts of the case. One sees not only the fluctuations of Newman's mind, but the concrete results of this development--its fruits within the day-to-day life of those who participated in his attempt "to promote the spread of right views." One senses relationships and tensions which a novel could portray, and is drawn into the incident as a spectator, a possible participant. Froude too has his tone: one of good sense and moderation. He intimates that while Newman was a remarkable man, he was not always a sensible man. Of the theory of assent as described in the Grammar of Assent, he asks: "Why should we allow our convictions on the most serious of subjects to be influenced by evidence which we should not dare to admit if we were deciding a common civil criminal case?"[65]

In a way, this bluff question does raise the major objection to Newman's concept of Faith as propounded in the University Sermons: that this revised "Reason" is capable not only of leading one to Faith, but of sanctioning all kinds of superstition. Newman struggles with this problem without ever answering it satisfactorily, having to conclude that Faith "becomes superstition or credulity, enthusiasm or fanaticism, or bigotry, in proportion as it emancipates itself from this spirit of wisdom and understanding, of counsel and ghostly strength, of knowledge and true godliness, and holy fear."[66] Obedience and love are one's safeguards. Now the tone of the Apologia is such that one is led to reject Froude's objection, with its reference to "a common civil criminal case." In fact, if one is fresh from a reading of the Apologia, one may feel inclined to condescend to Froude, and his conception of how the most important decisions are made. One is not involved in a criminal case, nor with anything "common" or "civil," but in matters of character and Faith to which the analogy of a criminal court is inappropriate. For whereas the tone of Loss and Gain is manufactured, pre-arranged and indulgent, that of the Apologia is one of testing and balancing. One is likely to admire its way of laying calm hold upon contrary states: "I determined to be guided, not by my imagination, but by my reason" (112) . . . "I had no right, I had no leave, to act against my conscience.

That was a higher rule than any argument about the Notes of the Church" (139) . . . "the more implicit the reverence one pays to a Bishop, the more keen will be one's perception of heresy in him" (149) . . . "I was not confident about my permanent adhesion to the Anglican creed; but I was in no actual perplexity or trouble of mind" (128). Because Newman's tone is complex yet admirably controlled, one is prepared to accept, with him and against Froude--even against one's own perception of the arguments themselves--that the route to Faith can be complex _and_ controlled. That this should be so is a tribute to the art of the autobiographer, for, as I have said, the major doubt one brings away from the _University Sermons_ is not about the complexity of "Reason" (this is beautifully conveyed), but about the controls to which it is subject. Newman's conclusion that Faith "is perfected, not by intellectual cultivation, but by obedience,"[67] and that in this way it can be distinguished from superstition, may leave one sceptical, but the _Apologia_ itself succeeds in conveying this idea.

It is not simply that Newman's mind is such that one responds to it with an immediate sympathy. Often one feels on reflection that the opposite is true. See, for example, the part of Chapter I in which one is led, by a tone of quiet dignity mixed with a suggestion of restrained excitement, to sympathize with Newman's view of the relationship between Heaven and the physical universe: "Every breath of air and ray of light and heat," he says at one point there, "is, as it were, the skirts of their garments, the waving of the robes of those whose faces see God" (37). But if one pauses to consider the idea to which one has given at least some element of assent, what does one find it to be? That Angels cause motion, but that when interpreted by human senses the Angels "suggest to us the notion of cause and effect." But this role would involve

Angels not only in the production of "every beautiful prospect," but also in the production of many unsavoury activities of which Newman prefers not to speak, and which I shall leave unspecified. One notes, too, that Newman believes this about the Angels not as a result of any Blake-like vision, but on authority: the statements of the Alexandrian school, supported by some implications of Scripture. If I can speak personally for a moment, as is perhaps necessary in such a case, I must say that the waving of these Angelic robes seems perilously close to the Will-o'-the-wisps of the spiritual morasses which Froude encountered in his quest for St. Patrick. If, on reading of them, they do not appear as an ignis fatuus and the product of a wholly alien sensibility, it is because this passage follows Newman's eloquent warning about the inadequacy of ecclesiastical symbols, and of human intelligence: "Holy Church in her sacraments and her hierarchical appointments, will remain, even to the end of the world, after all but a symbol of those heavenly facts which fill eternity. Her mysteries are but the expression in human language of truths to which the human mind is unequal" (37).

In the Note on "liberalism" which Newman prepared to follow the Apologia, he quotes the liberal tenet that "No one can believe what he does not understand," and comments: "Therefore, for example, there are no mysteries in true religion" (260). Throughout the Note, too, we see his distaste for the liberal antagonism towards authority. An awe before the truly mysterious, and a respect for what is truly authoritative; the complexity of Reason, and the serene certitude of Faith: Newman's guiding ideas, themselves a mixture of the fixed and the dynamic, lent him in autobiography the tone of one for whom the reflective examination of a life was not to be undertaken lightly; but they gave him also the basis upon which he could write his life without reducing it to something other than itself. To reduce, or to know too easily: these are dangers in autobiographical writing. Henry James was to say that "the art of the biographer--devilish art!--is somehow practically thinning. It simplifies even while seeking to enrich,"[68] and we might apply the same complaint to the art of the autobiographer. There was always the possibility that the art of the novelist might come to the assistance of the autobiographer; but the Apologia stands as a representative of another, less tangible means of "enrichment." Its structure seems to me to have been overrated,[69] but the Apologia is a triumph of the ability of tone to convey character. J.A. Froude, despite his disagreements with Newman, paid a relevant tribute to the tone of the Oxford Sermons, interestingly stressing their autobiographical nature, and also making it clear that tone is intimately connected with character:

> The hearts of men vibrate in answer to one another like the strings of musical instruments. These sermons were, I suppose, the records of Newman's own mental experience. They appear to me to be the outcome of continued meditation upon his fellow-creatures and their position in this world; their awful responsibilities; the mystery of their nature, strangely mixed of good and evil, of strength and weakness. A tone, not of fear, but of infinite pity runs through them all, and along with it a resolution to look facts in the face; not to fly to evasive generalities about infinite mercy and benevolence, but to examine what revelation really has added to our knowledge, either of what we are or of what lies before us.[70]

CHAPTER V

AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND NARRATIVE: THE INFLUENCE OF THE NOVEL

> It is equally excellent and inconclusive to say that one must write from experience. . . . What kind of experience is intended, and where does it begin and end? Experience is never limited, and it is never complete; it is an immense sensibility, a kind of huge spider-web of the finest silken threads suspended in the chamber of consciousness, and catching every air-borne particle in its tissue. It is the very atmosphere of the mind; and when the mind is imaginative--much more when it happens to be that of a man of genius--it takes to itself the faintest hints of life, it converts the very pulses of the air into revelations.[1]

Henry James's definition in "The Art of Fiction" of the nature of "experience" points out reassuringly that the possibilities of experience are wider than is commonly imagined: "The young lady living in a village has only to be a damsel upon whom nothing is lost to make it quite unfair (as it seems to me) to declare to her that she shall have nothing to say about the military."[2] On the other hand, it is intimidating, for the autobiographer as well as for the novelist, to be told to "write from experience and experience only," and to be "one of the people on whom nothing is lost,"[3] when the experience which is both creator and subject-matter is "the very atmosphere of the mind." The autobiographer's task is to convey a sense of the entirety of his own experience, and James's essay, along with James's novels, and the novels of other authors, might suggest to him that the art of fiction has something to teach him in that respect. "Humanity is immense," says James, "and reality has a myriad forms," but some of the flowers of fiction have the odour of reality--that "air of reality" which is "the supreme virtue of a novel."[4]

However, one might have thought that by 1888, when "The Art of Fiction" was published, nineteenth-century autobiography would be able to provide writers with some sense of a tradition, extending back in its modern form, as I suggested in Chapter I, to Romantic experiments in autobiography, and culminating in the recent achievements of Ruskin and Newman. It would be ironic if the autobiographer were to turn to the novel for formal inspiration in the late nineteenth century, at a time when the interest in autobiography for its own sake was very high, and when the self-portraits of Mill, Newman, Ruskin, Trollope and Carlyle had shown, in ways very distinct from fiction, the range of Victorian autobiography.

Of these Victorian autobiographies, *Praeterita* and the *Apologia* are in their different ways the most pleasing; but their form and tone are not easy to imitate. *Praeterita* succeeds as the self-portrait of a man whose personal development was intimately connected with his experience of art, architecture and landscape, and few prospective autobiographers would wish to present their lives through the mixture of essay and controlled association which Ruskin handles so well. The *Apologia*, apart from being a response to a particular and unusual challenge, relies very much for its success on a tone which persuades and reveals; one could no more take over that particular voice than one could appropriate to oneself the events of Newman's life. One's reaction to the *Apologia* is likely to be similar to that expressed by George Eliot in 1864; the book is a fine revelation of a life, but of a life "how different in form from one's own":[5] different too in its mode of expression.

Edmund Gosse admired Ruskin's great prose style, and "the vivid moral excitement which dances, an incessant sheet-lightning, over the background of each gorgeous passage,"[6] and *Father and Son*, like *Praeterita*, presents a religious and family history which begins with childhood Bible-instruction, and climaxes in the author's defection from the Puritanism of his parents. But Gosse cannot be said to have inherited the form of Praeterita, in anything like the same way that Samuel Richardson took over the formal experiments of his predecessors in the epistolary novel, or young Charles Dickens the form of Smollett's fiction.

Newman's Apologia is very much a presence in George Moore's Hail and Farewell, but this is because Moore's three-volume autobiography is an anti-Apologia. Its avowed purpose is the opposite of the Apologia's, and its form and tone represent an equally categorical opposition to Newman's autobiography. This opposition is an avowal of influence, and of autobiographical tradition, but in a very negative sense.

While Praeterita and the Apologia were not influential in terms of form, they had revealed the possibilities open to the autobiographer, in much the same way as that extremely influential but virtually inimitable autobiography The Prelude had done, earlier in the nineteenth century. Certainly The Prelude provides a pattern of experience, and a myth of spiritual growth, against which subsequent writers were to measure their own lives; Wordsworth's idea of "the spot of time" was also taken up later in the century as a means of relating particular intense experiences to the whole of one's development--it was used by Ruskin in Praeterita. I do not wish to underestimate the value of such an inheritance, or its power as an organizing principle; in Father and Son Edmund Gosse, reflecting upon his isolated childhood, and attempting to trace some consistent development in it, invokes The Prelude as a potent symbol of the fact that even in his isolation he was following, unbeknown to himself, the path trodden by other men. He affirms this even as he makes the necessary distinctions between Wordsworth and himself:

> A new element now entered into my life, a fresh rival arose to compete for me with my Father's dogmatic theology. This rival was the Sea. When Wordsworth was a little child, the presence of the mountains and the clouds lighted up his spirit with gleams that were like the flashing of a shield. He has described, in the marvellous pages of the Prelude, the impact of nature upon the infant soul, but he has described it vaguely and faintly, with some 'infirmity of love for days disowned by memory'--I think because he was brought up in the midst of spectacular beauty, and could name no moment, mark no "here' or 'now' when the wonder broke upon him. . . . my own impregnation with the obscurely-defined but keenly-felt loveliness of the open sea dates from the first week of my ninth year.[7]

The myth of The Prelude performs an important function for nineteenth-century autobiography in suggesting that life may have its own organic pattern which may be located and presented; Praeterita shows that a mixture of the discursive and didactic with personal history need not be incoherent; the Apologia shows how the sense of a life may be conveyed with a minimum of circumstantial detail--and conveyed powerfully enough to enamour a Protestant country of a Catholic convert. These things are important, but they do differ from the direct assistance given by Thomas Love Peacock's Crotchet Castle to Aldous Huxley when he sat down to compose Crome Yellow. The right combination of cranks which should be brought together at a country house; the way in which female characters may be used to relieve the male disputants of their dryness, their unresolved disputes, and single-mindedness; the need to find a central incident which will give the book some appearance of forward motion, as opposed to eddying bouts of talk; the care which needs to be taken with style, to provide the right contrast between eloquence and judgement in the comic characters (Mr. Scogan in Crome Yellow ought to be intolerable; that his monologues read freshly a second and third time is due to the mixture of epigram and rhetoric--learnt from Peacock--with which Huxley effortlessly builds them up): this is concrete assistance in the matter of form with which Wordsworth cannot be said to provide Ruskin, nor Ruskin Gosse.

The novel, on the other hand, could possibly provide concrete assistance of this kind to the writer faced with the problem of moving from fact to art: of converting the mass of one's experience--that experience which in James's words "is never limited, and . . . never complete"--into art. Certainly some of the problems of the autobiography and the novel seem to be related. In his Notes on Novelists, for example, James examines two of the novelist's major problems: the necessity of producing a sense of duration, and of accommodating dialogue into the narrative. (James thought that he himself had failed in Roderick Hudson to evoke the necessary lapse of time which would make Hudson's deterioration credible.)[8] Now these are also two of the autobiographer's major difficulties. In lingering over matters which he considers important, and moving rapidly over other years or even decades, the autobiographer can produce disturbing effects, as when one is whisked through Newman's childhood and adolescence, to be brought to a halt at the Oriel Common Room, or when the expansive treatment of Mill's mental crisis gives way to the more rapid exposition of the years which followed. Mill's married life with Harriet was, admittedly, brief, but in the Autobiography it seems even more attenuated than it was. Trollope's An Autobiography proceeds at a constantly accelerating pace from childhood to old age. The second problem which James raises here, that of dialogue, has obvious implications for a form where dialogue extending for more than two or three exchanges is open to the accusation that, since it could not possibly be remembered, it must be fiction.

With these similarities in mind, one's surprise might not be that

George Moore and Edmund Gosse drew upon the novel in writing their autobiographies, but that such experimentation was delayed until the beginning of the twentieth century (or, if William Hale White's Mark Rutherford books are taken as autobiography, until the end of the nineteenth). The novel seems to have run a parallel course to autobiography in that both can be seen emerging in their modern forms in the eighteenth century, and Wayne Shumaker, when he attempts in English Autobiography to suggest some reasons for the rise of autobiography, produces evidence which could be applied with equal aptness to the rise of the novel: the substitution of inductive thought-habits for deductive; the development of printing and the growth of the reading public; Puritanism, and the religious interest in introspection; the secularization of thought, leading to an increased emphasis on social living; the prevalence of first-person travel narratives.[9]

Nevertheless, I think that the statement I made in Chapter III is true, that in the half-century between Newman's Apologia and World War I, the earlier generation of autobiographers had to come to terms with the familiar essay, the didactic essay or book, the work of social criticism and the travel book, while it was the second generation who were concerned to test the extent to which the novel could enrich autobiography. But this division raises the further question of why the earlier autobiographers of the period--Harriet Martineau, Mill, Spencer, Ruskin, Newman, Trollope--did not make more direct use of the examples afforded by the autobiographical novels and the first-person narratives which had been published in the mid nineteenth century. Jane Eyre (1847), David Copperfield (1849-50), and George Borrow's autobiographical Lavengro (1851), to take three examples, had all been published before Mill's autobiography was begun in 1854, but neither he nor the autobiographers whom I have grouped with him show any sign of the direct influence of the novel. Some of the reasons for this I have already suggested in Chapter II: that these were the autobiographies of great Victorian prose writers, or thinkers, who were in many cases propelled by their desire to dissert upon topics of importance, as much as by a desire to reveal themselves to the public; for Ruskin, Harriet Martineau, Newman and Mill, any turn to the novel as the model for the description of a life would be a turning-away from their habitual modes of expression. The example of Trollope is instructive, however; in *An Autobiography* the dramatized scenes are far outweighed by the discursive pages, the essay and the summary. Also, Trollope's is the only "pure" autobiography published by a prominent early-Victorian novelist. We have no autobiographies from George Eliot, Thackeray, Kingsley or the Brontës; what we do have are *The Mill on the Floss*, *Pendennis*, *Alton Locke* and *Jane Eyre*: novels which contain a greater or lesser degree of autobiographical experience. Dickens's case is slightly more complicated in that he did write the autobiographical fragment we know from Forster's *Life*, as well as other pages which Forster destroyed. In Dickens's case the progression from autobiography to *David Copperfield* represents a movement from painfully dredged-up memories to the more fluent and sublimated medium of fiction, but for many novelists the choice beteeen the two forms--autobiography and autobiographical novel—is likely to resolve itself around the restrictions imposed by pure autobiography. When one has set forth one's life-experience, or a substantial part of it, in a novel of the quality of *The Mill on the Floss*, one is unlikely to use it again in a pure autobiography: a novelist is likely to tire of the restrictions imposed upon his art by the emphasis which autobiography puts upon truthfulness. The more the novelist develops his dialogue, the more he relies upon symbolism, the more he arranges his life to accord with what he feels is a necessary structural harmony, the less patience he is likely to have with a literary form which demands fidelity to the actual circumstances in which his life was lived, and the more he will turn to the autobiographical novel, and its greater flexibility. If he has already used autobiographical material in fiction, as Trollope had in The Three Clerks and The Small House at Allington, he is tempted, as we have seen, to refer the reader of the autobiography to the novels, rather than set about the description for a second time.[10]

The novelist is likely to feel the restrictions of the autobiography more acutely than a writer like Ruskin or Mill; on the other hand, certain complications result from an attempt to tap the resources of the novel for use in autobiography. What these resources are, I can perhaps suggest through contrasting quotations. The first quotation is a brief passage from Darwin's Autobiography, in which he describes the reaction of his friend Professor Henslow to a Cambridge mob which was assaulting two body-snatchers: "Never in my life have I seen such wrath as was shown by Henslow at this horrid scene. He tried repreatedly to penetrate the mob; but it was simply impossible. He then rushed away to the mayor, telling me not to follow him, but to get more policemen. I forget the issue, except that the two men were got into the prison without being killed."[11] This is typical of Darwin's anecdotes in that it is introduced to illustrate an assertion--in this case that "Henslow's benevolence was unbounded"; typical too in its summary form: the scene has a paragraph to itself, and ends on the rather limp note of "I forget the issue," because Henslow's intervention is the point of the story, and this has already been described.

The Apologia Pro Vita Sua, while a very different autobiography from Darwin's, contains similar kinds of summary; the following passage is not untypical in its flat assertion of important occurrences:

> When I was fifteen (in the autumn of 1816) a great change of thought took place in me. I fell under the influences of a definite Creed, and received into my intellect impressions of dogma, which, through God's mercy, have never been effaced or obscured. Above and beyond conversations and sermons of the excellent man, long dead, the Rev. Walter Mayers, of Pembroke College, Oxford, who was the human means of the beginning of divine faith in me, was the effect of the books which he put into my hands, all of the school of Calvin. One of the first books I read was a work of Romaine's; I neither recollect the title nor the contents, except one doctrine, which of course I do not included among those which I believe to have come from a divine source--viz. the doctrine of final perseverance. I received it at once, and believed that the inward conversion of which I was conscious (and of which I still am more certain than that I have hands and feet) would last into the next life, and that I was elected to eternal glory. I have no consciousness that this belief had any tendency whatever to lead me to be careless about pleasing God. I retained it till the age of twenty-one, when it gradually faded away . . . . (17-18)

Most readers, seeing this passage detached from its context, will be struck by its abstractness, in that the momentous changes are recorded in terms of cause and effect. The Rev. Walter Mayers and the Calvinist books are the causes; the effects intellectual "impressions of dogma" and a sense of being one of the elect. One does not hear the Rev. Mayers, or Newman, speak; they are not seen in any setting, engaged in any particular activities apart from speaking, listening, preaching and reading. Certainly one expects a certain amount of summary in autobiography, because of the mass of potential subject-matter, but one would be surprised by such a presentation of "a great change of thought" if one encountered it in a novel. The occurrence seems to take place very much in the past, with its significance decided.

In Gosse's Father and Son (1907), part of the effect of the author's awareness of the novel is an increase in the number of dramatic scenes. Gosse, like Newman, speaks of the past, but arranges it so that the reader wonders, anticipates, visualizes and hears. The following scenes, for example, occur on the return of Gosse's mother from a specialist whom she had consulted about alarming symptoms of ill-health:

> I had been put to bed by my Father, in itself a noteworthy event. My crib stood near a window overlooking the street; my parents' ancient four-poster, a relic of the eighteenth century, hid me from the door, but I could see the rest of the room. After falling asleep on this particular evening, I awoke silently, surprised to see two lighted candles on the table, and my Father seated writing by them. I also saw a little meal arranged.
>
> While I was wondering at all this, the door opened, and my Mother entered the room; she emerged from behind the bed-curtains, with her bonnet on, having returned from her expedition. My Father rose hurriedly, pushing back his chair, and greeted her by exclaiming: "Well, what does he say?" There was a pause, while my Mother seemed to be steadying her voice, and then she replied, loudly and distinctly, "He says it is _______" and she mentioned one of the most cruel maladies by which our mortal nature can be tormented. Then I saw them fold one another in a silent long embrace, and presently sink together out of sight on their knees, at the further side of the bed, whereupon my Father lifted up his voice in prayer. Neither of them had noticed me, and now I lay back in my pillow and fell asleep. (33-34)

These paragraphs are touching, but they have to be set beside passages from other autobiographies to be seen as technically original. In a novel the brief dialogue, the circumstantial detail, the geography of the room, the gestures and pauses of the mother and father, would seem unremarkable. In autobiography, however, the temptation is always to describe, summarize and gloss experience, and writers succumb to this temptation for a number of reasons. Because they have access to their own memories of an occurrence, they feel less of the novelist's responsibility to recreate it dramatically. The personal nature of the subject-matter gives rise to a dismissive "no-nonsense" brevity of the kind one finds in Trollope's autobiography, or the fastidious reserve of the Apologia Pro Vita Sua.

There are also, as I hope to show in my study of George Moore's Hail and Farewell, special problems of literary tact involved in the dramatic presentation of one's own life; both Moore and Gosse were accused of lacking a proper sense of decorum. Another contributing factor is the attitude of some writers towards the form itself; Trollope, for example, can hardly be said to have committed himself whole-heartedly to autobiography as an art-form. An examination of the autobiographies of the second half of the nineteenth century reveals the originality of Gosse's consistent effort to dramatize important scenes in Father and Son.

(The summarizing tendency of Victorian autobiography is occasionally highlighted by the attempts of biographers to dramatize the statements made in their subjects' autobiographies. "It was in the autumn of 1826," says Mill in his Autobiography, that "it occurred to me to put the question directly to myself: 'Suppose that all your objects in life were realized; that all the changes in institutions and opinions which you are looking forward to, could be completely effected at this very instant: would this be a great joy and happiness to you?'" [94]. In Michael St. John Packe's The Life of John Stuart Mill the question is given a turgid dramatic setting: "One evening in 1826 just as the year was dying John Mill looked up restlessly from the magic circle of his lamplit books. He was depressed. Away in the country the south wind trumpeted, driving before it close swathes of low damp cloud: the leaves fell sodden and heavy from the sweating trees, and stuck together. He was twenty. He felt old. . . ."[12])

Father and Son does make use of dramatized scenes, and it resembles a novel in another important respect: in the convergence of all its details upon the central conflict between father and son. One might almost say that it has a plot, as the death of Edmund's mother draws father and son together, before the passage of years and the divergence of their two temperaments separates them, when the son "took a human being's privilege to fashion his inner life for himself" (206). When Gosse says at one point that "this is not an autobiography, and with the cold and shrouded details of my uninteresting school life I will not fatigue the reader" (172), he is distinguishing his book from the kind of autobiography which is simply a chronological account of a life, including all kinds of material because it happened, rather than because it harmonizes with any considered design. By making Father and Son an account of his first twenty-one years, he has provided his autobiography with an aesthetically pleasing conclusion, whereas the normal process of working through to the date of composition makes most such works more notable for their beginning and middle, rather than for their end.

Certain other aspects of Father and Son contribute to its impression of unity and concentration, and this impression facilitates Gosse's use of devices we normally associate with the novel. The desire to provide a "diagnosis of a dying Puritanism" (ix), and "a call to people to face the fact that the old faith is now impossible to sincere and intelligent minds,"[13] lies behind the narrator's handling of the autobiographical material, so that one has a strong sense of the authority on which the story is told, as well as of the character of the son. The narrator is he who sensibly and calmly presents the terms of the final schism: "All that I need further say is to point out that when such defiance is offered to the intelligence of a thoughtful and honest young man with the normal impulses of his twenty-one years, there are but two alternatives. Either he must cease to think for himself; or his individualism must be instantly confirmed" (205). It is this narrator, too, who interprets for the reader the fact that the son could at the age of four recognize a picture of a human skeleton as "a man with the meat off": "If I venture to repeat this trifle, it is only to point out that the system on which I was being educated deprived all things, human life among the rest, of their mystery" (17).

The sea in Father and Son is symbolic not only of Edmund's discovery in his ninth year of the power of natural loveliness; it is also symbolic of Philip Gosse's Devon researches--the source of so much patiently gathered scientific information, which might have influenced the faith of a less dogmatic personality. The sea-symbol is thus brought closely to bear upon the central relationship: as father and son worked together in the Devon rock pools, the son was encountering in the sea a rival for his father's dogmatic theology (62), while the father was taking "one step in the service of truth," only to "draw back in agony" and accept "the servitude of error" (65). It is symbolic of the forces which made for Edmund's independence, and of the determination which produced Philip Gosse's disastrous Omphalos.

The very solitude of the Gosses, and the consequent restrictions on the experience of the young Edmund, became positive advantages in the kind of autobiography Gosse had chosen to write. Some of the difficulties in deciding which events out of a lifetime's experience should be rendered dramatically, and how these scenes can be incorporated into a narrative which moves towards a climax, are overcome by the very nature of the subject as Gosse conceived it. One is curious, however, as to how Edmund Gosse came to produce this book, which is in its unassuming way a new departure in autobiographical writing. One could point to the Mark Rutherford books as previous attempts in the same vein, but The Autobiography of Mark Rutherford (1881) and Mark Rutherford's Deliverance (1885) are less remarkable experiments in that William Hale White added fictional characters and happenings to the autobiographical basis of his books. The straight-forwardly autobiographical opening pages of the earlier book give way to autobiographical fiction when Mark Rutherford, unlike White, becomes a dissenting minister; and the introduction of Edward Gibbon Mardon, the freethinker, as a kind of alter ego to Rutherford, allows White to simplify the structural problems posed by the autobiographer's commitment to fact. Father and Son, on the other hand, remains an autobiography proper in its fidelity to the actual circumstances of Gosse's life: "At only one point," says the author in his Preface, "has there been any tampering with precise fact. . . . It has been thought well,in order to avoid any appearance of offence, to alter the majority of the proper names of the private persons spoken of" (ix).

One can gain some idea of how Gosse decided upon this particular form if one examines the genesis of the book. It is important, first of all, to know that Gosse had already dealt with part of his subject-matter in a previous book--his biography of his father, The Life of Philip Henry Gosse, F.R.S., which he had published in 1890. It is not that Gosse was concerned to dramatize his father--as in his other biographies, such as those of Sir Thomas Browne and John Donne, he is concerned to give a thorough appraisal of a life's work, as well as "the faithful portrait of a soul in its adventures through life"[14]--but that the second treatment of his father (which would include much fuller reference to Edmund's own childhood) would be something new. It would not merely be a variant of the biography already published. Like other biographies by Edmund Gosse, however, The Life of Philip Henry Gosse is a psychological exploration of its subject; it was this aspect of the book which, according to his own account, excited Gosse's friend George Moore. The novelist tells how he was "excited by the prospect of a great literary subject that [he] had . . . caught a glimpse of in Gosse's Life of his father." According to Moore's account (which shows the novelist himself in the dynamic light familiar to readers of Hail and Farewell), he went immediately to Gosse, joining him at lunch to exclaim:

> I admire your book, Gosse, for itself and still more for the book it has revealed to me, but I missed the child, I missed your father's life and your life as you lived it together--a great psychological work waits to be written--your father's influence on you, and your influence on him, if any--these are matters for you to decide--and as a background for this great story you will have the Plymouth Bretheren--the people who came to confide in him--and who received spiritual treatment from him. Your misunderstandings, if there were any, all that, I say again, you can tell as no-one else can because you have lived through it.[15]

This was the genesis of Father and Son, though it must be remembered that Moore described this scene to Gosse's biographer secure in his knowledge of the book's success, and probably when Gosse was no longer alive to contradict the details of the story. However, extracts from a previously unpublished series of letters between Moore and Gosse, presented by Charles Burkhart in the journal Nineteeth-Century Fiction in 1960, show that Moore's remembrance of the situation is probably accurate. Several years passed before Gosse took Moore's advice and began Father and Son, but Moore's letters continually urge him to commence the "great psychological work." "You will not find a better subject if you search the world over," Moore wrote to Gosse in 1896; "You must write it. I do entertain a hope that you will" he exhorts in 1900; in 1905 he assures Gosse that "You will make a great deal of money by this book," and offers to "place" the book with Scribner's in America.[16]

Knowledge of Moore's persistence inclines us to believe him when he says that the autobiographical form of Father and Son was taken up at his suggestion. "'You think of it so highly'," he records Gosse as saying, "'but how is it to be told?' 'Not as a biography,' I said. 'Tell it in the first person.' 'You are right,' he said."[17]

Moore's letters to Gosse during the composition of Father and Son contain advice which reveals a novelist's concern with the design of the book. He is inclined to be ruthless with the kind of anecdote and detail which is often included in autobiography because it did happen and is remembered. Interesting is his warning against the use of primary sources, such as Philip Gosse's own notes; he recommends that Gosse "write out of his own atmosphere":

> Your book, as I understand it, will not gain by the inclusion of many little anecdotes of this kind. . . . For Heaven's sake do be careful and do not rely upon these external means. . . . You are writing about yourself and your father, and your memory should be much better than these little realistic patches. . . . Just be careful, my dear Gosse, about realistic details. I have had to deal with such things, and know how perilous they are. . . . My new book is to be called Memoirs of my Dead Life, and I think you will like it better than The Lake. . . I am writing out of my own atmosphere, as you are writing out of yours. I do not have to look up the letters my old mistresses have written to me; my memory suffices.[18]

Moore's imaginative immersion in his subject-matter in Memoirs of my Dead Life had resulted, however, in excursions into the borderlands between fact and fiction, represented by chapters such as "The Lovers of Orelay," with its encounter between two middle-aged lovers. Gosse would not have wanted to mitigate the power of Father and Son--what Moore himself referred to as its great truthfulness[19]--in such a way, but he was prepared to forgo "the inclusion of little anecdotes" which did not bear directly on the story, or which interrupted the onward flow of the narration. Gosse was tenacious, though, about some of his supposed deviations from the imaginative atmosphere of the story. Moore had taken exception to the introduction, early in Father and Son, of Gosse's "reprobate maternal grand-father" (3): "I don't like the introduction of your grandfather who hunted hounds--he is out of the picture; and all writers and painters have grandfathers who hunted hounds. He is out of the picture! If he must remain in the passage, it should be rewritten, amplified, but the book will be better, much better by leaving him out. You lose the atmosphere by keeping him in. . . ."[20] Gosse disagreed, and the grandfather remained. He does in fact serve to heighten one's awareness of the severe intensity of Gosse's parents, when one realizes that the world of Edmund was so totally estranged from that of his "easy-going, luxurious and self-indulgent" grandparents.

The novelist who took it upon himself to encourage and advise Gosse over Father and Son, claiming that "if I know anything about anything, it is how a book should shape itself out,"[21] had himself been among the earliest of a series of late nineteenth-century writers of autobiographical fiction. He himself saw his Confessions of a Young Man (1886), when he wrote his Preface to the 1916 edition, as the most original book of the late nineteenth century,[22] but in fact it has a good deal in common with those other fictions of the late nineteenth century which are called "autobiographical." R.C. Churchill has pointed out that there is a difference between the use of autobiographical material made by George Eliot, and that made by a writer like Gissing: "It was only in the later Victorian age that we find novels deliberately written as part of an attempt by their creators to understand their own lives, as criticism of life that was also self-criticism."[23] If this seems too earnest a description for the mixture of gossip, fiction, invective, boasting and autobiography which makes up Confessions of a Young Man, it does make one realize that Moore began his process of "trading in print on his own privacies"[24] around the same time that William Hale White, Samuel Butler and George Gissing were writing their own autobiographical novels. Marius the Epicurean, the disguised autobiography of Walter Pater, appeared the year before Confessions of a Young Man, and Pater, a friend of both Moore and Edmund Gosse, greeted the Confessions with a congratulatory letter (which Moore did not hesitate to include in his Preface to a later edition of the book): "My Dear, Audacious Moore--Many thanks for the 'Confessions,' which I read with great interest and admiration for your originality--your delightful criticisms--your Aristophanic joy, or at least enjoyment, in life--your unfailing liveliness."[25]

The odd thing about Moore's place in the literary history of the late nineteenth century, and the early twentieth century, is that he is associated through novels like Esther Waters and A Mummer's Wife with Naturalism, and through the Confessions and The Brook Kerith with Aestheticism: a curious allegiance to both L'Assommoir ("the lordly, river-like roll of the narrative"), and to Marius the Epicurean ("those lurking half-meanings, and the evanescent suggestion, like the odour of dead roses . . . .")[26] There is an element of the desire to épater le bourgeois in both aspects of Moore's work: it is obvious in the Confessions, and one can detect it in the advertisements for A Mummer's Wife, which begin by stating that "This book has been placed on the Index Expurgatorius of the Select Circulating Libraries of Messrs. Mudie and W.H. Smith and Son."[27] It seems likely that he saw in Father and Son not only the psychological potential of the central conflict, but a potentially potent attack upon the ethos of Puritanism. The dramatic, intimate form of the book was not only aesthetically suitable; it also avoided the more neutral and detached tone of the biography, and of the more bland form of autobiography. Father and Son makes the reader present at the scene, and solicits his judgement. Moore wanted there to be no mistaking the outcome of such a judgement; in 1906 he wrote to Gosse with advice, which Gosse disregarded, that the autobiographer should be harder on his father: "Your childhood was lonely, you were neglected for the sake of religion, and this part of the story is not written courageously. You are afraid of being sentimental. I respect your fears but I'd like you to put them aside and write in a couple or five or six plucky pages. Pluck, pluck, pluck."[28] Gosse, who had great respect for his parents, and whose literary tact was here perfectly appropriate, knew better.

Le bourgeois did respond as expected, nevertheless. The opening sentence of the Times Literary Supplement review read: "The author of this book has no doubt settled it with his conscience how far in the interests of popular edification and amusement it is legitimate to expose the weaknesses and inconsistencies of a good man who is also one's father."[29] The earlier Life had suggested those weaknesses and inconsistencies to those who were sensitive enough to perceive them--and Moore, to his credit, was one of these. But it was the dramatized autobiography, drawing on the structural and presentational qualities of the novel, which produced both offence and admiration. Gosse's correspondence was for many years to contain accusing letters as well as appreciative ones: "I have just received," he writes in 1910, "the usual insulting letter about *Father and Son*, from a man who presumes 'a mercenary motive' could be the only one which could induce me to write 'so useless and destructive a work.' . . . The practice of literature is not very rewarding; this is the sort of thing it brings, or else entire neglect."[30]

As Gosse wrote these words, George Moore had moved on to write his own autobiography in the three volumes of *Hail and Farewell,* which he was to bring out as *Ave, Salve* and *Vale* between 1911 and 1914. It was to be a development of the principles he had championed in *Father and Son*--in many ways an extreme development of them. *Father and Son* had been a "protest against the untruth . . . that evangelical religion, or any religion in a violent form, is a wholesome or valuable or desirable adjunct to human life" (202); *Hail and Farewell* was an assault upon Roman Catholicism, particularly as it existed in Ireland, and with particular reference to its incompatability with literary excellence. *Father and Son* had in its frankness raised doubts about the benefits of family life (and the historian G.M. Young saw respect for family life, along with a belief in representative institutions, as a binding idea in a hardly homogeneous "Victorian" age[31]); Moore's autobiography would detail a discovery even more alarming to conventional souls--that of his own sexual impotence. *Father and Son* had made restrained use of devices and overall effects more usually associated with the novel; *Hail* and Farewell would treat the real events of Moore's life as though they were the imagined events of a novel, using all the resources he as a novelist could command; but it would remain autobiography, in the most important sense.

Moore's return to Ireland, and his involvement in the Celtic Renaissance, provide the necessary unifying framework for an undertaking of this kind, as the peculiar circumstances of Gosse's childhood had given shape to Father and Son; but the return to Ireland allows for the introduction of Moore's early years there, as the literary nature of his return makes possible reference to his formative years in Paris. The result of Moore's labours on behalf of the Celtic Renaissance had been a profound disillusionment, which eventually centred around the intransigence of the Catholic Church, and what he came to see as the conflict between literature and dogma. In that peculiar tone, tinged simultaneously with irony and defiance, in which he appears before the reader here, Moore comes at the end of Vale to the inspiration which had set him to write the trilogy: "Nature is not a humourist. She intended to redeem Ireland from Catholicism and has chosen me as her instrument. . . . one day, on coming in from the garden, the form which the book should take was revealed to me. But an autobiography, I said, is an unusual form for a sacred book. But is it? My doubts quenched a moment after in a memory of Paul, and the next day the dictation of the rough outline from the Temple to Moore Hall was begun."[32]

In the reference to Hail and Farewell as a "sacred book" there is, as often in Moore's autobiography, a tacit reference to the Apologia of Newman. Hail and Farewell is an anti-Apologia in its movement not to conversion, but to a bitter denunciation of Catholicism. As Moore tests his theory that Catholicism does not produce great literature, he makes a concerted attack on the Apologia:

> Yes, broken mutterings about an Edict in the fourth century, and that the world has been going astray ever since. He seems to have really believed that the destiny of nations depended on the chatter of the Fathers, and he totters after them, like an old man in a dark corridor with a tallow-dip in his hand. A simple-minded fellow, who meant well, I think; one can see his pale soul through his eyes, and his pale style is on his face. The best that can be said about it is that it is homely. (II, 45-46)

Newman is an oddity; men only change their religion for pecuniary and sexual reasons. "No man verts for theological, except Newman, I said. Do you know another?" (II, 8) Newman's conversion itself was a form of delusion: "It is a mistake to speak of him as a convert to Catholicism; he was a born Catholic if ever a man was born one. Were it not for him the term a born Catholic would be a solecism, for at first sight it doesn't seem very easy to understand how a man can be born a Catholic. A man is born blind, or deaf, or dumb, a hunchback, or an idiot, but it's difficult to see how he can be born a Catholic. Yet it is so; Newman proves it" (II, 44-45). Such a man, says Moore, could produce only a dismal autobiography; in evidence he quotes the paragraph in which Newman describes his feeling that God wished him to remain celibate, and comments: "He is himself in this paragraph, and nothing but himself. Even on a subject in which his whole life is concerned he can only write dryly" (II, 46).

Moore takes a hatchet to Newman; the pages are entertaining because he actually does find some alarming examples of Newman's style in the Apologia, as well as a theological statement which seems to merit Moore's accusation of sentimentality. One can agree with the presentation of Newman's personality as extraordinary--more extraordinary than is often realized--without feeling that Moore has touched on the true sources of Newman's power to influence men and present himself. But the main points one is meant to infer from Moore's performance are: first, that if the Apologia has almost the status of a sacred book, Hail and Farewell can claim equal status without embarrassment; and, second, that where Newman is dry, Moore will be a gushing spring of psychological insight and humanity--the "broken mutterings" of the Apologia, and its bland statements, will be opposed by a richly textured work of art. We are initiated in the opening section of Hail and Farewell into the kind of artistic experience Moore has designed to set against his Catholic and High Victorian counterpart. This is the "Overture," the section to which Moore was referring when he spoke of beginning the "rough outline from the Temple to Moore Hall." The rough outline became the opening of what one might, at the risk of coining a bastard phrase, call "novelised autobiography." If an autobiographical novel modifies the life-experience of the author into material amenable to the novel form, by contracting, re-naming, altering, amplifying and heightening it, the "novelised autobiography" strives after fidelity to fact, while arranging and interpreting it so as to facilitate the use of resources associated with the novel. The obvious question which attaches itself to such a distinction is that of how far the two forms are distinguishable in practice; it is an important question, to which I shall return, but I want at present to look at Moore's "Overture" to see what we are offered in Hail and Farewell.

The "Overture" begins with a pregnant statement made by

Moore's friend Edward Martyn in 1894: "I wish I knew enough Irish to write my plays in Irish" (I, 3). This was actually five years before Martyn and Yeats involved Moore in their plans for a theatre in Dublin, but Moore uses this sentence, spoken in Martyn's rooms in the Temple, as the commencement of an Irish revery which mentally prepares him for the visit of Martyn and Yeats, five years (and forty pages of Ave) later: "My interest was stirred, and my brain fluttered with ideas regarding the relation of the poem to the language in which it is born" (I, 4). Unusual here is the combination of precise location and date, wide-ranging autobiographical memories, and speculation. Not only does one see Moore walking home through the Temple; the walk is evoked through details which intersperse Moore's Irish revery: "It was past one o'clock when I groped my way down the rough-timbered staircase, lit by dusty lanterns, and wandered from Pump Court into the cloister, loitering by the wig-maker's in the dim corner . . . a round moon sailing westward let fall a cold ray along the muddy foreshore and along the river, revealing some barges moored in mid-stream" (I, 4). By the time Moore has recalled his visit, twenty-five years before, to the derelict house "Mount Venus," and has detailed the "scene which rose up" before him reminiscent of Irish hunting, riding and racing, half an hour has passed in the Temple:"I found my way through a brick passage to a seat under the plane-trees in Fountain Court, and I sat there waiting for Symons, who returned home generally about one. The Temple clock clanged out the half-hour, and I said: Tonight he must be sleeping out, and continued my memories to the tune of water dripping . . . " (I, 24). These further memories lead in turn to the end of the "Overture," and of Moore's moonlit wanderings through the Temple: "Out of such stuff as Ireland dreams are made . . . . I haven't thought of Ireland for ten years, and tonight in an hour's space I have dreamed Ireland from end to end. When shall I think of her again? In another ten years; that will be time enough to think of her again. And on these words I climbed the long stone stairs leading to my garret" (I, 36).

The device seems crude enough, anatomized in this way: the action takes place at a given time and in a given place, but the narrator's mind is free to rove into the past, often for quite long stretches of the narrative, to present scenes which cast light upon the main stream of the action. Variants of this method of combining a focal point in time with description of the events of a number of years are familiar to one from the novel: one thinks, for example, of the two narrators of Wuthering Heights, and the way they combine to set the current story against the events of the past. George Moore, as the autobiographer, assumes the functions (if not the characteristics) of both Lockwood and Nelly Dean: it is he who describes his own involvement with the Celtic Renaissance, and he too who, under the influence of this disturbing return to Ireland, makes the forays into the past which illuminate both his own character and that of the country which must be "redeemed from Catholicism." The fact that they are forays,rather than a continuous block of "background" narrative, makes for certain difficulties. Each foray has to be introduced into the main progression of the story; his narrative is not the equivalent of Nellie Dean's, as she sits down to tell her story until the clock reminds her of the lateness of the hour, nor of the stream of thought which takes Molly

Bloom back and forth between the present and the past with unselfconscious ease at the end of Ulysses. Each reverie in Hail and Farewell has to be included in a "realistic" way, for while Moore can hardly expect the reader to believe that he remembers precisely what he remembered at a certain time, he is concerned about the continuity of his story. Thus one comes to expect transitions such as the following, which switches one back from a "current" conversation with Edward Martyn. Parsifal is mentioned: "By one of those intricate and elaborate analogies of thought which surprise us, Parsifal took me back to my chambers in King's Bench Walk, and I told Edward how, when I was writing Esther Waters, it was a help to me to gossip with my laundress after breakfast, a pious woman of the Nonconformist type, like Esther herself" (I, 170). The succeeding anecdote does have a bearing upon the relationship between religion and "national sentiments," forms of Christianity and forms of Imagination, and is thus justified in thematic terms, but the reader is led to reflect that while these "intricate and elaborate analogies of thought" may be "surprising" they are also very convenient.

Vale opens with a sustained series of reveries which Moore allows to take over the main stream of the narrative, by the device of placing himself in an armchair before the fire, disillusioned with the possibilities for art in Ireland, and remembering his days as a youthful aspirant to the visual arts: the fertile days of Paris in the 1870's, as opposed to the dusty soil of Catholic dogmatism: "Myself, an elderly man, lying in an armchair listening to the fire, is a far better symbol of reverie than the young girl that a painter would place on a stone bench under sunlit trees. . . . I love my own thoughts; and the past is a wonderful mirror in which I spend hours watching people and places I have known; dim, shadowy and far away they seem, and pathetic are the faces, and still more pathetic is the way everybody follows his own little prejudices . . ." (II, 158). But Vale has other ways of juxtaposing past and present--juxtaposing them in such a way as to suggest how memory co-exists with our present activities, rather than unfurls in chronological sequence. When Moore returns to the family home Moore Hall, to visit his brother the Colonel, they quarrel over Moore's newly intensified animosity towards Catholicism, for the Colonel is himself a Catholic. The estrangement between the two brothers occurs finally as the Colonel, "white with passion," rejects utterly Moore's insistence that his brother's children be educated as Protestants: "If I pay for his education," says George Moore, "you can't expect me to bring up a boy in a religion which I think paralyses the intelligence" (II, 422). This exchange takes place at the end of Hail and Farewell, and adds an extra dimension to the book's title. Not only did the Celtic Renaissance cause Moore to hail Ireland on his return, and then bid it a second farewell; the antagonism to Catholicism which his return aroused in him had forced a breach with his brother. One recalls that the words of Catullus which give rise to the title were a tribute to a brother, to burn whose dead body he had travelled over land and sea: Atque in perpetuum, frater, ave atque vale.

Such is the "present" significance of Vale's conclusion. But, as I said, the past is constantly brought into contact with the present in Hail and Farewell. Here the return to Moore Hall evokes a cluster of childhood memories, each connected with some room, outhouse or piece of landscape which Moore encounters on his return. It can hardly be coincidence that in this way Moore has reversed the conventional structure of autobiography by describing his childhood not at the outset, but at the end of the third volume of a trilogy. There have been hints of childhood experience before this, but it is not until the end of Vale that a coherent picture emerges, of a rather brutal Irish country childhood.

When Moore wrote to Edmund Gosse with advice as to the composition of Father and Son, one of his recurring themes was the need for "atmosphere"; the Uncle who hunted hounds destroyed "atmosphere"; "nothing compensates for loss of atmosphere."[33] The same word occurs in the "Overture" to Hail and Farewell, as Moore wonders how his flamboyant, horse-racing uncle Dan may be brought within the limits of a book:

> It will be difficult to get him on to paper, I reflected. His humour will not transpire if I'm not very careful, for, though I may transcribe the very words he uttered, they will mean little on paper unless I get his atmosphere; the empty house at Dunamon, the stables about it filled with race-horses, most of them broken down, for no four legs ever stood more than two years' training over the rough fields which Dan called his race-course. A four-year-old, with back sinews and suspensory ligaments sound, rarely stood in the Dunamon stables, a chaser or two perchance. (I, 22)

One is reminded of the reflection of another novelist, who was writing his autobiography contemporaneously with Hail and Farewell; "if one tries to evoke," wrote Henry James in A Small Boy and Others (1913), "one must do it with all the forms."[34] The forms whereby George Moore attempted to capture the "atmosphere" without which he felt that even closely remembered fact, or actual words spoken, would remain bland, included extensive dialogue, different in kind as well as in quantity from the brief exchanges employed by an autobiographer such as Harriet Martineau. In the following encounter from Ave, Moore, Yeats and Martyn hear that the Catholic Church has come out against Yeats's play The Countess Cathleen:

> . . . we walked on in silence until a newsboy posted his placard against some railings and we read: Letter from Cardinal Logue condemning The Countess Cathleen.
>
> Yeats pointed, saying, There's Edward [Martyn] , and I saw him in his short black jacket and voluminous grey trousers reading the newspaper at the kerb.
>
> There will be no plays tonight! we cried.
>
> His glasses fell from his high nose, but he caught them as they fell.
>
> You haven't read Logue's letter, then? He admits that he hasn't read the play; he has only judged it by extracts. And you can't judge a work by extracts.
>
> Besides, I said, the two priests to whom the play was sent have decided in its favour. Gill told me that he showed you some letters from them.
>
> As well as I remember he showed me--
>
> But my dear friend, you must know whether he showed you a letter or not.
>
> Yes, I'm practically sure that I saw a letter, but I'm not affected by stray opinions, whether they are in favour of the play or against it.
>
> You may not have sent the play to two priests, but you brought it to a theologian.
>
> That was in England.
>
> Of course you were then in a Protestant country. And did he decide in favour of the play?
>
> No, he didn't. Very much the other way. (I, 117-118)

The conversation is here used to carry forward the plot an supply information, in place of the summary one might expect. One can surmise how such a scene might have been presented in the autobiographies of Mill, Spencer or Harriet Martineau:

> It was while walking in the street with Yeats that I saw a placard announcing that Cardinal Logue had condemned The Countess Cathleen. We met Edward Martyn, who pointed out that the Cardinal had not read the entire play, but was judging it on the basis of extracts. But when I pressed him about the letters he had apparently received from two priests, in favour of the play, he became evasive, saying that "stray opinions" would not affect him. He was clearly unwilling to declare himself opposed to the Cardinal's authority. When I asked him what had been the opinion of the theologian to whom he had shown the play in England--had he decided in its favour? he replied:
>
> "No, he didn't. Very much the other way."

Even this version probably goes into more detail than Harriet Martineau, for example, would accord to the incident; but the original passage from *Hail and Farewell* not only presents the scene in dialogue form, and adds details about Martyn's glasses and clothes for "atmosphere": it also presents characters. In summary one is tempted to *define* Martyn's ambiguous response to the news, especially since one knows that he is a devout Catholic. In *Hail and Farewell* the dialogues suggest character rather than explain or summarize it.

In this way Moore not only suggests the character of others: he represents himself as speaking, and throws himself open to judgement. Often one is presented with the decisive, dynamic Moore; but as "to be ridiculous has always been *mon petite* [sic] *luxe*" (II, 198), this dynamic image is likely to be ironically undercut, in the dialogue as elesewhere. Here Moore and AE, in the course of their metaphysical bicycle-tour, tackle a steep hill (AE speaks first):

> The fault I find with Christianity is that it is no more than a code of morals, whereas three things are required for a religion--a cosmogony, a psychology, and a moral code.
>
> I'm sure you're right, AE, but the heat is so great that I feel I cannot push this bicycle up the hill any farther. You must wait for me till I take off my drawers. And behind a hedge I rid myself of them. You were telling me that the dreams and aspirations and visions of the Celtic race have lost none of their ancient power as they descended from generation to generation. (I, 383)

I could go on examining the techniques with which George Moore provides himself as an autobiographer, but I think at this point I have to ask whether *Hail and Farewell* is an autobiography at all, according to the definition upon which I have been working. More particularly, is it "a reconstruction of the movement of a life *in the actual circumstances in which it was lived*"? The thicker the "atmosphere," the more one is inclined to be sceptical about Moore's fidelity to fact. Did Martyn's glasses really fall from his nose at that effective moment? How close to the original conversation is Moore's elaborate reconstruction of it? The childhood memories seem to be factual, but how many of them occurred to Moore as he visited Moore Hall? In "Overture" is the reverie really that which Moore indulged in one night in 1894, or is it the reverie of the author of Ave, in the process of composition? How far has Moore altered the exploits of Plunkett and Gill in order to accommodate them to his happy and sustained analogy to the Bouvard and Pecuchet of Flaubert?

In his study of Hail and Farewell, Wayne Shumaker discovered that some liberties had been taken with fact: that the visit to Chinon described at the end of Vale was not in fact made by Moore, but by one of his friends; that the drive from the station to Moore Hall in Vale is taken along a "composite" route, since not all the places he describes can be seen from one road; that in Salve the Colonel's visit to Upper Ely Place precedes Moore's conversion to Protestantism, whereas it actually took place after the conversion.[35] Moore himself claimed that the book contained the absolute truth: "if I were to introduce a thread of fiction into this narrative, the weft would be torn asunder" (I, 373), but it would be more accurate to conclude with Shumaker that: "All the important incidents are factual, and the whole was offered to the public as truth."[36] He arranged the facts so that they stood in what he took to be the right artistic proportions to one another; he had his characters--all real people--speak to one another at length; he described events in details which were supplemented by his imagination; but he did not invent as a matter of policy. There is no equivalent in Hail and Farewell to "Mark Rutherford"'s introduction of Edward Gibbon Mardon, nor to Samuel Butler's sending Ernest Pontifex to prison. For this reason I think one can refer to Hail and Farewell as an autobiography rather than an autobiographical novel.

One reaction to such a distinction might be to doubt whether it serves any useful purpose to make a formal division between Hail and Farewell and The Way of all Flesh. This is the attitude of Robert Scholes and Robert Kellogg in their book The Nature of Narrative. In the passage I quote below, they begin by referring to novelists of a younger generation than that of George Moore, but they proceed to a more sweeping and general conclusion:

> One effect of modern empiricism has been to blur the distinction between the pure historical and mimetic forms of narrative on the one hand and the novel on the other. After the final, powerful impact of the autobiography, for example, on the novels of Proust, Joyce, Lawrence, Wolfe and Fitzgerald --to name only a few obvious instances--a clear distinction between the confession and the novel can no longer be sustained. The convergence of the novel with the history, biography and autobiography has resulted not so much from impatience with the story-teller's fantasy as from a modern skepticism about knowing anything about human affairs in an entirely objective (non-fictional) way. Science seems to have demonstrated that Aristotle's distinction between history and fiction was one of degree, not of kind. All knowing and all telling are subject to the conventions of art. Because we apprehend reality through culturally determined types, we can report the most particular event only in the form of a representational fiction, assigning motives, causes and affects according to our best lights rather than according to absolute truth.
>
> . . . .
>
> If a distinction can be said to exist between the autobiography and the autobiographical novel it resides not in their respective fidelity to facts but rather in their respective originality in perceiving and telling the facts. It is in the knowing and in the telling, and not in the facts, that the art is to be found.[37]

To some extent, such an attitude sounds plausible; we have already seen in our earlier study of Mill, Spencer, Carlyle and Newman how far the use of a particular tone--one of the "conventions of art"--can influence our view of the "reality" to which an autobiography lays claim. It would certainly be unwise to regard autobiography as "true" in a simple and absolute sense. Was Newman's project for The Lives of the Saints a means of bringing young men "from speculation to fact," as the Apologia would have it, or the "excursion among the Will-o'-the-wisps of the spiritual morasses" that it seemed to J.A. Froude?[38] I described in Chapter III of this study the role which Ruskin assigned in "The Grande Chartreuse" of Praeterita to F.D. Maurice's Bible-class; there is also on record a very different eye-witness account of that same meeting, supplied by J.M. Ludlow and Thomas Hughes, who claim among other things that the "startled and flashing eyes" which Ruskin attributes to Maurice were in fact those of Ruskin himself, in a "vehement and somewhat lengthy outpouring in praise of Jael."[39]

An appeal to modern scepticism and "relativism" would also help to explain why it is only towards the end of the period 1864-1914 that one finds autobiographies which consciously set out to apply the techniques of fiction to the telling of a true story: according to the thesis of Scholes and Kellogg, this would be a result of the less firm distinctions being made between fact and the artistic interpretation of fact.

I think, however, that this assumption that there is a continuum which runs from the autobiography to the autobiographical novel is in error, because it fails to distinguish between the two questions involved here. The first question is, as Scholes and Kellogg say, one of scepticism about the nature of "fact," and a growing feeling that an openly fictionalized account of a life, such as Sons and Lovers, may provide a more accurate sense of its author's life-experience than a collection of biographical facts, which will itself form a "representational fiction." In this sense it is possible to claim that "a clear distinction between the confession and the novel can no longer be sustained." But there is a second question, which concerns the reader of such works, and his response to their conventions.

Whatever the reader's position on the philosophical and critical question involved in the distinction between fact and art, he is likely to approach an autobiography and an autobiographical novel with distinctly different attitudes, and he will be encouraged to do so by the conventions of the two forms. It is all very well to say, in the abstract, that "It is in the knowing and in the telling, and not in the facts, that the art is to be found," but in practice one's attitude towards the art can be very much influenced by the "facts." In Augustus Hare's autobiography, The Story of My Life, there occurs the story of the "Family Spy": a tall thin man dressed in grey, who followed and watched the Hare Family for many years, wherever they went and whatever they did. They eventually discovered his identity:

> The spy was a Sicilian Marquis who had been living in Palermo when my parents were there, and whose four children were exactly the same age as their four children. Soon afterwards his wife and all his children were swept away at one stroke by the cholera. With characteristic Sicilian romance, he determined to create for himself a new family and a new interest in life by adopting the other family, which was exactly parallel to his own--but adopting it by a mysterious bond, in which the difficulty of a constant surveillance should give entire occupation to his time and thought.[40]

It is a remarkable story, which comes to a remarkable conclusion, but its power is inextricably bound up with its veracity; take away that presumed fidelity to fact, and it becomes a nullity. What is more, the "art" of the story is designed to harmonize with the veracity. One would not be impressed in a novel by the paragraph in which, having described the Spy's single, urgent communication with his family, Hare concludes the story:

> When we went to Rome in 1857, I wondered if we should see the Family Spy. I spoke of it to my mother. As we passed through

> the Porta del Popolo, he was the first person who met us. I saw him very often that winter, and again when I was at Paris with my sister in 1858. That winter my sister saw him often at Rome. The next year was marked by our great family misfortunes. My sister always expected that somehow he would come to the rescue of the lost fortunes, but he never did. Some time after she heard that he had died very suddenly about that time.[41]

The style is unremarkable; little is dramatized or visualized, but the details signal to the reader that this extraordinary story is true, by means of their own straight-forwardness: "I spoke of it to my mother . . . at Paris with my sister in 1858 . . . ." We are led to believe that the details and spirit of the story are true, as well as the general conception.

This is an extreme case, taken from an autobiography which is read--in so far as it is still read at all--for its curious true stories, and for its reflection of its time, rather than as the self-exploration of Augustus Hare. If one takes a more sophisticated example, The Autobiography of Mark Rutherford, which, with its invented characters and adventures, is an autobiographical novel, one finds oneself responding in a subtly different way. One observes that care is being taken to recreate experience through circumstantial detail, dialogue, and extended development of secondary characters such as Mr. Snale; the narrator seems to have his own experience and its significance readily to hand, and the transitions from one episode to the next are smoothly accomplished. The "editor," Reuben Shapcott, presents the story as a straight-forward autobiographical manuscript, but, wary of the claims of "editors," one is more likely to adjust one's response with reference to paragraphs like the following, which describes Rutherford's journey back to London after he has witnessed, along with Mary Mardon, the death of Edward Gibbon Mardon:

> Before I had got twenty miles on my journey the glory of a few hours before had turned into an autumn storm. The rain came down in torrents, and the wind rushed across the country in great blasts, stripping the trees, and driving over the sky with hurricane speed great masses of continuous cloud, which mingled earth and heaven. I thought of all the ships which were on the sea in the night, sailing under the serene stars which I had seen rise and set; I thought of Mardon lying dead, and I thought of Mary. The simultaneous passage through great emotion welds souls, and begets the strongest of all forms of love. Those who have sobbed together over a dead friend, who have held one another's hands in that dread hour, feel a bond of sympathy, pure and sacred, which nothing can dissolve. (135)

I think one is aware here that one is being asked to respond to a work of fiction; at least, responding to the conventions of autobiographical fiction, one can read it sympathetically. I am not sure that, were one convinced that "Mark Rutherford" was a real individual, speaking directly to us out of his own life, like Newman in the Apologia, one would respond in an identical manner. The scene is a set-piece: the storm after the beautiful sunrise which coincided with Mardon's death; the ships beneath the eternal stars; the progression of the third sentence towards the name of Mary; and the conclusion, sincere but with a hint of the pulpit in its cadence--these would appear too highly wrought and symmetrical within the autobiographical convention. But in reading what one takes to be autobiographical fiction in the first person, one is prepared to allow some leeway between the narrator and the hero, even though they purport to be inseparable. (This is not a question of irony, for autobiographies can have ironic narrators; Father and Son makes use of one.) To show more clearly what I mean, let me quote another passage, taken from an earlier part of the same book, where the convention of the autobiographical fiction is less evident, and where the narrator and the hero are perceptibly closer to one another. Rutherford has just arrived at the Stoke Newington school which has engaged him as a teacher: "I was overcome by the most dreadful sense of loneliness. I suppose it is the very essence of passion, using the word in its literal sense, that no account can be given of it by the reason. Reflecting on what I suffered then, I cannot find any ground for it, and yet there are not half a dozen days or nights of my life which remain with me like that one. I was beside myself with a kind of terror, which I cannot further explain" (113). "Mark Rutherford" confesses his incapacity to explain the terror of his loneliness, and one responds to this particular night at Stoke Newington with the feeling that it represents an incident taken directly from the author's life. "It is many years ago since that evening," Rutherford continues, "but while I write I am at the window still, and the yellow flare of the city is still in my eyes." Without reference outside the novel, it is impossible to know for certain whether the school had any more "factual" existence than the train, the storm, and Mary Mardon.[42] What is important is one's sensitivity to the nuances which suggest that the inexplicable certitude here is more directly "autobiographical." This might be to equate the autobiographical method, here as in Hare's The Story of My Life, with ineptitude, and the autobiographical novel with accomplishment. In some cases this is true; it is, as I said, tempting for the autobiographer to put assertion and summary in the place of imaginative recreation, precisely because his subject-matter is factual, and it often seems enough to assert a fact, or appeal to a memory, rather than to recreate it. But part of my aim in my studies of form and tone was to show that there are forms other than the novel whereby the sense of a whole life may be conveyed. Here in The Autobiography of Mark Rutherford the tacit appeal to the convention of the autobiography is reinforced artistically by the description of the scene; Rutherford may not be able to "explain" the loneliness, but the interior of the school, the meal he has eaten, the furniture in his room, and the view from the window of London's lights, "like some unnatural dawn, or the illumination from a fire which could not itself be seen" (113) --all these form (to use a phrase of T.S. Eliot's which seems appropriate here) the "objective correlative" of the emotion. By confessing his inability to explain his loneliness, Rutherford does not surrender the emotion to the ineffable; he places his emphasis on the true nature of his story, and invites one to respond to it as such.

I am not trying merely to demonstrate that an autobiographical novel, especially one written in the first person, will have passages which could be taken for autobiography; my point is rather that the reader is sensitive to shifts in tone and narrative which suggest the movement from one convention to the other. The Autobiography of Mark Rutherford is a useful special case here because it is written in the first person (for in many cases autobiographical novels are not so written), and because it fluctuates between invented action, such as Rutherford's becoming a minister, and versions of actual occurrences, such as William Hale White's encounter with George Eliot (the "Theresa" of the novel), given in a fairly factual manner.

Hail and Farewell, on the other hand, would seem to reinforce Scholes and Kellogg's contention that there is a continuum from autobiographical novel to autobiography, rather than a line of demarcation between the two forms. But the problem with Hail and Farewell, which raises doubts about the extent of its achievement, is not that in using the resources of the novel it becomes indistinguishable from an autobiographical novel, but that it too calls into question the reader's response, and the demands of the convention.

Hail and Farewell furnishes a narrative which contains real events and real people, which appears on the whole to be faithful to fact. The author himself is concerned to insist that the book is completely truthful. It uses many of the resources of fiction--dialogue, flexibility of chronology, extensive characterization, circumstantial detail--but these resources do not necessarily convert it into a work of fiction, and it remains, as I argued earlier, an autobiography. Now the point of Scholes and Kellogg's thesis is that one should not stress such distinctions, but rather read Hail and Farewell with enjoyment and appreciation because it has shown "originality in perceiving and telling the facts." The facts themselves, by reference to which I am defining the book as autobiography, are more or less irrelevant: the art is not found in the facts. My argument would be that while the art is not found in the facts, the convention is, and one's response as a reader to Hail and Farewell suggests that one does hold the distinction between autobiography and autobiographical novel in one's mind as one reads.

In its use of resources culled from the novel, Hail and Farewell escapes from some of the more confining technical restrictions of autobiography, but it does so by involving a wide range of real individuals, and Moore himself, in a complicated total design, a plot which will reveal Moore's relations with Ireland. The narrator of Hail and Farewell, like the narrator of a novel, claims knowledge of people and situations, interprets their actions, has them speak, describes them, so that they contribute to his own autobiography. The arrogant Yeats, the solid pious Martyn, magnetic AE, Plunkett, Gill, Stella, the Colonel: all are not only brought before the reader, but are rendered with all the arts of the novelist. The following sketch and dialogue, for example, is brought to bear upon Edward Martyn:

> I fell to admiring his appearance more carefully than perhaps I had ever done before, so monumental did he seem lying on the little sofa sheltered from the drafts by a screen, a shawl about his shoulders. His churchwarden was drawing famously, and I noticed his great square hands with strong fingers, and square nails pared closely away, and as heretofore I admired the curve of the great belly, the thickness of the thighs, the length and breadth and width of his foot hanging over the edge of the sofa, the apopleptic neck falling into great rolls of flesh, the humid eyes, the skull covered with short stubbly hair. I looked round the rooms and they seemed part of himself: the old green wallpaper on which he pins reproductions of the Italian masters . . . .
>
> We had been talking for some time of the Gaelic League, and from Hyde it was easy to pass to Yeats and his plays.
>
> His best play is The Countess Cathleen.
>
> The Countess Cathleen is only a sketch.
>
> But what I could never understand, Edward, was why you and the Cardinal could have any doubts as to the orthodoxy of The Countess Cathleen.
>
> What, a woman that sells her own soul in order to save the souls of others!
>
> I suppose your theologian objected--
>
> Of course he objected.
>
> He cannot have read St. Paul.
>
> What do you mean?
>
> He can't have read St. Paul, or else he is prepared to throw over St. Paul.
>
> Mon ami Moore, mon ami Moore.
>
> The supernatural idealism of a man who would sell his soul to save the souls of others fills me with awe.
>
> But it wasn't a man; it was the Countess Cathleen, and women are never idealists.
>
> Not the saints?
>
> His face grew solemn at once. (II, 368-69)

One's presiding impression is of manipulation; not a doubt about the distortion of the facts of Martyn's appearance, or of the words which were actually spoken in that conversation, but of the manipulation of Martyn to fulfil his role of amiable, unshakeably Catholic, faintly bovine and philistine foil to Moore's exasperated "Protestant" dynamism. Of course the novelist has the right to present character in a certain light, even to contemplate character as revealed in the physical body seen as aesthetic object--the fussy shawl and strong fingers played off against one another--without one's complaining of manipulation. But here the writing wavers between two conventions. Martyn is a real person, with an existence outside Hail and Farewell, but here one is asked to contemplate, and listen to, him as though he were a character in an autobiographical fiction. The autobiographical novelist will usually liberate one from the inhibitions one might feel on such an occasion by intimating that while character X may have a real-life equivalent, one is free to respond to him as an artistic creation. When one senses that an autobiographer is manipulating a real person --as Mill perhaps does with J.A. Roebuck--the convention of the autobiography makes it easier for one to allow for this and adjust to it. Mill has the authority of one man recalling another's behaviour; Moore has a shade of the authority of the narrator who has a privileged insight into character. Not all narrators are reliable--the self-deceived narrator of Gide's La Symphonie Pastorale springs to mind--but while Moore may elect to narrate Hail and Farewell with a wary eye on his own ridiculousness, he is jealous of his perceptiveness in grasping character and situation.

One is present in Hail and Farewell at a grandly-constructed drama into which real people have been drawn to play their parts--a Shakespearean conception, perhaps, except that George Moore, not God, is directing this performance. No matter how accurate the recording of facts, one is still drawn into questioning the propriety of this method of presentation, itself complicated by Moore's defiant mingling of the terms of life and art. "The past never changes;" he says early in Ave, "it is like a long picture-gallery. Many of the pictures are covered with grey cloths, as is usual in picture-galleries; but we can uncover any picture we wish to see, and not infrequently a cloth will fall as if by magic, revealing a forgotten one, and it is often as clear in outline and as fresh in paint as a Van de Meer" (I, 8). He begins to describe Jim Browne in Vale, then cries: "But why enumerate? A portrait by Van Dyke" (II, 209). Again: "One reads one's past like a book out of which some pages have been torn and many mutilated" (I, 272). Some characters in Hail and Farewell are introduced with such lavish devotion to making them "characters" in the flamboyant sense that one loses a sense of them as human beings even as one is asked to remember that they do in fact exist. O'Neill Russell, painted with a good deal of "colour," falls into this category (I, 421).

Various difficulties beset the autobiographer as he attempts to accommodate the riches of the novel to his own form and its conventions; one such difficulty arises as he uses the Dickensian idiom to present real individuals. Moore's first presentation of Gill, at a literary dinner given by the Gaelic League, is dominated by reference to Gill's "Henri Quatre" beard. The beard, and the round brow with curling hair, remind Moore of a portrait by Bellini; then he changes his mind--it was Giorgione "who started the fashion for a certain wisdom which Gill seems to have caught admirably" (I, 123). The beard is the man, and the source of his influence: "Gill was nothing before he grew his beard. His face is so thin, and falls away at the chin so quickly, that no-one credited him with any deep and commanding intelligence" (I, 124). When Gill's beard was first trimmed to "Henri Quatre," "the transformation effected in his face was little compared to that which had happened in his soul. In the beginning was the beard, and the beard was with God, who in this case happened to be a barber" (I, 126). This is very reminiscent of Dickens; one thinks of Mr. Tite Barnacle in *Little Dorrit*, who inspires confidence through the uncompromising closeness of his clothing, which has a tight legal flavour to those who see him "buttoned up to his tight cravat. All buttoned-up men are believed in."[43] But a beard on the real Gill is a different matter from a cravat on the fictional Tite Barnacle. Tite Barnacle lives up to his cravat whenever he appears, but when Gill goes on to live up to his beard in *Hail and Farewell*, one recalls that Gill has an autonomous existence, which one holds in one's mind alongside the picture Moore provides. One might come to see Moore as having something in common, despite his levity and wit, with the manipulating narrator of Henry James's *The Sacred Fount*, who says at one point in the novel, of one of the other characters, that: "I found, on my side, a rare intellectual joy, the oddest secret exultation, in feeling her instantly begin to play the part I had attributed to her in the irreducible drama."[44]

Edmund Gosse is more circumspect in *Father and Son* about the possible effects arising from his use of fictional devices, and at one point he checks himself as a Dickensian occasion comes to hand: "Miss Marks was a somewhat grotesque personage, and might easily be painted as a kind of eccentric Dickens character, a mixture of Mrs. Pipchin and Miss Sally Brass. I will confess that when, in years to come, I read *Dombey and Son*, certain features of Mrs. Pipchin did irresistibly remind me of my excellent past governess. I can imagine Miss Marks saying, but with a facetious intent, that children who sniffed would not go to heaven" (60). In this way, admittedly, Gosse retains the parallel whilst claiming that he is "ashamed" of it. It is not that he intends to sentimentalize over Miss Marks, whom he sees as a "thoroughly good and honest woman, not intelligent and not graceful, but desirous in every way to do her duty," adding of her theological views that: "I believe I do her rather limited intelligence no injury when I say that it was prepared to swallow, at one mouthful, whatever my Father presented to it . . ." (61). It is that to present her as a version of Mrs. Pipchin, with all the tempting effects obtainable from such a characterization, would be to incarcerate Miss Marks within that role; whereas one does not feel, reading Father and Son, that violence has been done to one's awareness that Miss Marks is a human being as well as part of the autobiography.

Some of the difference between Moore's characterization and Gosse's can be seen if one compares Edward Martyn of Hail and Farewell with Miss Marks of Father and Son. Martyn is the more elaborately rendered character, in that one sees him speak more often than one does Miss Marks, one knows his mannerisms and physical appearance in more detail, and one knows his opinions on a wider range of subjects. But the kind of misgivings I am attempting to define do not amount to the desire to have every real human being presented as someone of unfathomable complexity, whom one knows in great detail; Miss Marks's limitations may be presented as more immediately recognizable than Martyn's, without one's objecting. The misgivings arise because Martyn appears, as one reads Hail and Farewell, to have reality only in so far as he appears in the autobiography; the very tenor of Moore's presentation of him, going further into detail and the illusion of "reality" than Gosse's earlier attempt at "novelised autobiography," begins to supply diminishing returns as it conflicts with our awareness (encouraged by the autobiographical convention) that an Edward Martyn exists in nature.

The autobiographer is faced with a particular version of the aesthetic problem of how one gets from "fact" to "art." This problem, which presents itself differently in the various forms of art, was considered by Coleridge in an interesting lecture delivered in 1818 and printed posthumously in his Literary Remains. Remarking that nature is the subject-matter of art, he goes on to add: "Well! it may be said--but who has ever thought otherwise? We all know that art is the imitatress of nature." The "imitation" involved is not however as simple as one might think:

> It is sufficient that philosophically we understand that in all imitation two elements must coexist, and not only coexist, but must be seen as coexisting. These two constituent elements are likeness and unlikeness, or sameness and difference, and in all genuine creations of art there must be a union of these disparates. The artist may take his point of view where he pleases, provided that the desired effect be perceptibly produced,--that there be likeness in the difference, difference in the likeness, and a reconcilement of both in one. If there be likeness to nature without any check of difference, the result is disgusting, and the more complete the delusion, the more loathesome the effect. Why are such simulations of nature, as wax-work figures of men and women, so disagreeable? Because, not finding the motion and the life we expected, we are shocked as by a falsehood, every circumstance of detail, which before induced us to be interested, making the distance from truth more palatable [sic] . You set out with a supposed reality and are disappointed with the deception; whilst, in respect to a work of genuine imitation, you begin with an acknowledged total difference, and then every touch of nature gives you the pleasure of an approximation to truth.[45]

The extent and nature of the problem varies, as I said, from one art form to another, and the relationship between the statue, the wax-work and the living original is a crude analogy to apply to Hail and Farewell. In the art of the theatre, we are still in a different sphere, because the actor on the stage could resemble a real person, speak the words of that person, and impersonate his gestures--but one would constantly be aware of the artifice of the stage and the impersonation. In the novel the problem recedes in that one is concerned with truth to human nature rather than to a particular person or group of persons (though here too one expects those "checks" to the likeness--guiding form which, as Henry James said, "*takes*, and holds and preserves, substance--saves it from the welter of helpless verbiage that we swim in as in a sea of tasteless tepid pudding"[46]). But the autobiographer's answer cannot be that of the novelist. One has Moore, Yeats, Gill, Stella on the one hand, and is aware of them as real even when knows little about them; on the other hand one has the autobiographical "truth" about their relationships. The more finished and developed, in a novelist's sense, the portrait of Martyn, the more one is inclined to recoil from it. It speaks, it opines, it stands before one in *trompe l'oeil* detail, but one cannot respond to it as it seems to demand--as one responds to Mr. Morel of *Sons and Lovers*, or Theresa of *The Autobiography of Mark Rutherford*.

The effects of this elaborate presentation of character are not confined to the secondary characters themselves; they reflect too upon the author of the autobiography. The narrator of *Hail and Farewell* contemplates Edward Martyn in *Ave*, and decides that he "was a bachelor before he left his mother's womb" (I, 212), that he "yields completely to authority once he has accepted it" (I, 210), that "his mother imposed obedience on him by appealing to his fear of God, and aggravating this fear by a severe training in religious dogma" (I, 213). These weak, ambiguous natures," he continues to muse, "lend themselves so much more to literature, and, indeed, to friendship, than the stronger, who follow their own instincts, thinking always with their own brains. They get what they want, the others get nothing; but the weak men are the more interesting: they excite our sentiments, our pity, and without pity man may not live" (I, 214). This narrator also has the power to make Martyn speak and converse at length, to involve him in extended metaphors (Martyn's alliance with Yeats becomes the unlikely alliance of the owl and the rook in Ave [I, 37-41]), and to treat other characters in the same way. In the narrator of an autobiographical novel, one takes such power for granted, as, for example, in the opening pages of Sons and Lovers: "the dusky, golden softness of this man's sensuous flame of life, that flowed off his flesh like the flame from a candle, not baffled and gripped into incandescence by thought and spirit as her life was, seemed to her something wonderful, beyond her."[47] But the narrator of Ave is George Moore, friend of Edward Martyn (and his guest at the supposed time of the above reflections): he it is whom one is drawn to see as the constant examiner and evaluator of those about him; he it is who knows so much.

If one returns now to Miss Marks in Father and Son, and to the two main protagonists of that book, one becomes aware that Hail and Farewell's artistic dilemmas are a result partly of its comprehensive use of fictional techniques, and partly of the fact that it is George Moore's autobiography. His aesthetic attitude to life, and to that great picture-gallery of memory, often strikes one as heartless--great "scenes" and "characters" abound. (A man's discovery of his blindness can make a beautifully dramatic anecdote [II, 163]). The curious arrogance everywhere apparent in his literary criticism finds an expansive arena in Hail and Farewell, as does his belief that: "the writer's job is to reveal in a few simple strokes and at the outset the essence, the complex unity, of each character and to devote himself thereafter to the myriad behaviour manifestations of his creation . . . the first step, to 'evoke the soul,' is the most difficult task in all the realms of art."[48]

The considerate, circumspect Edmund Gosse, writing an autobiography which was also in part, as he put it, "a monument to the memory of my father, an extraordinary man . . . whose character was too powerful not to have its disconcerting sides,"[49] was not likely to produce the same effects as George Moore, despite Moore's role as advisor. That Father and Son does not provoke the same misgivings as Hail and Farewell can also be traced, however, to the fact that Gosse's book bears a different relation to the novel from Moore's. When Miss Marks speaks, even when at one point she makes a "scene" on the occasion of Philip Gosse's second marriage (not to her), she does not do so at the hands of a dictating and interpreting single narrator:

> I was dancing about the drawing-room, and was saying "Oh! I am so glad my new Mamma is coming," when Miss Marks called out, in an unnatural voice, "Oh, you cruel child." I stopped in amazement and stared at her, whereupon she threw prudence to the winds, and moaned: "I once thought I should be your dear mamma." I was simply stupefied, and I expressed my horror in words that were clear and strong. Thereupon Miss Marks had a wild fit of hysterics, while I looked on, wholly unsympathetic and deeply affronted. She was right; I was cruel, alas! but then, what a silly woman she had been! The consequence was that she withdrew in a moist and quivering condition to her boudoir, where she had locked herself in when I, all smiles and caresses, was welcoming the bride and bridegroom on the doorstep as politely as if I had been a valued old family retainer. (138-39)

As often in Father and Son, one is given a dual perspective on an incident: the mature Edmund Gosse narrates it, but one has also the point of view of the priggish boy, suddenly halted by Miss Marks's "unnatural voice." The mature narrator has a better sense of the blow dealt to Miss Marks by the loss of her "comfortable, or, at least . . . independent position" (61), and can judge both boy and woman: one cruel, the other silly.

But the reader already knows enough to see that a union between Miss Marks and Philip Henry Gosse, F.R.S., is an impossibility. Not only is the narrator just; one sees him interpreting and recreating the past in this brief scene, and one is sure of the authority upon which the story is told.

Because there is a separation between the "son" and the narrator --a separation which is more than that effected by age, and which the autobiography exists to explain--Father and Son seems less self-enclosed than Hail and Farewell. In Moore's autobiography the calm certitude of the narrator, never at a loss at the important moments, and the grand design, seem to suggest: "This is how it happened--how it looked, what was said, what it meant. Immerse youself in the reality of the presentation." In Father and Son Gosse makes his position (or bias) clear at the outset: the narrator will be concerned to relate the conflict of two temperaments, and the effects of a "dying puritanism" (ix). Furthermore, one sees him, in describing his rather alien youthful self, testing out the past and questioning it. It is easier here to form one's judgements about the narrator's conclusions, partly because he has no scruples about revealing his own process of reaching conclusions. Henry James made a famous complaint against Trollope in "The Art of Fiction," that "he admits that the events he narrates have not really happened, and that he can give his narrative any turn the reader may like best."[50] Gosse makes the autobiographer's equivalent of Trollope's avowal by admitting that Father and Son is a raid on the past made, if not with shabby equipment, with the fallible resources of memory: "Everything in my memories seems to run askew . . ." (98), he says at one point. Or, "the key is lost whereby I might unlock the peverse malady from which my Father's conscience seemed to suffer during the whole of this melancholy winter" (74), and "As I look back upon this far-away time, I am surprized at the absence in it of any figures but our own" (59). The sense that reality is immense, and that man's ability to bring it wholly into the range of his art is limited receives an acknowledgement in Salve--"how much more eloquent were thy words than any that my memory recalls" (I, 391)--but the method of Hail and Farewell is not generally faithful to these sentiments.

The result is that in Father and Son the autobiographical convention does not seem incongruous alongside the lucidly dramatized scenes. We might wonder whether it was really in "a loud wheedling voice" that Philip Gosse asked, after he and young Edmund had consulted God as to whether the son might attend a party, "Well, and what is the answer which our Lord vouchsafes?" (155) He was certain that our Lord had vouchsafed disapproval of the party; Edmund was not. But the bias in the narration is clear and recognizable as that of the mature Edmund Gosse, and the whole scene can be read with this in mind. Such designs as the narration has upon us are recognizable, and the manipulation of the figure of Philip Gosse is qualified by our sense of that remarkable and interesting man's objective existence: Gosse was right to include extracts from his father's powerful, disturbing letters alongside the dramatized scenes and descriptive material. George Moore, however, disapproved.[51]

This is not to say that any absolute line can be drawn which limits satisfactory development of autobiography in the direction taken by Hail and Farewell, since, in addition to the form of the narrative, a good deal depends upon the personality of the autobiographer, and upon his tone. Moore's approach does have advantages, as I suggested earlier in this chapter, and one is impressed by his determination that his autobiography should be a work of art, and not fall into the artistic limbo in which so many autobiographies, by the famous as well as the obscure, languish unread.

CHAPTER VI

CONCLUSION: HENRY JAMES AND AUTOBIOGRAPHY

In the preceding chapter I argued that George Moore's three-volume assault upon the conventions of autobiography proves ultimately unsatisfactory. That argument deprives this final chapter of a rhetorically neat conclusion, for Hail and Farewell is in some ways the most remarkable autobiography of my chosen period, and it would make a convenient climax to a study such as this were one able to point to it as the apotheosis of Victorian and Edwardian autobiography, and the education of autobiography at the hands of the novel. Even if it were possible, at George Moore's insistence, to accept Hail and Farewell as a masterpiece, any summary of the achievements of autobiography between 1864 and 1914 would have to take into account the contribution made by the greatest novelist of the late nineteenth century. For almost exactly contemporary with Moore's trilogy are the three autobiographical volumes of Henry James: an autobiography which demonstrates that Robert Scholes and Robert Kellogg are mistaken in asserting that "originality in telling the facts" is confined to autobiographical novels, and autobiographies which resemble novels. James's autobiography is certainly a conscious work of art, but it was composed along lines very different from those of Hail and Farewell.

This concluding chapter is a study of James's A Small Boy and Others (1913), Notes of a Son and Brother (1914) and The Middle Years (1917) in terms of form, style and narrative--those elements whose importance has already been discussed separately in previous chapters.

But the chapter is also a conclusion, in that the final emphases and summaries of the thesis will be made here, from the vantage point of this final, excellent autobiography of the period. It is tempting, therefore, to make James's autobiographical volumes appear the culmination of some autobiographical "Great Tradition," built directly upon the achievements of Newman, Ruskin, Carlyle and others. It is tempting, too, to refer back to previous autobiographies as so many "problems solved": Ruskin's handling of the mixed form; Newman's skillful manipulation of tone; Gosse's tactful introduction of the narrative resources of fiction. One way to overcome the temptations of convenience is by adhering strictly to demonstrable influences: the influence of *The Prelude* upon *Praeterita*; George Moore's collaboration with Edmund Gosse; the negative influence of the *Apologia* upon Moore's own *Hail and Farewell*; the effect upon Herbert Spencer of the success of Mill's *Autobiography*. But no diagrammatic chain-reaction will emerge to link the *Apologia pro Vita Sua* of 1864 with the *Notes of a Son and Brother* of 1914. It might be more profitable to reflect that James's book could hardly have been written in 1864, and to set out briefly the changes in autobiography which occurred in the half-century before the Great War.

First, James's autobiography is unashamedly personal--not in the sense of being nakedly intimate, but in its pursuit of the personally "significant" moment from the past, even when that moment is as outwardly trivial as a chance remark, or the sound of a newspaper being folded. This is the mark of an increased self-confidence in the autobiographer; instead of Mill's and Trollope's opening warnings and reservations ("the autobiography of so insignificant a person as myself" . . . "it will not so much be my intention to speak of the little details of my private life" . . . "a memorial of so uneventful a life as my own"), the first page of *A Small Boy and Others* contains an appeal to the intrinsic richness of experience itself: "To recover anything like the full treasure of scattered, wasted circumstance was at the same time to live over the spent experience itself, so deep and rich and rare, with whatever sadder and sorer intensities, after the manner of everyone's experience."[1] The relaxed sense that one has an audience, and is writing in a genre which has proved itself and its importance: this is characteristic of the later autobiographies of the period.

Second, and related to this, is the development of autobiography away from any overtly didactic function, and away from a view of autobiographical composition as primarily a social act. I argued in Chapter III that the presence of undigested lumps of didactic material in earlier autobiographies of the period represents a failure to take the form seriously. Later works which do have a didactic intent, such as *Father and Son* and *Hail and Farewell*, are more content to have the meaning emerge dramatically in the course of the narrative. In his "Preface" to *Father and Son*, Gosse locates the "significance" of the autobiography in its "diagnosis of a dying Puritanism,"[2] but the narrative itself goes far beyond this abstract statement of intent. James's autobiography was composed at a time when the better autobiographies were more consciously sophisticated in their pursuit and presentation of a life's meaning. So the third point that must be made is that the *range* of autobiographical forms and approaches had widened considerably by 1914. I have already indicated that I think the *Apologia*, *Praeterita*, and *Father and Son* draw successfully upon different literary resources, and reveal the range of effects to be obtained from stylistic, formal and narrative variation; what must be stressed here is how much more populous the autobiographical landscape appears from the viewpoint of 1914 than from that of the mid-nineteenth century. Furthermore, several of the more interesting autobiographies had been *causes célèbres*, provoking discussion, and often disapproval, in the correspondence of the famous as well as in public print.[3] For that reason the *Apologia*, Mill's *Autobiography* with its revelations about his life with Harriet Taylor, Harriet Martineau's outspokenness, Gosse's treatment of his father's faith, and Trollope's unfashionably business-like record of his art, all bulked larger on the literary scene of the period than they might otherwise have done.

Fourth, while James does not set out his life in the form of a "novelised autobiography," he has in common with Gosse and Moore a wariness in the face of the autobiographer's tendency to summarize, over-simplify, rationalize, abstract and attenuate. In Chapter V of this study I referred to the autobiographies of Darwin, Mill and Newman as illustrating this tendency, and quoted George Moore's contrary insistence on the importance of "atmosphere." Henry James's corresponding term, as he applied it in reviewing Cabot's Life of Emerson, was "colour": "There is something we miss very much as we turn these pages--something that has a kind of accidental, inevitable presence in almost any personal record--something that may be most definitely indicated under the name of colour."[4] But when he came to write *A Small Boy and Others*, James was not content to have "colour" present itself in an "accidental, inevitable" way. The writing of autobiography is very definitely an artistic enterprise: "if one tries to evoke one must neglect none of the arts, one must do it with all the forms" (38). This artistic seriousness grows out of a sense of responsibility towards the past: "To look back at all is to meet the apparitional and to find in its ghostly face the silent stare of an appeal. When I fix it, the hovering shade, whether of person or place, fixes me back and seems the less lost--not to my consciousness, for that is nothing, but to its own--by my stopping however idly for it" (54). I am not sure that I understand the force of this idea of the past being the less lost to its *own* consciousness, unless the use of "shade" is more literal than metaphorical. But the general meaning of James's "moral affiliation" to his memories is clear enough, as he defines it some pages further on: "I somehow feel morally affiliated, tied as by knotted fibres, to the elements involved" (105).

In its reverently responsible approach to the past, its mixture of wonder and sadness, James's autobiography resembles Carlyle's *Reminiscences*. But it is the *Reminiscences* rewritten not as a private devotion, but with a sense of an audience; not as a loosely coherent series of broodings upon the past, but as a cumulative and "architectural"[5] whole. One needs to be careful with one's genealogies here: it is one thing to say that without John Donne we would not have the poetry of Andrew Marvell, but quite another to make *A Small Boy and Others* dependent upon Thomas Carlyle. Such a claim would, in any event, falsify the actual picture of autobiographical experimentation which has emerged in Chapters III to V, which is one of writers struggling to come to terms with (or oblivious of the need to come to terms with) the problems involved in an awkward, demanding and revealing literary form. The period is one of consolidation and growth for the genre, but as I suggested earlier,[6] its successes are difficult to imitate directly, and one does not find the *Apologia* and *Praeterita* being used as models. *Father and Son* and *Hail and Farewell*, however, do represent an imitable innovation in the autobiography's approach to its raw material: they are experiments which can readily be taken over and developed, even though they do involve the writer in subtle problems of adjustment to autobiographical convention. Many twentieth-century autobiographies, such as Arthur Koestler's Arrow in the Blue, or John Cowper Powys's Autobiography, attest to the fact that the "fictional" exploitation of symbolism, dialogue, variation of time-scale and unity of plot, can be brought to bear upon a life-story with varying degrees of thoroughness. Hail and Farewell is one of the earliest attempts to put such techniques at the service of autobiography proper; it is also perhaps the most thorough-going example of its kind.

It might appear surprising, then, that Henry James's autobiography is so "orthodox" in its approach to telling the author's life-story--if we take as orthodox for the period the approach represented by Mill or Herbert Spencer, where the material tends not to be dramatized after the fashion of Hail and Farewell. James's approach to the narrative structure of his autobiography may however have been influenced by his mistrust of what he called the "autobiographic form" in fiction; only months before he began A Small Boy and Others, he had read H.G. Wells's The New Machiavelli, and had written to Wells in March of 1911:

> I make remonstrance--for I do remonstrate--bear upon the bad service you have done your cause by riding so hard again that curst autobiographic form which puts a premium on the loose, the improvised, the cheap and the easy. Save in the fantastic and the romantic (Copperfield, Jane Eyre, that charming thing of Stevenson's with the bad title--"Kidnapped"?) it has no authority, no persuasive or convincing force--its grasp of reality and truth isn't strong and disinterested. R. Crusoe, e.g., isn't a novel at all. There is, to my vision, no authentic and no really interesting and no beautiful, report of things on the novelist's, the painter's part unless the great stewpot or crucible of the imagination, of the observant and recording and observing mind in short, has intervened and played its part . . . . [7]

In 1913, the year that *A Small Boy and Others* was published, Wells's novel *The Passionate Friends* moved James to a similar "remonstrance" when he claimed that the autobiographic form of novel sacrificed "what I hold most dear, a precious effect of *perspective*, indispensable, by my fond measure, to beauty and authenticity." What it could not provide was "a rounded objectivity, a completely and patently achieved one."[8] In *Notes of a Son and Brother*, his second autobiographical volume, James was to recur to this matter of "objectivity." Here he expresses his awareness that the "recoveries and reflections" of the autobiography are joined upon the "fine silver thread" of the theme of his own developing imagination, "fed by every contact and every apprehension, and feeding in turn every motion and every act . . ." (454-55). The theme of "the personal history . . . of an imagination" had, he says, long struck him as a fine subject, but he had been almost surprised to discover where his basic subject-matter, "the man of imagination," lay:

> I had in a word to draw him forth from within rather than meet him in the world before me, the more convenient sphere of the objective, and to make him objective, in short, had to turn nothing less than myself inside out. What was *I* thus, within and essentially, what had I ever been and could I ever be but a man of imagination at the active pitch?--so that if it was a question of treating *some* happy case, any that would give me what, artistically speaking, I wanted, here on the very spot was one at hand in default of a better. It wasn't what I should have preferred, yet it was after all the example I knew best and should feel most at home with--granting always that objectivity, the prize to be won, shouldn't just be frightened away by the odd terms of the affair. (455)

James would feel "at home with" himself as an example of "the imaginative faculty under cultivation," but "objectivity" would be a problem. When James complained to Wells about the "autobiographic form," he seems to have been mainly concerned with the first person narration, rather than with the novel which is a fictionalised autobiography, since he grouped David Copperfield, Jane Eyre, Robinson Crusoe, and The New Machiavelli together. But in his article on "The New Novel" (1914), he turns again to Wells, and suggests that the autobiographical form may be a revealing choice on Wells's part: "It is literally Mr. Wells's own mind, and the experience of his own mind, incessant and extraordinarily various, extraordinarily reflective, even with all sorts of conditions made, of whatever he may expose it to, that forms the reservoir tapped by him, that constitutes his provision of grounds of interest."[9]

Though George Moore, that "unimportantly dull" man,[10] was publishing the volumes of Hail and Farewell as James wrote his autobiography, the Jamesian concepts of form, perspective and objectivity would not be served by presenting one's own life, in the actual circumstances in which it was lived, in novel form. A Jamesian version of Hail and Farewell would take one so far from the novels and tales that it is hard to imagine his seriously considering it as an alternative to the present form of the autobiography. As Wayne Booth says: "James's effort in his maturity is to find for each story an observer, or group of observers, who because of their sensitivity can 'reflect' the story to the reader. It is 'in their minds' that the story really takes place; as they experience it, the reader experiences it."[11] It is hardly likely that an author concerned to use his characters to obtain, as he put it, "gradations and superpositions of effect" that will produce a certain "fulness of truth"[12] would set himself up as the narrator of a history of his own life in which the devices of fiction would, by the very nature of things, be laid bare. Every dialogue would be traced back, consciously or otherwise, to the narrator's invention, or memory, or to some hinterland between the two; and the narrator-author would comment in propria persona on his creations--or, should one say, his friends. For an artist of James's disposition, such a method would have, as he himself said of George Sand's autobiography, "neither the value of truth nor the illusion of fiction."[13] One need not, in fact, go to the lengths of a George Moore in order to draw upon the resources of fiction; but James does distinguish his autobiography very firmly from the novel.

Such a distinction does not eliminate the problems surrounding the narration of the autobiography. Actions must take place, and individuals must meet, interact and alter with age. They must, at times, speak; and the all-important effect of continuity must be obtained. The story to be narrated was basically, as James himself explained, the growth of his own artistic imagination from childhood to middle age. But this is combined with that homage to particular vivid scenes and images from the past which gives the trilogy its characteristic flavour and intensity. Then again, the story of James's own imaginative development is a complex one because it involves the resolution of so many dialectically opposed forces. It was James's "complex fate" to have been caught, imaginatively and physically, between America, "the small warm dusky homogeneous New York world of the mid-century" (38), and Europe, where the rented house in Geneva was old, and somehow deep: "depth, depth upon depth, was what came out for me at certain times" (164). The sense of European "depth" was an implicit reproach to New York: "I felt that such material conditions as I had known could have no depth at all" (164), and the dignified art salons of the Rue de Seine in Paris seemed to carry an arrogant message to the Americans William and Henry James: "Art, art, art, don't you see? Learn, little gaping pilgrims, what *that* is!" (191) William James himself provides another source of tension within the trilogy: Henry is involved in the struggle to find his own role, and take himself seriously, in the face of this brilliant elder brother who seems to succeed in everything to which he turns his talented attention. The younger brother, Wilky, besides living "in those years . . . with an immediacy that left [Henry] far in the lurch" (258), also fought with distinction in the Civil War, and by becoming a successful officer set himself up as another force against which the young non-combatant Henry James had to define himself: "I recall an afternoon at Readville, near Boston [where Wilky's regiment was camped], and the fashion in which his state of juniority gave way, for me, on the spot, to immensities of superior difference" (456).

The development of James's imagination is closely related to his need to bring into harmony the European and American dimensions of his existence, and to find a *raison d'être* for the young man who, convinced that he couldn't "do things" (456), felt himself suspended between the brilliance of the elder brother and the sociability and verve of the younger. This, briefly, is the story of James's autobiography. The objectivity and perspective he sought in order to present it clearly, he obtained through the presentation of himself as narrator. He is not the narrator-character, involved in the thick of the action, like George Moore, but the composer of the book and the surveyor of the past, whose gaze directed upon his younger self provides perspective and shape to the work, and who, in a series of beautiful images, reminds the reader constantly of the process of remembering. The man who describes himself when a "small boy" with "others" deliberately allows the reader to see him in the act of recalling the past: "for as I breathe all this hushed air again even the more broken things give out touching human values and faint sweet scents of character, flushes of old beauty and goodwill . . . . the more I squeeze the sponge of memory the more its stored secretions flow . . . ." (30, 37). Like his other works of this time, the autobiography was dictated by James to his secretary Miss Bosanquet, who has provided a picture of its author, pacing up and down the room, "sounding out the periods in tones of free resonant assurance . . . . The only thing that could arrest his progress was the escape of a word he wanted to use. When that had vanished he broke off the rhythmic pacing and made his way to a chimney-piece or book case tall enough to support his elbows while he rested his head on his hands and audibly pursued the fugitive."[14]

The narrator is engaged, as this description of James's method might suggest, on the almost physical interrogation of the past; "it's like putting one's ear, doctor-fashion, to the breast of time," he says at one point, "or say as the subtle savage puts his to the ground--and catching at its start some vibratory hum that has been going on more or less for the fifty years since" (282). In no other autobiography of the period is the sense of the narrator's presence so strong; its function is to check the slackness and self-indulgence which James saw as a danger in the autobiographic form. It provides the "perspective" that he desired: the term is appropriate here, because the reader is made aware that he is viewing the past from the perspective of the narrator. It provides "objectivity," too, because the reader is constantly made aware of the status of the personal history--the authority upon which it is told. It is instructive to compare James's autobiography to Father and Son. Gosse's book is consistently ironic in its presentation of the two main characters, and irony involves a sense of the narrator's presence, as in this scene from Chapter XI, where the father determines to "lay before the Lord" the question of whether or not his young son should attend a party:

> We did so, kneeling side by side, with our backs to the window and our foreheads pressed upon the horse-hair cover of the small coffin-like sofa. My Father prayed aloud, with great fervour, that it might be revealed to me, by the voice of God, whether it was or was not the Lord's will that I should attend the Browns' party. My Father's attitude seemed to me to be hardly fair, since he did not scruple to remind the Deity of various objections to a life of pleasure and the snakes that lie hidden in the grass of evening parties. It would have been more scrupulous, I thought, to give no sort of hint of the kind of answer he desired and expected.
>
> . . . As I knelt, feeling very small, by the immense bulk of my Father, there gushed through my veins like a wine the determination to rebel. Never before, in all those years of my vocation, had I felt my resistance take precisely this definite form. We rose presently from the sofa, my forhead and the backs of my hands chafed by the texture of the horsehair, and we faced one another in the dreary light. My Father, perfectly confident in the success of what had really been a form of incantation, asked me in a loud wheedling voice, "Well, and what is the answer that our Lord vouchsafes?" I said nothing, and so my Father, more sharply, continued, "We have asked him to direct you to a true knowledge of His will. We have desired Him to let you know whether it is, or is not, in accordance with His wishes that you should accept this invitation from the Browns." He positively beamed down at me; he had no doubt of the reply. He was already, I believe, planning some little treat to make up to me for the material deprivation. But my answer came, in the high-piping accents of despair: "The Lord says I may go to the Browns." My Father gazed at me in speechless horror. (157-58)

It would be difficult not to respond here to the clear ironies, such as the conjunction of the "voice of God" and "the Browns' party," the Father's reminding his son of the objectionableness of parties under the guise of prayer, and the heady determination to rebel which issues in "the high-piping accents of despair." The narrator projects a certain mature detachment from the behaviour of both participants. But the narration is working its influence through the very dramatization of the scene, and the authoritative presentation of circumstantial detail and dialogue. Detached from its content, this may not seem very subtle: the "horsehair" sofa which resembles a "coffin," the "backs to the window," the hands and forehead "chafed" by their contact with the sofa, the "dreary light," and the "loud wheedling voice" of Gosse senior. But these selected memories and interpretations are delivered with the force of a narrator whose authority, in the fictional context upon which the passage is modelled, tends to be taken for granted. There is nothing intrinsically wrong with drawing the reader into an autobiographical scene through the use of unobtrusively arranged details; in fact, Gosse's consistent and calculated use of this device is one of his contributions to the development of the genre. Seldom, however, does James's autobiography give this sense of things harmoniously and unobtrusively composing themselves around a particular situation. For one thing, it is an autobiography of perceptions--of tableaux suddenly floodlit, rather than of protracted conversations or series of events; and these perceptions almost always contain a dual emphasis: the original scene and feeling, and the reviving, exploring, testing force of the narrator's enquiry. For example, while one is "present at" the scene from Father and Son, feeling the rough sofa against one's forehead, the surge of heady freedom at the very thought of rebellion, and the intimidating bulk of parental authority at one's side, the total effect of the following scene from A Small Boy and Others--itself a turning-point in the book--is of a different kind. Passing through the Jura by coach, feverish but pleasantly pampered because of his indisposition, James sees his first castle and his first peasant:

> The village street, which was not as village streets hitherto known to me, opened out, beyond an interval, into a high place on which perched an object also a fresh revelation and that I recognized with a deep joy . . . as at once a castle and a ruin . . . . At a point in the interval below the slope on which this memento stood, was a woman in a black bodice, a white shirt and a red petticoat, engaged in some sort of field labour, the effect of whose intervention just then is almost beyond my notation. I knew her for a peasant in sabots--the first peasant I had ever beheld, or beheld at least to such advantage. . . . Supremely, in that ecstatic vision, was "Europe," sublime synthesis, expressed and guaranteed to me--as if by a mystic gage, which spread all through the summer air, that I should now, only now, never lose it, hold the whole consistency of it: up to that time it might have been but mockingly whisked before me. Europe mighn't have been flattered, it was true, at my finding her thus most signified and summarized in a sordid old woman scraping a mean living and an uninhabitable tower abandoned to the owls; that was but the momentary measure of a small sick boy, however, and the virtue of the impression was proportioned to my capacity. It made a bridge over to more things than I then knew. (161)

This moment of recognition James refers to as "the recovered moment . . . of our pause at the inn-door in the cool sunshine," and his description of it emphasises the "recovery" as well as the "moment." In previous chapters of this thesis a distinction, inevitably somewhat artificial, was maintained between the way a story is narrated, the style in which it is written, and the form in which it is accommodated. It is difficult at this point to separate the narrative devices of James's autobiography from its style. "The momentary measure of a small sick boy" is conveyed in the majestic, discriminating prose of the mature writer, which discerns the peasant to be "engaged in some form of field labour" as she forms part of the sublime European "synthesis." The result is not so much the de haut en bas tone with which Edmund Gosse often contemplates his younger self, as an acceptance that, if memories are to be scrutinized and assigned significance in some larger pattern, the organizing intelligence may as well be frankly present. It is even possible to detect a hint of irony directed, not at the small sick boy, but at the weighty prose which presents him: "I took in," says James, "as I have hinted, by a long slow swig that testified to some power of elbow, a larger draught of the wine of perception than any I had ever before owed to a single throb of that faculty" (161).

The prose style of the autobiography is inseparable from the figure of the narrator because it embodies the tone of a man reflecting on experience, testing phrases against remembered feelings, and refining the correct response from a series of exploratory clauses. It is an extraordinary style, impossible to read quickly, where each sentence advances to its conclusion through a series of weighty qualifying clauses and phrases. But it is difficult to be entirely happy with sentences such as the following from Notes of a Son and Brother, which describe James's relationship to his father's view of the world: "All of which, at the same time, I allow myself to add, didn't mitigate the simple fact of my felt--my indeed so luxuriously permitted--detachment of sensibility from everything; everything, that is, in the way of great relations, as to which our father's emphasis was richest. There was the dim dissociation, there my comparative poverty, or call it even frivolity, of instinct: I gaped imaginatively, as it were, to such a different set of relations" (339). The number of musing qualifications on the single page from which these sentences are taken is disturbing: "I hasten to add . . . as I recover it . . . to recur to that side . . . at any rate for myself . . . I allow myself to add . . . I take it that . . . as to all our young time . . . ." This convoluted style is one negative aspect of James's oral mode of composition, and his emphasis on the actively remembering narrator. The combination of this narrator and this style sacrifices a certain immediacy of contact with the young James. There is, for example, little of Father and Son's inwardness in the scene where Thackeray, a guest in the James household, called to Henry James: "Come here, little boy, and show me your extraordinary jacket!" (52) Certainly the boy was impressed by the sense that "we were somehow queer," but the significance of the episode centres upon its representative quality. The great English author's benevolent amusement focuses attention on America's ambiguous status in James's feelings: he owed it allegiance as "home," it did have its own peculiar richness of appeal for that reason, but it was always to be measured against the European standard--not slavishly, but inevitably: "[Thackeray] remarked that in England, were I to go there, I should be addressed as 'Buttons'" (52). The encounter is part of a larger pattern of divided awareness of which the narrator is sensible: it stands there alongside other gleams of memory, such as James's realization, as a seventeen-year-old, that America did have such a thing as "politics." Hitherto he had, as a devoted reader of Punch, associated such matters only with the England of Brougham, Palmerston and Lord John Russell. (34-35)

The narrator is capable of a far more refined and harmonious view of past events than was available to his younger self, and he is quite willing to make his re-organization and clarifications transparently clear. Picking up an original impression that his Albany cousins, the Wyckoffs, had a somewhat archetypal aspect ("I could think of [Albert] but as the fils de famille ideally constituted"), and a theatrical "rightness" in their roles ("each one appointed to his or her part and perfect for the picture, which gave a sense of fulness without ever being crowded" [73]), the narrator luxuriates in the opportunity to follow through his theatrical metaphor:

> For the long action set in, as I have hinted, with the death of Aunt Wyckoff, and, if rather taking its time at first to develop, maintained to the end, which was in its full finality but a few years since, the finest consistency and unity; with cousin Helen, in rich prominence, for the heroine; with the pale adventurous Albert for the hero or young protagonist, a little indeed in the sense of a small New York Orestes ridden by Furies; with a pair of confidants in the form first of the heroine's highly respectable but quite negligible husband, and, second, of her close friend and quasi-sister our own admirable Aunt; with Alexander's younger brother, above all, the odd, the eccentric, the attaching Henry, for the stake, as it were, of the game. (77)

The extended metaphor here brings into focus the remembering mind as well as the remembered aunts and cousins. But a similar effect is obtained in this autobiography from the briefer metaphors, often brilliant, which gleam suddenly through the slowly refining and qualifying syntax, almost as the individual remembered scenes gleam through the mass of past experience. James's first experience of the Louvre is conveyed through an aural rather than a visual image, with the paintings "gathered there into a vast deafening chorus . . . some complicated sound, diffused and reverberant" (195). A return to Cambridge, Mass., and Harvard feels like an astringent "mouth-rinse" after the delights of Europe (419). When Hawthorne's Marble Faun, one of James's favourite books, is dismissed by a friend of "Cosmopolitan culture": "the gentle perforated book tumbled before me from its shelf very much as old Polonius, at the thrust of Hamlet's sword, must have collapsed behind the pictured arras" (479). What these three examples fail to convey in their present condensed form is the surprising abruptness with which James's images surface in the midst of a lake of eddying, rather ponderous prose. The incident of The Marble Faun, for example, emerges in the following context:

> I recall how once, in the air of Rome at a time ever so long subsequent, a friend and countryman now no more, who had spent most of his life in Italy and who remains for me, with his accomplishment, his distinction, his extraordinary play of mind

> and his too early and too tragic death, the clearest case of "Cosmopolitan culture" I was to have known, exclaimed with surprise on my happening to speak as from an ancient fondness for Hawthorne's treatment of the Roman scene: "Why, can you read that thing, and here?--to me it means nothing at all!" I remember well that under the breath of this disallowance of any possibility of association, and quite most of such a one as I had from far back positively cultivated, the gentle perforated book tumbled before me from its shelf very much as old Polonius, at the thrust of Hamlet's sword, must have collapsed behind the pictured arras. Of course I might have picked it up and brushed it off, but I seem to feel again that I didn't so much as want to, lost as I could only have been in the sense that the note of harsh enquiry, or in other words of the stroke I had anciently wished to avert, there fell straight upon my ear. (479)

The image is a triumphant flourish on the narrator's part. The book punctured, transformed in a minute into wordy (and dead) Polonius--what better formula to convey the sudden, almost shamefaced, disappointment he must have felt? But like so many effects in the autobiography, it points both ways: to the original situation and feeling, and to the narrator's attempt to "do it with all the forms" (38), and make the past accessible to others. The strenuous brilliance of the image reminds the reader of the narrator who produced it. The effect has something in common with the "theatrical" element in Dickens's art which Robert Garis makes the centre of his book The Dickens Theatre: the presence in the novels of Dickens himself as the grand artificer, even in a first-person narration such as Great Expectations. For the exuberance in the writing and images on the occasion of Mrs. Joe's funeral is hardly Pip's own, even when confronted with the spectacle of Mr. Trabb the undertaker plying his trade: "Mr. Trabb had taken unto himself the best table, and had got all the leaves up, and was holding a kind of black Bazaar, with the aid of a quantity of black pins. At the moment of my arrival, he had just finished putting somebody's hat into black long-clothes, like an African baby: so he held out his hand for mine."[15] This is not to say that James's images present themselves with the extravagant self-confidence of Trabb's black Bazaar, but that part of their effect is Dickensian in its reflection back upon the controlling intelligence. James does, however, make occasional use of a Dickensian vignette, as in the case of this most substantial of his series of governesses: "a stout red-faced lady with grey hair and a large apron, the latter convenience somehow suggesting, as she stood about with a resolute air, that she viewed her lttle pupils as so many small slices cut from the loaf of life and on which she was to dab the butter of arithmetic and spelling, accompanied by way of jam with a light application of the practice of prize-giving" (12).[16]

The abundance of vivid images within the autobiography is reminiscent of the effect obtained by James's revisions to the New York Edition of his novels, which F.O.Matthiessen examined in Henry James: The Major Phase. Matthiessen revealed how James's revisions tended to replace the abstract with the concrete, the statement with the image, as in the beautiful alteration of "The truth was he had simply accepted the situation," (as applied to Ralph Touchett's attitude towards his illness in The Portrait of a Lady) to read: "His serenity was but the array of wild flowers niched in his ruin."[17] There is a similarity of method here, but a difference of effect; the novels are more highly wrought and intense than the autobiography, and in such a context the images have less of the bravura aspect that they present in, say, Notes of a Son and Brother. The very conventions of fiction mean, too, that the images in the novels reflect less upon the narrator of the novels than those of the autobiography do upon the narrator who is self-evidently a recreator and re-formulator of experience as he draws upon the resources of metaphor: "We are never old, that is we never cease easily to be young, for all life at the same time: youth is an army, the whole battalion of our faculties and our freshnesses, our passions and our illusions, on a considerably reluctant march into the enemy's country, the country of the general lost freshness; and I think it throws out at least as many stragglers behind as skirmishers ahead--stragglers who often catch up but belatedly with the main body, and even in many a case never catch up at all" (547).

The narrator of the autobiography is, then, the one who can crystallize the significance of an event into its precise image, and organize remembered details into harmony: into a picture "organic, rounded and complete" (567). These pictures form in turn the representation of the bewildering and delightful flood of experience which Henry absorbed by "gaping," later came to "taste," and, finally, supremely, to organize into an imaginative whole: "To feel a unity, a character and a tone in one's impressions, to feel them all related and all harmoniously coloured, that was positively to face the aesthetic, the creative, even, quite wondrously, the critical life and almost on the spot to commence author" (253). The narrator is the organiser and synthesiser--but this is precisely what James presents himself as becoming in the course of the three volumes. So the distance between the narrator and the protagonist gradually narrows, until, early in The Middle Years, the two seem to merge. James has come to England alone, arriving at Liverpool in March of 1869 as a young author on the brink of some recognition. He goes to breakfast at "Radley's," in the coffee-room of the old Adelphi Hotel, and is overcome there by a heady sense of "recognition," a sense that everything from the British "sea-coal" fire to "the rustle of the thick, stiff, loudly unfolded and refolded 'Times'" (549), from the "damp and darksome light" washed in from the street to the constituents of breakfast itself, formed part of a massive pattern which it was possible to hold in one's mind and *follow*: "it represented at once a chain stretching off to heaven knew where, but far into one's future at least, one's possibilities of life, and every link and pulse of which it was accordingly going to be indispensable, besides being delightful and wonderful, to recognise" (549). It was a challenge which he took up, and the acceptance of which committed him: "my life, on so complacently near a view as I now treat myself to, having veritably consisted but in the prolongation of that act" (548).

From this point onwards the autobiography is subtly changed. The narrator is working with a protagonist who is aware of the way in which occurrences and figures compose themselves around existing ideas, conceptions and memories, and his commanding rôle diminishes to that extent. For the very waiter at the Adelphi Hotel is absorbed into the impressions of two volumes of autobiography--the reading, the travelling, the looking at pictures, the gaping little American pilgrims absorbing their sense of what England is and was: "the incomparable truth to type of the waiter, truth to history, to literature, to poetry, to Dickens, to Thackeray, positively to Smollett and to Hogarth, to every connection that could help me to appropriate him and his setting, an arrangement of things hanging together with a romantic rightness that had the force of a revelation" (549). The narrator begins to stand on equal terms with the protagonist, and in this way the narration of the autobiography embodies the theme of imaginative and artistic growth.

The Middle Years was never completed, but the theme of "recognition" gives it a satisfactory unity which Notes of a Son and Brother rather lacks. The shortcomings of the middle volume of the trilogy are those of its form; it is, more particularly, bedevilled by the confusion of forms which is familiar to a reader of Trollope's and Harriet Martineau's autobiographies. In this case, it is the element of reminiscence which intrudes to produce a choppy and awkward total effect. It was mentioned earlier[18] that A Small Boy and Others began life as a memorial tribute to William James, but that it proved almost from the start to be essentially autobiographic. Perhaps Henry James proposed to make amends in the second volume for what his brother's family saw as shortcomings in the first. Whatever the reason, he chose to include a good many of William's letters, and supplemented these with letters from Henry James senior which supported the filial aspect of the reminiscences. Having given the book thus far over to a form of annotated correspondence, he decided to conclude it with a series of letters from his much-beloved cousin Minnie Temple, who had died at a sadly young age, and whom he had used as a model for Millie Theale in The Wings of the Dove.[19] This final group of letters takes up forty pages of the collected edition of the autobiography. All this material is far from being dross, and all three individuals had a decisive effect on the author; nor does Notes of a Son and Brother leave the story of James's own development in abeyance. But it requires a writer with the egotism of Thomas Carlyle to make a succesful autobiography out of reminiscence as such, and the main thrust of James's personal history loses its impetus for long periods of the second volume; it is only at the opening of The Middle Years, with all debts paid, that the autobiography begins to move again with its proper force. The form of *Notes of a Son and Brother* is a flaw in the total autobiography, but it is not in itself surprising. James is not the first autobiographer, nor the last, not to be absolute enough in his commitment to his real subject-matter.

It would perhaps be unfair to leave Henry James on this note, when his trilogy is in fact a very heartening work for the student of autobiography as a literary form. Current estimates of the status of prose forms tend to be coloured by the pre-eminence of the novel; for this reason the fact that autobiography cannot succeed on the same terms as the novel might suggest that it is severely restricted as an art form. From this point of view one arrives at *Hail and Farewell* as at a cul-de-sac, or the furthest extent of autobiography, and the greater freedoms afforded in certain directions by the autobiographical novel may seem the only way to advance. But how satisfying is James's autobiography, with its distinctive arrangement of three main elements: the active, reflective and reverent narrator; the luminous particular images which "signify" from the past; and the sense of growth as the images from the past change in nature, from simple early impressions to the organic and complex products of the artist's imagination.

My aim in this thesis has been to take some of the autobiographies published between 1864 and 1914--one of the richest periods for autobiographical writing in English--and to compare them in terms of the literary and critical problems they raise. I have also attempted to describe the development during these fifty years of autobiography as a literary form: the kinds of experimentation which were attempted, and the changing attitudes of the writers towards their material and the status of autobiography itself. This approach has fostered comparisons which on the face of it may seem odd: James's autobiography with Newman's Apologia; Hail and Farewell with Mill's Autobiography. It is of course possible to speak of these works in terms of other classifications: the literary work, the theological, the quasi-fictional and the philosophical. But at the heart of my study is the contention that writers as different as Mill and James reach for similar sources of a reader's interest when they come to write autobiography. They interest the reader in ways which are the opposite of arcane: their autobiographical attempt to pay homage to the past, and to recreate and assign significance to their own life-experience is a formal, rigorous and protracted version of the self-scrutiny to which almost all human beings subject themselves spasmodically. However, the relative newness of the autobiographical tradition in literature, as I outlined it in Chapter I, suggests that the quest to find the significance of one's own experience through a review of the past is not as instinctive an impulse as might appear. Even in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries the nature of that "significance" seems to alter in the eyes of practising autobiographers. One of the aims of Mill, Harriet Martineau, Trollope, Spencer or Augustus Hare was to provide a form of "superior" and accurate biography written from the inside, and by someone with unrestricted access to the facts; Henry James and George Moore engage in a more conscious form of self-exploration. Hail and Farewell and James's Autobiography encourage, in their different ways, the reader's sense of the problems involved in selecting and interpreting material from the embarrassingly rich stores of memory. With this awareness of the difficulties of autobiographical writing comes a vivid sense of autobiography as self-discovery, or self-creation. The reader of A Small Boy and Others comes to think that the writing of autobiography is not to be undertaken lightly. The movement from Harriet Martineau's brisk certainties and summary chapter-headings to Henry James, "tied by knotted fibres" to his subject-matter, and with his ear, "doctor-fashion, to the breast of time" (105, 282) is a movement away from certainty and into the rigours of self-interpretation. Nor is Harriet Martineau's certainty a product of any lack of intelligence; she is far from being a contemptible figure. However, James was himself aware that a certain Victorian confidence was, by 1914, gone forever: the young Englishmen he describes meeting in Paris when himself a young man are half-appalling, half-splendid in their confidence, but they stand in Notes of a Son and Brother for a generation, and an age, which has passed.

Furthermore, James's image of the autobiographer with his ear to the breast of time like a doctor examining a patient is not without its wider significance. I wrote in Chapter II of the ambivalent status in the Victorian literary world of the Romantic writers' achievements in autobiography; in some ways the better early twentieth-century autobiographies are reminiscent of Romantic self-presentations. James, the autobiographical physician diagnosing the sources of his own character, resembles the Wordsworth of The Prelude; George Moore's naked intimacy (as for example in revealing his own sexual impotence) has much in common with Rousseau's Confessions. At the start of the twentieth century, autobiography once again celebrates the sovereign individual, the voyager through time, the maker as well as the recorder of the significance of his own life. The image of the young Edmund Gosse contained in the closing words of Father and Son glows with the sense of a beginning voyage: "the young man's conscience threw off once and for all the yoke of his 'dedication,' and as respectfully as he could, without parade or remonstrance, he took a human being's privilege to fashion his inner life for himself" (205-06). Henry James contemplated his autobiography, and saw in it a massive monument to the complexity and uniqueness of each man's experience. No other man, no biographer, could have produced such a portrait of himself; more than that--not only could no-one else have written it, he wrote to Monod, but no-one could even translate it: "It is locked in the golden cage of the intraduisable."[20]

The ramifications of this development, or consolidation, of autobiography are very widespread, and would perhaps lead too far from the immediate context were one to explore them fully. Henri Bergson, for example, so widely and internationally influential at the start of this century, and equally unrespectable in philosophical circles at present, seems to offer in early works such as An Introduction to Metaphysics and Matter and Memory a philosophy which has much in common with the interests of Henry James's Autobiography. For Bergson's concept of "duration" arises out of his interest in the way memory and consciousness interact, so that it is difficult to speak of "states of mind" or "intense feelings" without speaking of the whole history of the mind which perceives at any given moment. Here, in a passage from An Introduction to Metaphysics, Bergson turns his gaze inwards, to discover what precisely he means by a "state of mind":

> There is, beneath these sharply cut crystals and frozen surface [of immediate perceptions], a continuous flux which is not comparable to any flux I have ever seen. There is a succession of states, each of which announces that which follows and contains that which precedes it. They can, properly speaking, only be said to form multiple states when I have already passed them and turn back to observe their track. Whilst I was experiencing them they were so solidly organized, so profoundly animated with a common life, that I could not have said where any one of them finished or where another commenced. In reality no one of them

begins or ends, but all extend into each other.[21] "Consciousness means memory," states Bergson in the final clause of this paragraph, in a justifiable over-emphasis which stresses his preoccupation with the accumulative nature of consciousness. He warns that "duration" "cannot be represented by images," only grasped through intuition, but his work nevertheless provides a philosophical justification for literary works which attempt to convey the effects of past experience upon present consciousness, and the unified monumental nature of memory--its compound mysteriousness. Bergson's direct influence on literature may have been restricted to the stimulus he gave to the autobiographical novels of Proust, but I think it is legitimate to point to similarities between his ideas and those embodied in some early twentieth-century autobiographies. One might wonder, likewise, whether it was a coincidence that Freud's work on dreams, and Bergson's in Matter and Memory on the imperishability of recollection, were produced independently at this time. Bergson was to remark thirty years later on the connection between the two themes: "Our idea of a total conservation of the past . . . has more and more found its empirical verification in the vast mass of experiments undertaken by the disciples of Freud."[22]

I invoke Freud and Bergson here to suggest that the increasing sophistication of British autobiography at the end of my period, and its use by writers such as George Moore and Henry James to examine the nature of memory and consciousness, represents one part of a large movement of thought. Perhaps the literary aspect of this movement finds its best-known expression in the fictional or semi-fictional theme of the growth of the artist. "The artist" becomes the paradigm of the comprehensive, eagerly grasping, aware imagination which will take hold of an increasingly bewildering flood of experience and make some subjective sense of it. It should be noted that both George Moore and Henry James were very aware that their themes included the growth of their own artistic imaginations.

So, just as the first great wave of autobiographical writing was a part of the movement of ideas and arts called Romanticism, one leaves British autobiography in 1914 responding to the currents of the modern movement in literature and thought. In some ways, for autobiography at least, the later movement is a continuation of the themes raised by Romanticism. The Prelude seems to me the greatest British autobiography, and Wordsworth's poem, as much as James's autobiography, is concerned with the nature of memory and consciousness, and what it means to be an artist.

The Prelude is accepted as a great work, however, in a way that most of my chosen material in this study is not. Some of the autobiographies on which I have written are not great, or even good, but Praeterita, Newman's Apologia, James's Autobiography and Gosse's Father and Son seem to me work of a very high quality, and I have tried to argue the case for them. The "case," however, involves more than their status as individual works. The Apologia, for example, does have the status of an unfashionable classic. If one is to fully appreciate these autobiographies, one must first see the literary problems their authors needed to solve--problems of form, style and narrative which are greater than is commonly supposed--and, second, see the works in relation to one another, and in relation to the history of this literary form. In that way one is more deeply aware of the relationship between an autobiography and the culture which nourished it, and of the different kinds of self-portraiture an age can produce. In this way autobiography will be seen in its proper, if problematic, stature, rather than as the literary curiosity for which it is often taken.

FOOTNOTES

Chapter I

[1] I leave aside for a time the question of how far Augustine's "self-consciousness" differs from James's, and how far they are representative of their time and culture.

[2] M. M. Busk, "Autobiography," and J.G. Lockhart, Review of Ten Autobiographies. Keith Rinehart, in "The Victorian Approach to Autobiography," has attempted to reconstruct a Victorian autobiographical theory from some later reviews and articles, notably those of John Foster and Edith Simcox. Mr. Rinehart's article remains unconvincing because the theorizing of the chosen critics is so obviously commonplace.

[3] Gusdorf, "Formes et Limites," p.106.

[4] Quoted in Misch, Autobiography in Antiquity, I, 67.

[5] ibid., I, 67.

[6] ibid., I, 95.

[7] Wilshire, Metaphysics, pp. 84-85.

[8] A letter from Henry Adams to William James, quoted in Sayre, The Examined Self, pp.7-8.

[9] Misch, Autobiography in Antiquity, I, 38.

[10] Shumaker, English Autobiography. See particularly "Part Two: Materials: The Reduction of Heterogeneity." pp.33-97.

[11] Pascal, Design and Truth, Ch. I, "What Is Autobiography?" (pp.1-20).

[12] Gusdorf, "Formes et Limites," p.119.

[13] Pascal, Design and Truth, p.9.

[14] James Olney, Metaphors of Self, p.3. ". . . the final work, whether it be history or poetry, psychology or theology, political economy or natural science, whether it take the form of personal essay or controversial tract, of lyric poem or scientific treatise, will express and reflect its maker. . . . To turn the matter around, a man's lifework is his fullest autobiography . . . ."

[15] Pascal, Design and Truth, p.100.

[16] Journal, 28 January 1867. Carlyle, Reminiscences, II, 274.

[17] ibid., II, 195.

[18] Journal, 26 September 1866. ibid., II, 220.

[19] Edel, The Master, p.457.

[20] Quoted in Weinman, "Life into Art," p.38.

[21] Newman, Apologia, p.12.

[22] Misch, Autobiography in Antiquity, I, 8.

[23] ibid., I, 4.

[24] Newman, Apologia, p.237. Augustine appears in a dual rôle at the centre of the Apologia: as the author of the charismatic words "Securus judicat orbis terrarum," and of the Confessions, to whose "tolle, lege" Newman compares his own crucial experience. See the Apologia, p.110.

[25] Eliot, "Tradition and the Individual Talent," Selected Essays, p.15.

[26] Rousseau, Confessions, p.3.

[27] For these reasons Anna Robeson Burr is probably right to christen Rousseau "the father of modern autobiography." See Burr, The Autobiography, p.206.

[28] To Sir George Beaumont, 1 May 1805. Wordsworth, Letters, p.587.

[29] Discussed by Ernest de Selincourt in his edition of the 1805 version of The Prelude, pp. 265-266.

[30] Matthews, compiler, British Autobiographies. Random alphabetical samples suggest a steady increase in the number of autobiographies published from decade to decade of the nineteenth century.

[31] Lockhart, Review of Ten Autobiographies, p.149.

[32] Martineau, Autobiography, I, 1. (This work was written in 1855.)

[33] The Cloud of Unknowing, pp.52-53.

[34] Morris, Versions of the Self, Ch. III passim.

[35] Tindall, John Bunyan, pp. x and 37.

[36] Eliot, "Dante," Selected Essays, pp.272-73. Wayne Shumaker (English Autobiography, p.11) mentions this passage with simple approval. I am grateful for the reference, but find the essay problematic as well as helpful.

[37] And than in Newman's: see the latter's dislike for "methodistic self-contemplation."

[38] Bunyan, Grace Abounding, pp.79-80. "Flounce" signifies "flounder." References will hereafter be given in parentheses in the text.

[39] Wordsworth, The Prelude (text of 1805), III, 178-82. References given in the text are either to this edition (marked 1805) or to the 1850 text (marked 1850), ed. de Selincourt, rev. Darbishire.

[40] Pope Pius II, De gestis concilii basiliensis commentariorum.

[41] Coveney, The Image of Childhood, pp.44, 43.

[42] Eliot, Collected Poems, p.208.

[43] The Prelude, text of 1805, p.313. The lines referred to are in Book XI. Lines 258-316 were written in 1799, 316-345 in 1805, and 345-389 in 1799.

[44] Pascal, Design and Truth, p.48.

[45] Letters of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, I, 4-21.

[46] De Quincey, Autobiographic Sketches, p.xviii.

[47] Lamb, Letters 1796-1820, p.55. (Vol. VI of Works.)

[48] Heller, The Artist's Journey into the Interior, p.77.

[49] ibid, pp. 82-83.

[50] ibid, p.135.

[51] Browne, Religio Medici, p.21.

[52] "It has been said again and again that Romanticism was a rebellion of the imagination against the ever more arrogant claims of rationality, or an insurrection of sensibility against autocratic Reason. This simple belief looks like a village idiot as soon as it is brought into the sophisticated company of the first German Romantics, those exceedingly learned men, great poetical talents, transcendental speculators, and impassioned synthesisers of all separate categories." Heller, The Artist's Journey into the Interior, p.84

[53] Arendt, The Human Condition, p.36.

[54] Bloom, The Ringers in the Tower, pp. 13-35.

[55] Emerson, "Friendship," Selected Writings,

[56] Thoreau, Walden, p.60.

[57] Fischer, The Necessity of Art, p.54.

[58] Rousseau, Emile, cited in Coveney, The Image of Childhood, p.46.

[59] Coveney, The Image of Childhood, p.29.

[60] Frye, Fables of Identity, p.91.

[61] Hare, The Story of My Life.

[62] The peculiar brilliance and vividness of Father and Son is due to more than its being a childhood reminiscence, however; as the title suggests, the situation counts for as much as the remembered experience of "Son" per se. The situation gains much of its force from its ideological basis, and from the Father who held the ideology. In the final analysis Father may be more interesting than Son.

[63] Stendhal, Vie de Henri Brulard, p.37. References will hereafter be given in parentheses in the text.

[64] See Bernbaum, Guide Through the Romantic Movement, p.11.

[65] Hopkins, Poems, p. 109

[66] De Quincey, Autobiographic Sketches, pp.xi-xii.

[67] ibid., p.xviii.

[68] ibid., pp.185-86.

[69] Barzun, Classic, Romantic and Modern, pp.62-64.

[70] De Quincey, Confessions of an English Opium-Eater; for example p.280 "And I awoke in struggles, and cried aloud, 'I will sleep no more!'" References will hereafter be given in parentheses in the text.

[71] De Quincey, Confessions; see, for example, p.166, the description of his finding in his Greek Street house a half-starved girl, ten years old, and listening with her to "the prodigious uproar" of the rats "on the staircase and hall." John Speirs has argued that De Quincey, along with Hazlitt and Lamb, had a decisive influence on the great nineteenth-century novelists: Poetry Towards Novel, pp. 286-87.

[72] Hopkins, Journals and Papers, p.223.

[73] ibid., figure 27.

Chapter II

[1] Buckley, "The Pattern of Conversion," *The Victorian Temper*, pp.87-108; and "The Passion of the Past," *The Triumph of Time*, pp.94-115.

[2] Burr, *The Autobiography*, p.206.

[3] Trollope, *An Autobiography*, pp. 1, 334.

[4] Froude, *Carlyle's Life in London*, II, 420.

[5] Carlyle, *Sartor Resartus*, *Works*, I, 160.

[6] *The Journal of George Fox*, pp.9-10. Fox tends to make little of his original departure. It is only later that we learn of his leather clothes: "The man in leathern breeches is come." (p.83)

[7] ibid., p.20.

[8] Samuel Johnson, *The Rambler*, 60 (October 13, 1750), from James Clifford, ed, *Biography as an Art*, p. 44.

[9] Carlyle, Review of Croker's Edition of Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, *Fraser's Magazine*, (April 1832), 253-59, from Clifford, ed., *Biography as an Art*, p.82.

[10] Willey, *Nineteenth-Century Studies*, p.111.

[11] *The George Eliot Letters*, II, 423.

[12] Adjustments of admiration and reservation which have been thoroughly traced by Leon Gottfried in *Matthew Arnold and the Romantics*, Ch. II *passim*.

[13] Buckley, *The Victorian Temper*, p.21.

[14] From Carrington, *Dartmoor*, p.12.

[15] ibid.

[16] Speirs, *Poetry Towards Novel*, p.171.

[17] Quoted in Cruse, *The Victorians and Their Books*, p.56.

[18] Matthews, compiler, *British Autobiographies*. The bibliography reveals a steady increase in the number of autobiographies published from decade to decade of the nineteenth century.

[19] Buckley, *The Triumph of Time*, p.99.

[20] Tennyson, *Poems*, p.859. References will hereafter be given in parentheses in the text.

[21] Tennyson, *Poems*, pp.980-81. One is here grateful for the excellent notes of Professor Ricks.

[22] Young, *Victorian England*, Section III.

[23] These deleted lines are to be found in the Lincoln Manuscript.

[24] *The Times*, November 28, 1851. Quoted in Ricks, *Tennyson*, p.223.

[25] ibid., Ricks, *Tennyson*, p.219.

[26] J.C. Shairp, "The Homeric Spirit in Sir Walter Scott," *Aspects of Poetry*, pp.405-06. Quoted in Houghton, *The Victorian Frame of Mind*, p.335.

[27] Alison, "Chateaubriand's Memoirs," p.292. References will hereafter be given in parentheses in the text.

[28] Quoted in Harrold, *John Henry Newman*, pp.312, 313.

[29] Mill, *Autobiography*, pp.99-100. References will hereafter be given in parentheses in the text.

[30] Mill, "Bentham," *Mill on Bentham and Coleridge*, pp.62-63.

[31] ibid., p.58.

[32] ibid., p.39.

[33] Herbert, *Selected Poems*, pp.137-38.

[34] Arnold, "On the Modern Element in Literature," *Prose Works*, I, 20.

[35] Trilling, *Matthew Arnold*, p.140.

[36] Arnold, *Poetical Works*, p.247. References will hereafter be given in parentheses in the text.

[37] The known biographical details behind the Marguerite poems have been summarized by Paull Franklin Baum in "Arnold's Marguerite," *Booker Memorial Studies*, pp.78-103.

[38] *Matthew Arnold's Notebooks*, p.117.

[39] Pater, *Marius the Epicurean*, pp.256-57. The contrast between Marius's diary and Arnold's interest in the classics was pointed out by Jerome Hamilton Buckley: *The Triumph of Time*, p.133.

[40] Macmillan's Magazine, 52 (1885), 134. Quoted in Ward, Walter Pater, p.117.

[41] Carlyle, Review of Croker's Edition of Boswell's Life of Johnson, Fraser's Magazine (April 1832), 253-59. Quoted in Clifford, ed., Biography as an Art, p.81.

[42] Kierkegaard, Either/Or, I, 31.

[43] The Philosophy of Nietzsche, p.xiv.

[44] Nietzsche, Beyond Good and Evil, Section 6; The Philosophy of Nietzsche, pp.566-67.

[45] Baudelaire, "L'art philosophique," p.503. Baudelaire's formulation does remind one however of the general effect of In Memoriam.

[46] Fowlie, Age of Surrealism, pp.20-21.

[47] Darwin, Autobiography, ed. F. Darwin, p.5.

[48] Grosskurth, "Victorian Autobiography: The Very Public Private Voice."

[49] Darwin, Autobiography, p.20.

[50] Grosskurth, John Addington Symonds, p.319.

[51] Young, Victorian England, Sections XV-XXVIII.

[52] White, The Autobiography of Mark Rutherford, p.54.

[53] The George Eliot Letters, IV, 159.

[54] ibid., V, 458 and V, 467.

[55] Quoted in Cruse, The Victorians and Their Books, p.57.

[56] The George Eliot Letters, VI, 351-52, 371.

[57] ibid.,VI, 310.

[58] See for example her Review of Harriet Martineau's Autobiography in Blackwood's Magazine (1877), and her article "An Artist's Autobiography" also in Blackwood's (1884).

[59] Mrs. Oliphant, Series of Articles on Autobiography in Blackwood's Magazine (1881).

[60] Browning, Poetical Works, pp.833-34.

[61] The Times, January 28, 1887. Quoted in De Vane, Browning's "Parleyings," p.xviii.

[62] De Vane, Browning's "Parleyings," p.xiii.

[63] Pater, Appreciations, Works, V, 66.

[64] House, All in Due Time, p.100.

[65] Buckley, The Triumph of Time, p.148.

[66] ibid.

[67] Joyce, A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man, p.213.

[68] Mill, The Early Draft of the "Autobiography," p.125.

[69] Ruskin, Praeterita, Complete Works, XXXV, 297.

[70] White, The Autobiography of Mark Rutherford, p.18.

[71] Carlyle, Sartor Resartus, Works, I, 128.

[72] Pater, Marius the Epicurean, p.276.

[73] Hardy, Collected Poems, pp. 460, 326.

[74] James, Autobiography, p.551.

[75] Bergson, Time and Free Will, pp.8-9.

Chapter III

[1] Froude, Carlyle: Life in London, I, 97.

[2] Martineau, Autobiography, I, 176. References will hereafter be given in parentheses in the text.

[3] The specialist, Sir Thomas Watson, wrote to the British Medical Journal on Harriet Martineau's death in 1876 that he did not think he had told her that she was in immediate danger. A reader of the Autobiography is left in little doubt that, whatever the diagnosis had been, Harriet Martineau sincerely took it to imply her imminent extinction. (See Wheatley, The Life and Work of Harriet Martineau, p.350.)

[4] The pages of the manuscript which remain (in Manchester College) suggest that few subsequent revisions were made. This was also the impression of the printer who set the Autobiography up in type. (Wheatley, The Life and Work of Harriet Martineau, p.357.)

[5] Wheatley, The Life and Work of Harriet Martineau, p.99.

[6] Martineau, A Manchester Strike, p.192.

[7] ibid., p.194.

[8] According to an American who met her on her 1834 journey, Robert Sedgewick. Quoted in Webb, Harriet Martineau, p.357.

[9] ibid., p.1.

[10] Powys, Autobiography, p.343.

[11] Hayek, J.S. Mill and Harriet Taylor, p.200. Mill and Harriet referred to the manuscript of the Autobiography as "the Life."

[12] ibid., p.194.

[13] ibid.

[14] Trollope, Autobiography, p.134.

[15] The George Eliot Letters, V, 467.

[16] Spencer, An Autobiography, I, vii-viii.

[17] ibid., I, 75.

[18] Jefferies, The Story of My Heart, p.xi.

[19] ibid., p.127.

[20] ibid., p.vii.

[21] Revealed in a letter to William James. See footnote 8 to Chapter I.

[22] Martineau, Retrospect of Western Travel, II, 169-86.

[23] ibid., I, 132.

[24] ibid.

[25] Martineau, A Manchester Strike, p.87.

[26] Montaigne, "Of Repentance," The Familiar Essay, eds. Bryan and Crane , p.5.

[27] The Spectator, No.1 (March, 1711).

[28] Lamb, "Christ's Hospital," Works, I, 23-44. Thackeray, "On Being Found Out," Cornhill Magazine, 3 (May, 1861), 636-40. Thackeray was woken, with the rest of his school, in the middle of the night, and marched to a garden tool-shed where he was commanded to put his hand into a bag of soot.

[29] Anon., "Thought and Action," p.517.

[30] Rousseau, Confessions, p.18.

[31] ibid., p.25.

[32] Martineau, Household Education, p.152.

[33] St. Thomas Aquinas, Summa contra Gentiles, III, lxxxviii. Quoted in Flew, An Introduction to Western Philosophy, p.233.

[34] Flew, An Introduction to Western Philosophy, p.261.

[35] The metaphor here may stand as a reminder of the speed at which Harriet Martineau was accustomed to write. It gives the impression that all the links on a chain have to snap before one is released.

[36] Clifford, ed., Biography as an Art, p.83.

[37] Wheatley, The Life and Work of Harriet Martineau, p. 179.

[38] The words which Carlyle wrote (and which Mill would not and could not have written) are again from the review of Croker's Boswell. Clifford, ed., Biography as an Art, p.80.

[39] Jefferies, The Story of My Heart, p.135.

[40] Spencer, An Autobiography, II, 421-26.

[41] Hare, The Story of My Life, II, 108.

[42] We know that the letter giving instructions to his son as to the publication of the work is dated 30 April 1876, and that it appears to have been composed upon the completion of the Autobiography. The book follows the author's life up to 1876.

[43] Wayne Shumaker in an interesting essay on Trollope suggests that An Autobiography falls into three consecutive sections--dramatic, quae scripsi and quae cogitavi--and that this structure was deliberate (English Autobiography, pp. 180-182). This is similar to my own view, except that Mr. Shumaker thinks that, historically, the only possible advance for autobiography is to concentrate on the dramatic: he admires Hail and Farewell very much. It seems to me, as I shall go on to argue, that Praeterita is as accomplished and genuinely pleasing an autobiography as George Moore's. The "mixed form" is not simply a dead end.

[44] Not all autobiographers compose their "life" in the order in which they lived it. Herbert Spencer wrote of his middle years before his young manhood, thinking that the most important phase, and afraid lest he should die before he completed the whole. (An Autobiography, II, v.)

[45] Spencer, An Autobiography, II, vi.

[46] See, for example, the review of Herbert Cowell in Blackwood's Magazine, 1874.

[47] Shumaker, English Autobiography, pp.178-80.

[48] ibid., p.173.

[49] Miss Thackeray (Lady Ritchie), Records of Tennyson, Ruskin Ruskin and Browning (1892), 92-97; Quoted in Ruskin, Works, XXXV, lv.

[50] Cook, The Life of John Ruskin, I, 520.

[51] ibid.

[52] Ruskin means to be rigidly chronological, but his time-scheme is in error in that he places Volume IV of Modern Painters at 1859 instead of 1856. (Works, XXXV, 485n.)

[53] Wilenski, John Ruskin, p.335. Mr. Wilenski notes the ambivalence in Ruskin's attitude towards Catholicism during the writing of The Seven Lamps, as expressed in the difference between his diary entries and the opinions found in the book itself.

[54] Ruskin, Diaries, p.1144. References will hereafter be given in parentheses in the text.

[55] Though the book is mentioned in the Praeterita plan for the years 1860-1870. (Diaries, p.1117.)

[56] Ruskin, Diaries, p.1117.

[57] Selections from the sixteen aphorisms of Letter 67, which give "the gist of the book." (Works, XXVIII, 651-656.)

[58] Harrison, John Ruskin, pp.183-84.

[59] The Cook and Wedderburn edition of Ruskin's Works contains a list of the passages from Fors which were eventually incorporated into the first three chapters of Praeterita. (XXVII, ciii.)

[60] For another example of Ruskin's use in these lectures of his own memories of a place, see the description of Blair Athol in "Lecture II: Light and Shade" (Works, XXII, 35). Ruskin even remembers the last time he saw the "projecting rock . . . covered with lichens" depicted in the Turner drawing of Blair Athol. It was in 1857.

[61] Some of them as delightful as anything in Praeterita: "I do not know if children generally have strong associative fancy about words; but when I was a child, that word 'Crocodile' always seemed to me very terrific, and I would even hastily, in any book, turn a leaf in which it was printed with a capital C." (XXVII, 484.)

[62] Wheatley, The Life and Work of Harriet Martineau, p.260.

[63] Darwin, Autobiography, ed. F. Darwin, p.31.

[64] ibid., p.30.

[65] The quoted words are from letter 67 of Fors Clavigera (XXVIII, 656). See, among other examples, the comments on Joan of Arc and the effects of the forests of Domremy, in Sesame and Lilies (XVIII, 133).

[66] "January 5th . . . . I am reviewing old diaries to my heart's much discontent," and "June 30th . . . . Greatly rooted with displeasure with myself as I look over old diaries." Diaries, pp. 1092 and 1114.

[67] Cook, John Ruskin, I, 520. There is no diary in existence for the journey of 1858: Ruskin contented himself with frequent letters home.

[68] Both passages use the phrases "aiguilles against the deep [pure--Praeterita] blue," "pyramid of snow," and "I dressed in three minutes." Works, XXXV, 296-97; Diaries, 196-97.

[69] Hough, The Last Romantics, p.29.

[70] Ruskin does not mention Venice; this is in keeping with his general denigration of Venice and The Stones of Venice in Praeterita.

[71] October 7, 1871. Quoted in Works, XXVII, xxiii.

Chapter IV

[1] Newman, Loss and Gain, p.ix. References will hereafter be given in parentheses in the text, and marked LG.

[2] See for example the death of Reding's father, and Newmnan's comment: "Oh, my poor dear Charles, I sympathise with you keenly all that long night, and in the indescribable waking in the morning." Loss and Gain, p.154.

[3] Holloway, The Victorian Sage, p.207.

[4] Arnold, Prose Works, V, 127.

[5] Spencer, An Autobiography, II, 321.

[6] ibid., II, 431-32.

[7] ibid., II, 447.

[8] ibid., II, 420-30.

[9] ibid., I, vii.

[10] James, The Europeans, pp.134-35.

[11] Here, for example, I try it at random on a passage from Packe's biography of J.S. Mill: "Not surprisingly, I began to show definite signs of overwork. My thirty years of labour had an accumulative effect on me, and now when my efforts reached their peak my powerful physique at last gave way. It has been alleged, curiously enough by those who elsewhere maintain that I was undersexed, that the breakdown in my health was due to sexual starvation and excitement in my relation to Harriet." The original passage may be found in Packe, John Stuart Mill, p.204.

[12] Waugh, A Little Learning, p.86.

[13] Jefferies, The Story of My Heart, pp.41-43.

[14] ibid., p.43.

[15] Waugh, A Little Learning, p.230.

[16] Trevor, My Quest for God, p.247. I first encountered this book in William James's The Varieties of Religious Experience, where it is used as an example in the chapter entitled "Mysticism."

[17] ibid., pp.268-69.

[18] ibid., p.256.

[19] ibid.

[20] Mill, The Early Draft of the "Autobiography," pp.10-11.

[21] Carlyle, Reminiscences, I, vii. References will hereafter be given in parentheses in the text.

[22] Darwin, Autobiography, ed. F. Darwin, p.38.

[23] Spencer, An Autobiography, II, 321.

[24] Carlyle, Sartor Resartus, Works, I, 149.

[25] Carlyle, Past and Present, Works, XII, 198.

[26] ibid., p.130.

[27] ibid., pp.141-142.

[28] ibid., p.127. This image occurs three times in Past and Present.

[29] ibid., p.46.

[30] ibid., p.127.

[31] Clifford, ed., Biography as an Art, pp.82-83.

[32] Packe, John Stuart Mill, pp.264-65.

[33] ibid., p.263.

[34] The George Eliot Letters, V, 467.

[35] Packe, John Stuart Mill, p.264.

[36] Hayek, J.S. Mill and Harriet Taylor, pp.190-91.

[37] ibid., p.194. See also footnote 12 to Chapter III.

[38] Jean-Paul Sartre, Preface to Le Traître, by André Gorz. Quoted in Pascal, Design and Truth, p.14.

[39] Packe, John Stuart Mill, p.264.

[40] ibid., pp.261-62.

[41] Himmelfarb, "The Other John Stuart Mill," Victorian Minds, pp.113-154.

[42] ibid., p.121. Letter of October 20-22, 1831.

[43] ibid.

[44] Gertrude Himmelfarb points out the effects of Harriet's conversion to socialism upon the revised edition of Mill's Political Economy: in some instances a reversal of opinion. ibid., pp.135-38.

[45] Mill on Bentham and Coleridge, p.100

[46] Morley, Recollections, I, 106.

[47] Mill, "Nature," Collected Works, X, 385.

[48] ibid., p.393.

[49] ibid., p.384.

[50] ibid., p.381.

[51] It may also represent, as F.E.L. Priestley suggests, an attempt to dissociate utilitarianism from "naturalism." See Mill, Collected Works, X, lxi.

[52] Hayek, J.S. Mill and Harriet Taylor, pp. 191-192. See "Nature," p.386.

[53] Newman, University Sermons, pp.229-30.

[54] Newman, Apologia, p.90. References will hereafter be given in parentheses in the text.

[55] Pfleiderer, The Development of Theology, pp.314-316.

[56] Newman, Letters and Diaries, XIII, 334.

[57] Newman, University Sermons, p.234.

[58] ibid., pp.212-213.

[59] ibid., p.216.

[60] "Ambiguous" is the word used by Walter E. Houghton, The Art of Newman's "Apologia," p.17.

[61] ibid., p.10.

[62] Newman, University Sermons, p.217.

[63] Houghton, The Art of Newman's Apologia, pp.63-64.

[64] Froude, "The Oxford Counter-Reformation," Short Studies, IV, 323.

[65] ibid., pp.322-323.

[66] Newman, University Sermons, p.249.

[67] ibid., p.250.

[68] Letter to Henry Adams; The Letters of Henry James, I, 431.

[69] By, for example, Walter Houghton in The Art of Newman's "Apologia," and Martin Svaglic in "The Structure of Newman's Apologia." This is not wholly relevant to my necessarily limited treatment of the Apologia; I shall just point here to pages 75 to 77, where the movement from paragraph to paragraph is as choppy as anything in Praeterita: from the Tract on the Breviary, to the recommendation of Hurrel Froude's breviary by Keble, to the fact that no-one accuses Keble, to the translation of St. Athanasius, to the British Critic, to writers in the British Critic. The next section begins: "So I went on for years up to 1841. It was, in a human point of view, the happiest time of my life." But the preceding paragraphs have been largely a history of publications. Then, immediately afterwards, Newman breaks into a sustained quotation from The Difficulties of Anglicans.

[70] Froude, Short Studies, IV, 284.

Chapter V

[1] James, "The Art of Fiction," The Art of Fiction, pp.10-11.

[2] ibid., p.11.

[3] ibid.

[4] ibid., pp.10, 12.

[5] The George Eliot Letters, IV, 159.

[6] Gosse, Modern English Literature, p.357.

[7] Gosse, Father and Son, p.62. References will hereafter be given in parentheses in the text.

[8] Morris Roberts, Introduction to James, The Art of Fiction, p.xix.

[9] Shumaker, English Autobiography, pp.28-29.

[10] It would be unwise to be too dogmatic about novelists' attitudes towards autobiography, especially sinceWaugh, Wells and Powys have written three of the best twentieth-century English autobiographies.

[11] Darwin, Autobiography, ed. F. Darwin, p.23.

[12] Packe, John Stuart Mill, p.74.

[13] Charteris, Sir Edmund Gosse, p.311.

[14] Gosse's definition of autobiography in the Encyclopaedia Britannica. Quoted in Nicholson, The Development of English Biography, p.143.

[15] Charteris, Sir Edmund Gosse, pp.308-09

[16] Burkhart, "George Moore and Father and Son," pp. 73-74.

[17] Charteris, Sir Edmund Gosse, p.310.

[18] Burkhart, "George Moore and Father and Son," p.74.

[19] ibid., p.76.

[20] ibid., p.75.

[21] ibid.

[22] Moore, Confessions of a Young Man, p.x.

[23] Churchill, "Three Autobiographical Novelists," p.338.

[24] Burkhart, "The Short Stories of George Moore," p.219.

[25] Moore, Confessions of a Young Man, p.xii.

[26] Hough, "George Moore and the Nineties," pp.134, 131. Graham Hough points out Moore's similarity to Joyce in this respect, and suggests that the Confessions played a role in the appearance of another autobiographical novel, Joyce's Portrait of the Artist: "I think it is likely that neither the title nor the content of Joyce's Portrait of

the Artist as a Young Man would have been quite the same if it had not been for the prior existence of Moore's *Confessions of a Young Man* in 1886" (p.138). It is interesting to note that Joyce sent copies of *A Portrait of the Artist* to both Edmund Gosse and George Moore in October 1916. (I am indebted to Professor Sheila Watson for this last piece of information.)

[27] ibid., p.118.

[28] Burkhart, "George Moore and *Father and Son*," p.75.

[29] Charteris, *Sir Edmund Gosse*, p.305.

[30] ibid., p.321.

[31] Young, *Victorian England*, Section XXVI.

[32] Moore, *Hail and Farewell*, II, 390-91. References hereafter in text.

[33] Burkhart, "George Moore and *Father and Son*," p.75.

[34] James, *Autobiography*. References will hereafter be given in parentheses in the text.

[35] Shumaker, "The Autobiographer as Artist," pp.240-242.

[36] ibid., p.241.

[37] Scholes and Kellogg, *The Nature of Narrative*, pp. 151, 156.

[38] See above, p. 199

[39] Ruskin, *Works*, XXXV, 487n. Ludlow and Hughes wrote their account in a letter to Ruskin (June 18, 1888) after reading "The Grande Chartreuse" instalment of *Praeterita*. Ruskin included the letter among the documents intended for the companion volume *Delicta: Correspondence, Diary Notes and Extracts from Books, Illustrating "Praeterita."*

[40] Hare, *The Story of My Life*, I, 371.

[41] ibid., I, 375-76.

[42] From Irvin Stock's *William Hale White*, we learn that White did actually take up a position at a Stoke Newington school, but that he left after two days, much in the way he describes in the *Autobiography*: "Even in old age he spoke of it (to his wife) with the fascinated precision of detail with which we recall a nightmare" (p.40). Mardon had no real-life counterpart; Stock sees him as "the voice of Hale White's own critical intelligence as it ruthlessly attacked . . . his remaining orthodox beliefs" (p.101).

[43] Dickens, *The New Oxford Illustrated Dickens*, *Little Dorrit*, p.565.

[44] James, The Sacred Fount, p. 102.

[45] Coleridge, "On Poesy or Art," p. 395.

[46] The Letters of Henry James, II, 237.

[47] Lawrence, Sons and Lovers, p. 10.

[48] Brown, "The Craftsman as Critic," p. 344.

[49] Charteris, Sir Edmund Gosse, p. 307.

[50] James, The Art of Fiction, p. 5.

[51] Burkhart, "George Moore and Father and Son," pp. 75-76.

Chapter VI

[1] James, Autobiography, p. 3. Page references will hereafter be given in parentheses in the text.

[2] Gosse, Father and Son, p. ix. References will hereafter be given in parentheses in the text.

[3] See Hardy's and George Eliot's comments on the Apologia, and George Eliot's on Harriet Martineau, above, pp. 69-70.

[4] James, Partial Portraits, 2. Quoted in Weinman, "Life into Art," p. 26.

[5] A Jamesian term: the "Preface" to The Portrait of a Lady, p. 16.

[6] On p. 205 of this thesis.

[7] The Letters of Henry James, II, 181-82.

[8] ibid., II, 335, 334.

[9] James, "The New Novel," The Art of Fiction, p. 194.

[10] Edel, The Master, p. 459.

[11] Booth, The Rhetoric of Fiction, p. 340.

[12] ibid., p. 339. (Preface to "The Pupil.")

[13] James, "George Sand," French Poets and Novelists, p. 155.

[14] Edel, The Master, p. 455.

[15] Dickens, The New Oxford Illustrated Dickens, Great Expectations, p.265.

[16] In Chapter V I expressed misgivings about George Moore's use of the Dickensian idiom, which resulted in some of the more manipulative effects of Hail and Farewell. The case is different here in that James's autobiography suggests, through the narrator, that the governess appears to memory as a Dickensian figure, whereas Moore's use of a quasi-novel form suggests that Gill was in fact, and is, Dickensian.

[17] Allen, The English Novel, p.268.

[18] In Chapter I of this thesis, p. 12.

[19] James's original plans for The Wings of the Dove include reference to Minnie Temple. See The Notebooks of Henry James, p.175.

[20] James, Selected Letters, ed. Edel, p.107.

[21] Bergson, Introduction to Metaphysics, p.25.

[22] Bergson, "Introduction" to Pensée et mouvement, p.81. Quoted in Hughes, ed., Consciousness and Society, Ch.I, Section 2.

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